Dec. 17, 1979

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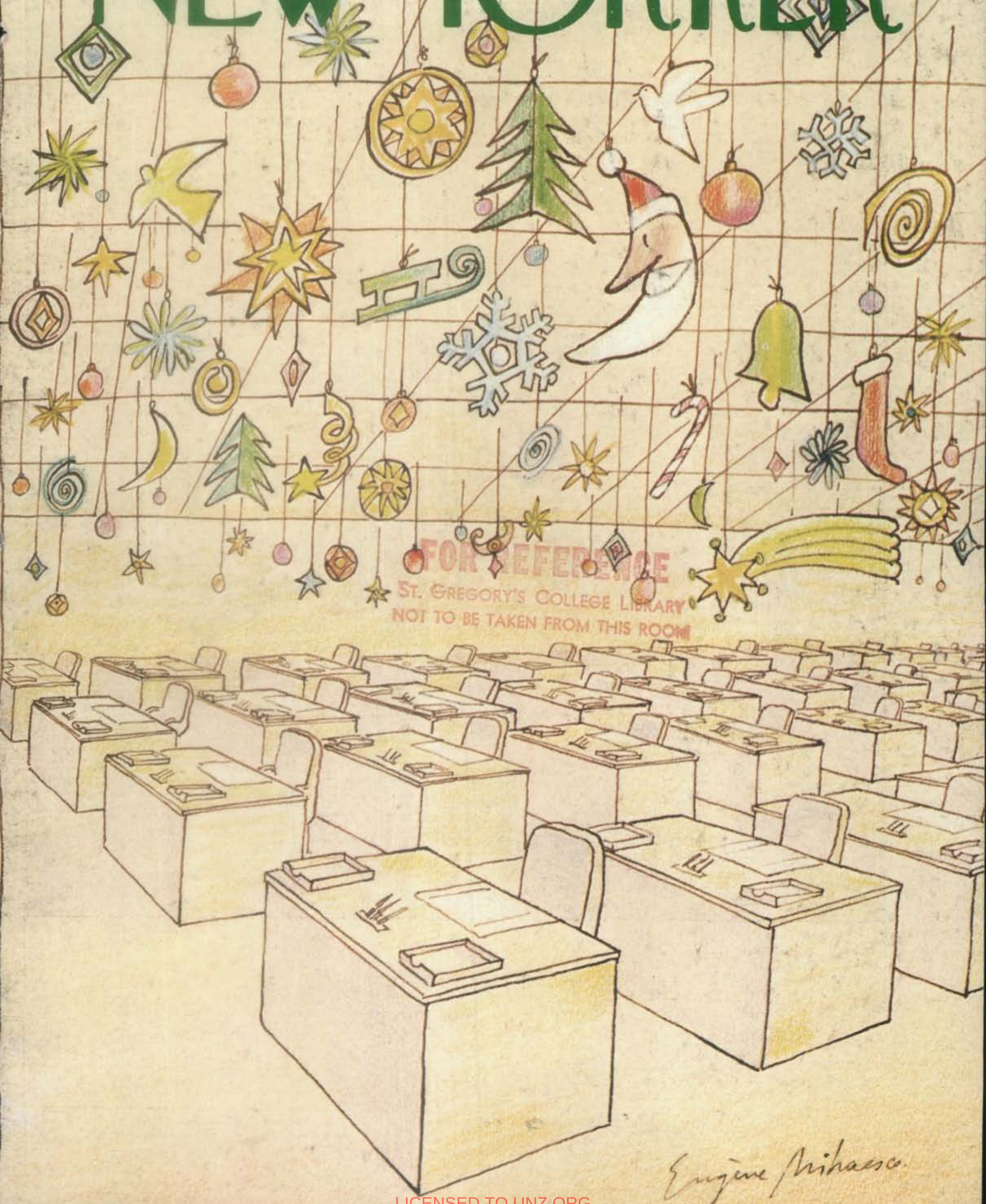
THE NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Balcony—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/26/79.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bette! Divine Madness—Bette Midler in eruption is worth travelling many a mile to see. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

A Christmas Carol—Charles Ludlam stars in his version of the Dickens classic, presented by his Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Fine for children. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 3. Shakespeare's **hamlet**, with William Hurt, Beatrice Straight, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 7 (opening); Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 18, and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Friedrich Schiller's **mary stuart**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Thursday, Dec. 13, at 7 (opening); Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comin' Uptown—Gregory Hines heads the cast of an all-black musical loosely based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Philip Rose (who also directed) and Peter Udell wrote the book, Mr. Udell did the lyrics, and Garry Sherman is responsible for the jazz, gospel, and disco music. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 20. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **canterbury tales**, taken from the Chaucer work, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are required, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fugue in a Nursery—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). Opens Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 6:45. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Holeville—A play by Jeff Wanshel, with music by Des McAnuff. The second offering of the Dodger Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs—Brian Murray heads the cast of a play by David Edgar, who adapted it from Mr. Sachs's writings. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

King of Schnorrers—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ladyhouse Blues—Kevin O'Morrison's family portrait—a widow and her four grown daughters in a kitchen in St. Louis in 1919—is composed of many details of character, time, and place. Occasionally, it almost teeters over into sentimentality, but it is saved by the clear, firm performance under Tony Giordano's direction. Jo Henderson, Christine Estabrook, Laurie Kennedy, and Wendy Fulton are the good actresses. (10/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays

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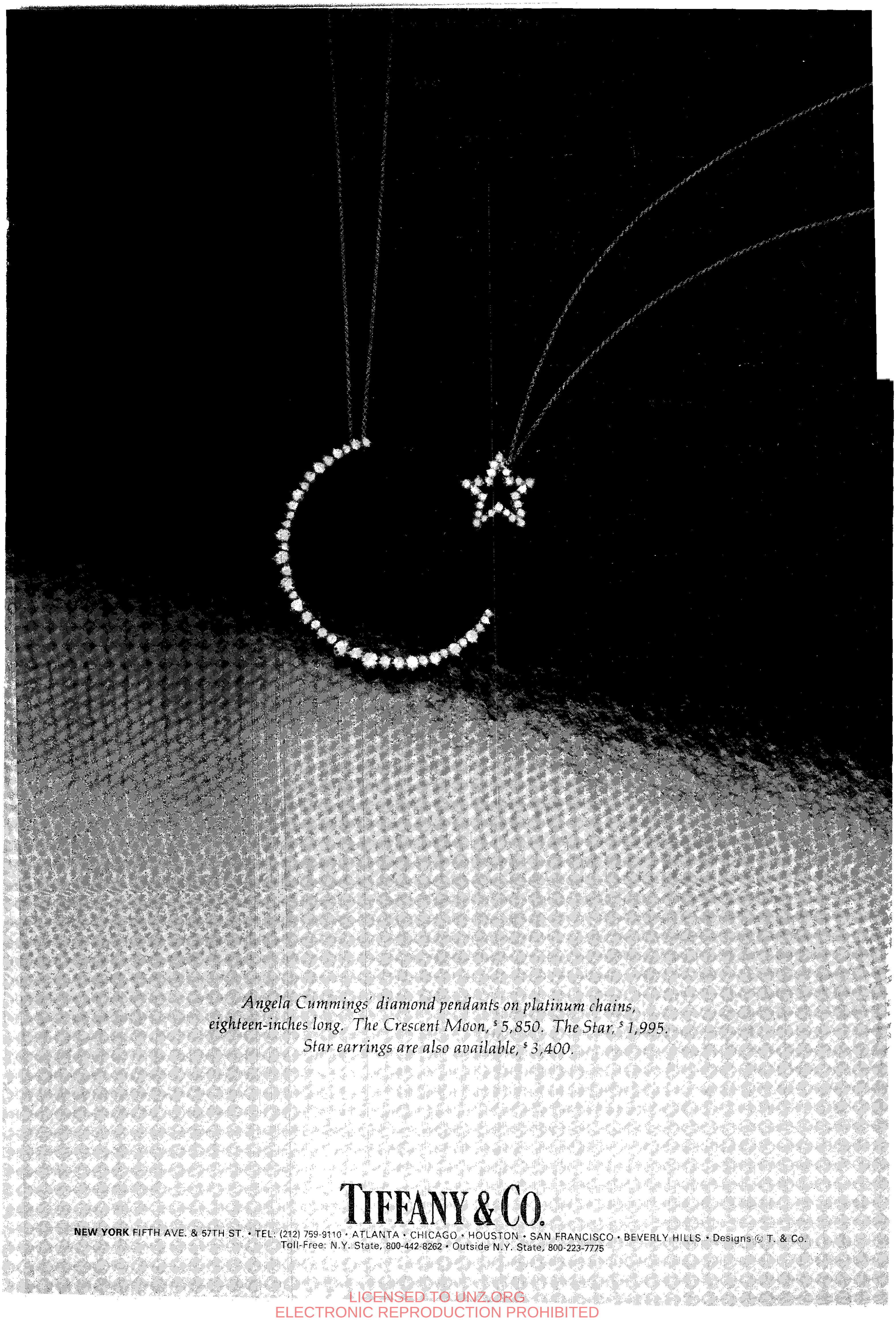

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through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Month in the Country—Tammy Grimes stars in a revival of Turgenev's play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **HOME**, by Samm-Art Williams. Opens Thursday, Dec. 13, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 6. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Night and Day—Tom Stoppard conducts a seminar on the nature of journalism as all hell breaks loose in a mythical African state. Maggie Smith heads an excellent cast. (12/10/79) Directed by Peter Wood. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The 1940's Radio Hour—A musical that lives off the singing of a great number of golden oldies, all in the name of summoning up how radio was in its prime. Written and directed by Walton Jones. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Laurence Guittard, Christine Andreas, and Mary Wickes. Directed by William Hammerstein. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 13. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Rebecca—The Rabbi's Daughter—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of ill-matched playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Smart Aleck—Alexander Woollcott at 8:40—The critic and radio personality Alexander Woollcott, who died in 1943, had many famous friends; Howard Teichmann has woven Woollcott's life and his friends' names into an amusing tapestry of the twenties and thirties. Peter Boyden skillfully impersonates Woollcott. (12/3/79) (Basement Space, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A very funny new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

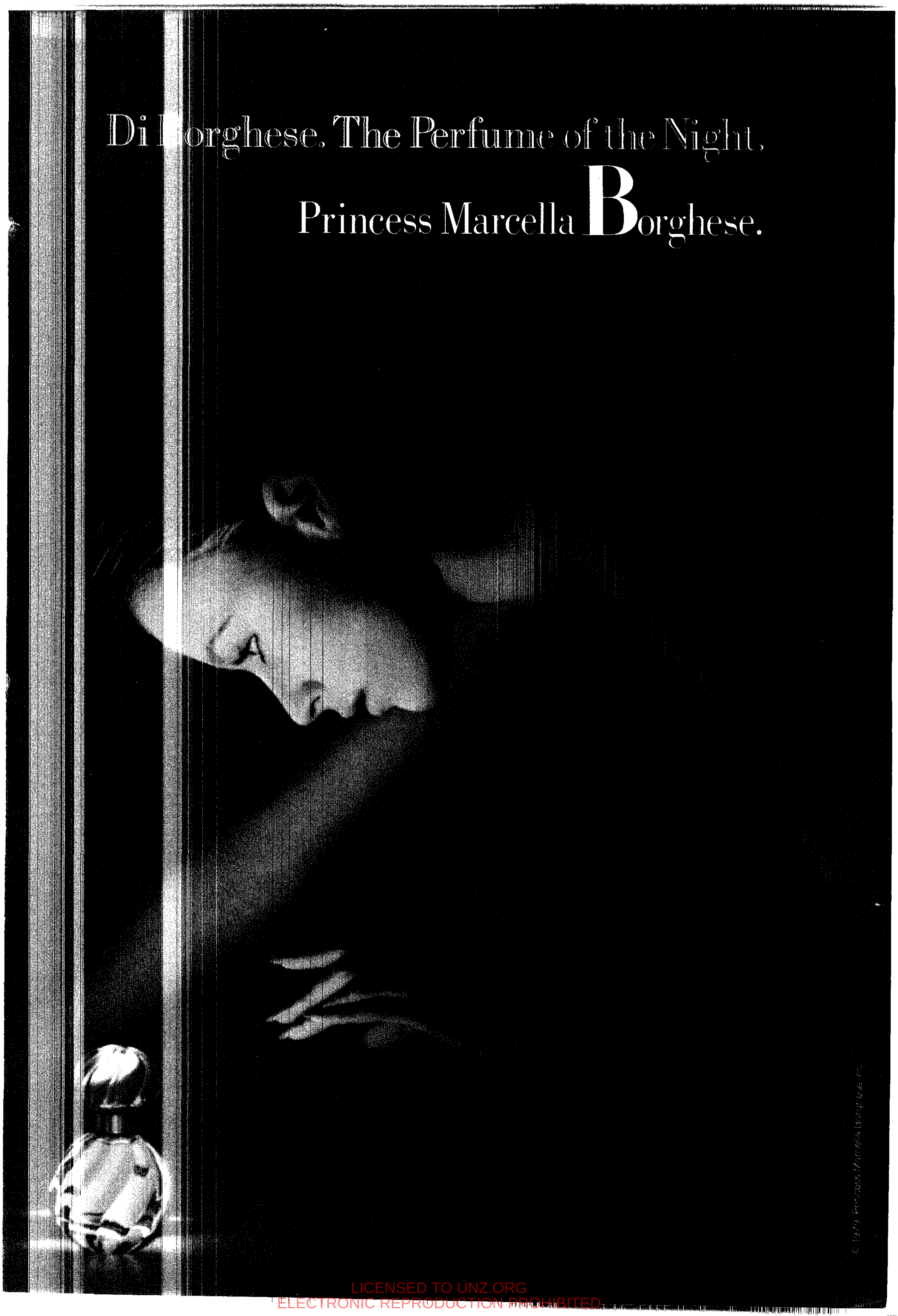
Sugar Babies—Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Teibele and Her Demon—A play by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Eve Friedman, based on Mr. Singer's short story of the same title. F. Murray Abraham and Laura Esterman head the cast. Stephen Kanee directed. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 15. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 16. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tongues—Joseph Chaikin in a sort of scrapbook of mysterious musings by Sam Shepard and himself, with a musical accompaniment. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8.)

Woody Guthrie—Tom Taylor in a one-man show adapted by Mr. Taylor, George Boyd, and Michael Diamond from Guthrie's writings and songs. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,160 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Lucie Arnaz and (starting Monday, Dec. 17) Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NACHA GUEVARA—An Argentine chanteuse, with Alberto Favero as accompanist on the piano. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A ninety-minute Christmas show that includes the Rockettes in a parade of wooden soldiers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30, and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

MAX MORATH—LIVING A RAGTIME LIFE—A one-man revue of vintage songs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

CHINESE ACROBATS & MAGICIANS OF TAIWAN—A cast of seventy-five acrobats, comedians, dancers, musicians, jugglers, magicians, and Kung Fu experts in a two-week engagement. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 18, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 19-21, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8.)

THE BABES IN TOYLAND—A cast of sixteen and hundreds of puppets and toys in a musical loosely based on the Victor Herbert classic. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 1 and 4:30 (previews); Friday, Dec. 21, at 7:30 (opening), and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11, 2, and 7:30. Closes Tuesday, Jan. 1.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Monday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Butterfly," "Portrait of Billie," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Flowers," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Myth," "A Song for You," "Portrait of Billie," "Memoria," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: "Gazelle," "Hobo Sapiens," "Flowers," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Myth," "Facets," "Masckela Langage," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:30: "Memoria," "The Time Before the Time After," "The Mooche," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Butterfly," "Facets," "Sunrise . . . Sunset," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Gazelle," "Coverage II," "Flowers," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Night Creature," "Hobo Sapiens," "Sunrise . . . Sunset," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "The Mooche," "Memoria," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Streams," "Coverage II," "Tilt," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Butterfly," "Hobo Sapiens," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—The first four of six performances of "Dance for Six," excerpts from "The Spirit of Denishawn," and "Rite of Spring." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 8.)

ABRAŠEVIC & TUCOVIC—Two folk troupes from Yugoslavia. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

DANCE FILMS—The Bolshoi Ballet in four full-length ballets. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 3: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 5: "Ivan the Terrible." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 7: "Spartacus." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 9: "Anna Karenina." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that shrewdly books jazz, country, blues, and above all, rock bands. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 12, Daryl Hall, John Oates, and their rock band; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, pianist Lonnie Liston Smith and his combo; Sunday, Dec. 16, a concert and dialogue program called "The Jazz Influence on 20th Century Classical Music," presented by pianists **AARON COPLAND** and **PAUL JACOBS**; Monday, Dec. 17, **SPECULUM MUSICAE**, a contemporary chamber group, with Lukas Foss, narrator; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 18-19, keyboard artist Bob James and magician William McQueen; Thursday, Dec. 20, singer-composer Cindy Bullens; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, singer-guitarist **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** and comic Marc Weiner. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. **JIMMY RANEY**, an exceptional be-bop guitarist, will be on hand through Saturday, Dec. 15; on Sunday, Dec. 16, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** will begin a two-week engagement. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. Singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her backing crew perform from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, exuberant as ever, is back in the Café Carlyle with his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his drummer, **GENE GAMMAGE**. They go on at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. Beginning Monday, Dec. 17, **DICK WELLSTOOD** will claim the piano. No music Sundays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This rough-hewn night club hasn't done much for the surrounding neighborhood, but it's done a lot for rock and roll and the New York rock scene. The bands: Bullets, Joe Bidewell Group, and Dreams on Wednesday, Dec. 12; Rudies, Blades, and Fast Food on Thursday, Dec. 13; Rudies, Innocents, and City Stream on Friday, Dec. 14; and Rudies, Locals, and Elliot Schneider & the Pitts on Saturday, Dec. 15. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

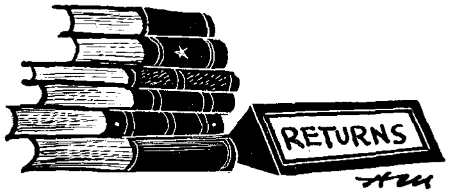
CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**, who works with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Aaron Bell Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to Anne Marie Moss, who sings at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** is in charge of a trio that plays during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—This is **HUGH SHANNON** country—a singer-pianist's room, in which all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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are usually very attentive. Mr. Shannon works Wednesdays through Sundays from *nine until two.*

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted back room of this steakhouse, composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** has set up his own entirely charming version of Show Tunes 101. Mr. Siegel sings and plays the piano every night but Sunday at nine-thirty and eleven. On Mondays through Wednesdays, singer **SANDY STEWART** joins him. *Dining.*

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. Beginning Monday, Dec. 17, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will ride herd on a sextet. On Sundays pianist **JOHN BUNCH** is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-*7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually* well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. Super-bassist **RON CARTER** and his super-sidemen have settled in here. Sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

***GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)*—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** *sings and plays piano* from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several-months-old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who is bound to attract patrons from all around the town. On Tuesday, Dec. 18, pianist **DON COATES** will take over. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Swing pianist **DILL JONES** plays with guitarist **MARTY GROSZ** and bassist **BILL PEMBERTON** for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to both. The bands: Speedies, Ronnie & the Jitters, and Heat on Wednesday, Dec. 12; Rob Stoner and Zantees on Thursday, Dec. 13; 20/20 and Bruce Woolley on Friday, Dec. 14; Bloodless Pharaohs and Neighbors & Allies on Saturday, Dec. 15; and Suicide and Ut on Tuesday, Dec. 18. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—Upstairs, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** heads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15. Sundays are jam sessions. Music from nine-thirty. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** will bring in his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15; drummer **MEL LEWIS'S** quintet will play on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from ten.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar. Right now, the musicians are pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, who claim the place as their New York home base. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays *from ten. Dining.*

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. **ERNEST TUBB** will be here on Sunday, Dec. 16. Tubb was one of the earliest performers at the Grand Ole Opry, was greatly influenced by *Jimmie Rodgers and Rodgers' famous* blues song "T for Texas," and to this day remains an adamant Texan. The rest of the schedule includes the Flying Burrito Brothers Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13; Old Salt Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15; guitarist Jorge Santana Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 17-18; guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20; and the North *Star Band Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22.* Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **CARMEN MC RAE** is singing here through Saturday, Dec. 15. On Monday, Dec. 17, trombonist and bandleader Warren Covington will come in with the Pied Pipers. *Mondays through Thursdays at nine* and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Neon Leon and Boyfriends, Wednesday, Dec. 12; Marvels and Justin Trouble Thursday, Dec. 13; Senders and Buzz & the Flyers Friday, Dec. 14; Get Wet and Voo Doo Shoes Saturday, Dec. 15; and Mad, Bad Brains, and Guitar Bashers Sunday, Dec. 16. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** and his band are presenting a program called "George Gershwin in Manhattan" Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. The wonderful rhythm-and-blues band **STUFF** will be playing Friday through Monday, Dec. 14-17; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, will be given over to trumpeter Hugh Masekela's nonet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** *Dining.*

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OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 12-15, are assigned to tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ'S** band; Grover, Margret & Za Zu Zaz, a swing quartet, will perform on Tuesday, Dec. 18; and on Friday, Dec. 21, **GIL SCOTT-HERON**, the protest poet and rhythm-and-blues singer, will begin a three-night stand. Shows most nights at nine *and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays* at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's *instrument,* a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-*9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious na*tives, and a dance band—**SY OLIVER'S** bouncy septet—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Jazz singer Cybill Shepherd is taking turns with comedian Tim Cahill Tuesdays through *Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.*

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Pianist-composer Charles Strouse is presenting a program of his own music in the King Cole Room, with the assistance of singers Ann Anello and Kim Fedena through Saturday, Dec. 15. On Tuesday, Dec. 18, **RED NORVO**, the father of the vibraharp, will arrive with a quartet, featuring singer **MAVIS RIVERS.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven.

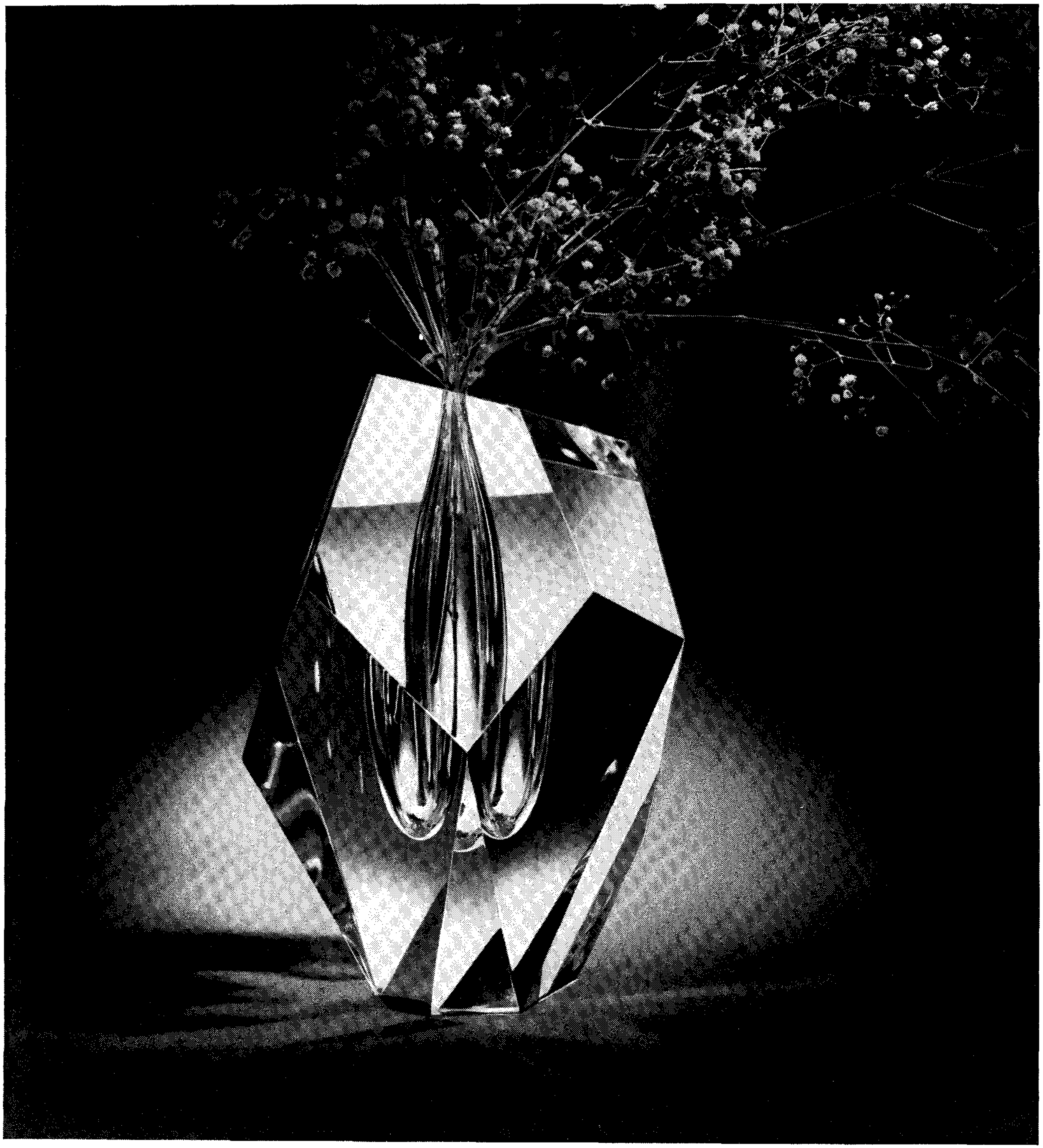
SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. On Wednesday, Dec. 12, pop singer Billy Reed and the Street People will be onstage; Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** will front a septet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 18-19, Tabasco, a jazz-rock group, will be present; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, singer and pianist Robert Kraft will lead his band, the Ivory Coast. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find clarinettist Buddy De Franco and his group. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Saturday, Dec. 15, **CECIL** and **RON BRIDGEWATER** will co-pilot a band including pianist **MICKEY TUCKER**, drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**; Ran Blake brings in a combo on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 16-17; and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 18-22, are reserved for trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** and his cohorts. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** is playing with his quartet on Wednesday, Dec. 12; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE'S** foursome works on Thursday, Dec. 13; **JOE LEE WILSON**, a scorching blues vocalist, will entertain Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16; and baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT'S** combo will be here Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 17-18. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club is currently bringing in a lot of blues players. The bluesy lineup includes singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, and singer **BIG MAMA THORNTON** on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 16-17. Shows usually begin



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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20-21. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for journeyperson rock bands, but sometimes established, non-new-wave performers make their way onto the stage, too. A partial lineup: Thursday, Dec. 13, Rousers; Friday, Dec. 14, Necessaries; and Saturday, Dec. 15, Alda Reserve. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Sunday, Dec. 16, singer **JOAN MORRIS** and pianist **WILLIAM BOLCOM** will do one show at ten in the Top of the Gate. Flutist **HERBIE MANN** will appear with a trio on Friday, Dec. 21, in the large downstairs room at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE'S** quintet is on hand through Sunday, Dec. 16; on Monday, Dec. 17, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER'S** big band will sit in; and tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will arrive with his quintet on Tuesday, Dec. 18. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** heads a quartet called Two Tenor Boogie through Saturday, Dec. 15; Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 16-18, tenor saxophonist George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans will perform; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 19-21, saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his Ellington-minded quartet, which is called Ellingtonia, will play; and trumpeter Franc Williams and his quartet will take charge on Saturday, Dec. 22. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

James (Blood) Ulmer—With Fourteen Karat Soul. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Amina & Company—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

Rock Into the '80's—20/20, the Beat, Sinceros, and Bruce Woolley and his band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. For *information about tickets, call 977-9020.)*

Marian McPartland—With the New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra in a program part classical and part jazz. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-8182.)

Jay Clayton and Voices—Jazz Gallery. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.

Muhal Richard Abrams and **Andrew Cyrille Trio**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Dec. 14, at 11.

Max Roach and Cecil Taylor—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 280-5223.

Steve Kuhn-Sheila Jordan Quartet and **John Scofield Trio**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 11.

Heavenly Jazz—The second in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by Kenny Davern, Pee Wee Erwin, Vic Dickenson, John Bunch, and Bobby Rosengarden. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Sarah McLawler & Friends—Jazz Gallery. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.

Salute to Roy Eldridge—Mr. Eldridge will be there, along with Clark Terry, Maxine Sullivan, Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Joseph Jarman, Famoudou Don Moye, and **Don Pullen Trio**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, at 11.

Bob James—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8, with Richard Tee, Joanne Brackeen, and others. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8, with the Bob James Jazz Orchestra.

Squat Theatre—Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, at 9:30 and 11:30: Blues 79, with J. B. Hutto, Eddie Clearwater, and Left Hand Frank. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. A program entitled "A Festival of New European Music," with Steve Lacy and Hans Reichel. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 and 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Boris Anisfeld (1879-1973)—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, done in exotic, sensual colors by an artist who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Jan. 12. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Margit Beck—Landscapes in oils, seen as abstract patterns from a plane at great height. A much lower perspective, with representational trees and houses, shows up in other work. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Joseph Beuys—An installation; objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

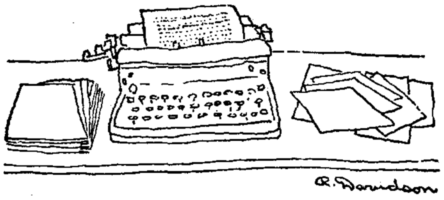
Ilya Grigorevich Chashnik *(1902-29)*—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Judy Chicago—Studies for "The Dinner Party" and other works by a feminist artist. On loan from a number of New York collections. Through Jan. 3. (The Sarah Institute, second *floor, 42 E. 65th St. Open Sundays.)*

William F. Draper / Julian Barrow—Oils of South American cities and still-lifes of flowers in the artist's garden. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. / Small oils that catch the atmosphere of his subjects—London storefronts (Lock the hatter, Berry Brothers the vintners, Paxton & Whitfield, cheeses), Venetian vistas, nighttime in New York (P. J. Clarke's), and *landscapes in England, Italy, France, and* America. Through Dec. 29. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Tommasi Ferroni—Paintings, classical-allegorical in style, except for the deadpan introduction of contemporary objects—a motorcycle helmet on Cupid, a smashed-up car mingled with fallen armored knights. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Loosely handled watercolors, mostly still-lifes and landscapes of the Baltic shores, by a German artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)



Fred Garbers—Small landscapes and a few larger paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joseph Glasco—Tightly organized abstract canvas-collage paintings. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Watercolors, drawings, illustrations, and a few atypical (for him) collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Raoul Hague—Massive sculptures made of raw walnut or cherry tree trunks that are not so much sculpted as severely pruned. There are also similar pieces of sycamore and poplar. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Harmony Hammond—Abstract sculptural works consisting of layer on layer of cloth rolled up like bandages and stiffened with clear acrylic paint. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Margaret Israel—A new series of paintings by this inventive artist, mostly bold still-lifes on paper sewn to canvas and surrounded by sculptured nursery figures or commedia dell'arte characters in ceramic or cloth, also sewn on. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Thirty drawings, some of them in the loose, delicate style of his prime and some of them student work. Through Dec. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Small, vigorous works on paper, including a couple of black-and-white representational interiors. . . . ¶ Works by several other artists are also on view at the gallery, including a construction by Loren Madsen. Through Dec. 28. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Postcard-size oil paintings of fruits and flowers, mostly, with special attention to the lustre of their small porcelain vases. Through Dec. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Twenty-five oils and a few works in other mediums; a number are from his later years. Through Jan. 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Henry Moore—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ken Price—Ten small abstract ceramic works (the artist calls them "slab sculpture"), about eight inches high and done in arresting color glazes. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Hugo Robus (1886-1964) / **David Levine**—Twenty-three sculptures, including a number of the impish nymphs he was noted for, and a few paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 5. / Forty caricatures. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ludwig Sander (1906-75)—Large color-field oils and works in charcoal on paper from the sixties and seventies. Through Thursday, Dec. 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

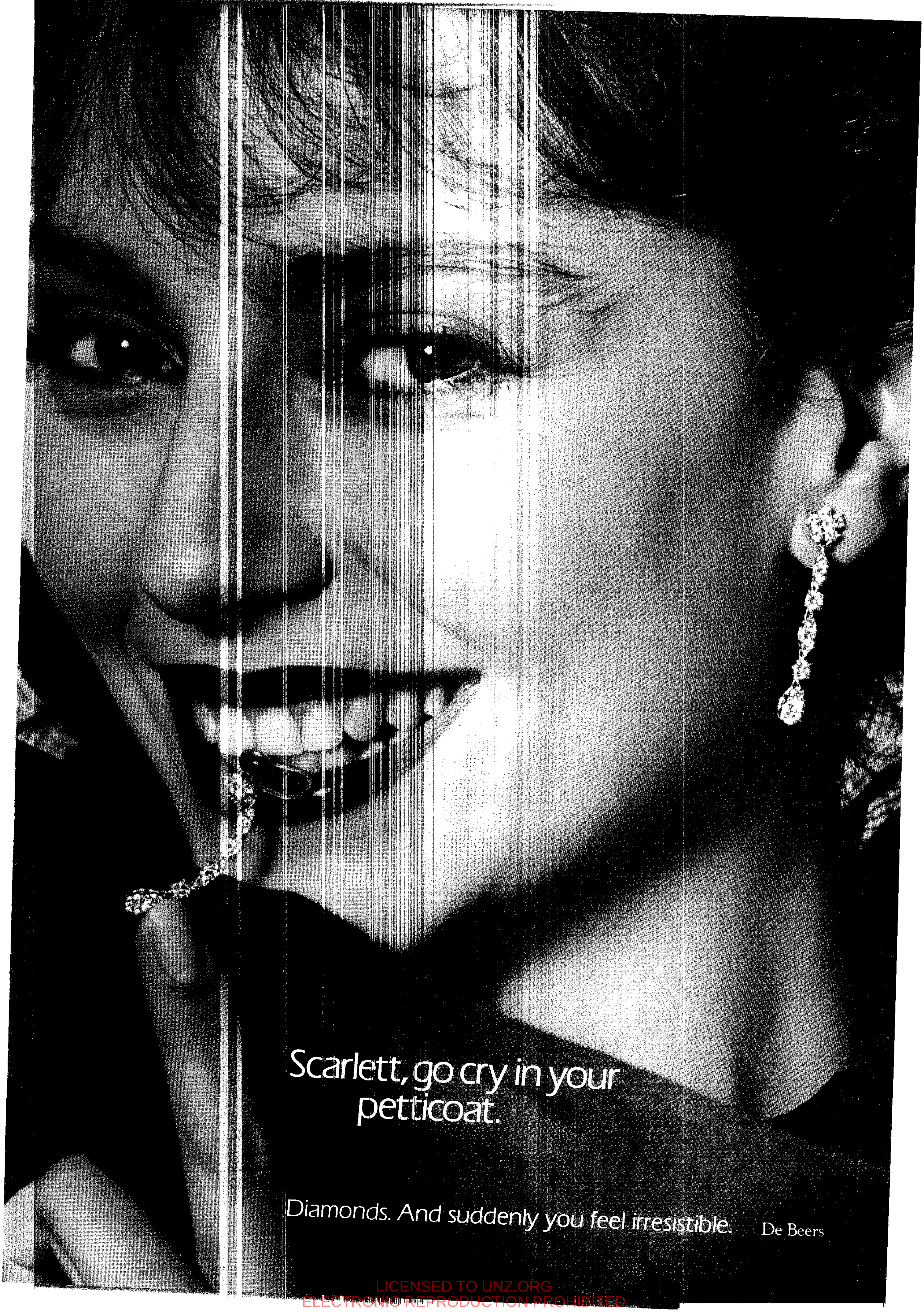
Reeve Schley III / Thomas Anshutz (1851-1912)—Watercolors of the New Mexican desert, beach scenes on Cape May, and other landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. / Straightforward oils by the well-known traditionalist, including four paintings of his favorite model, Rebecca Whelan. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ansei Uchima—Paintings, pastels, and woodblocks, mostly abstract, by a Japanese artist now resident in this country. Through Jan. 5. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Vickrey / Harvey Gordon—Realist paintings, tempera mostly, of figures. / Watercolors. Through Jan. 5. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Mexican peasant women, any one of whom could be the Earth Mother, *depicted in bronze and marble and in charcoal* or pastel drawings by this master of the genre. Through Dec. 29. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Master Prints—Etchings, woodcuts, and litho-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphs ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to George Bellows and including rare works by Rembrandt and an etching of a seated nude by Matisse. Through Jan. 15. (Tunick, 12 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Collages and paintings on paper by Catharine Warren, Christo, Robert Nickle, and others. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **BODLEY**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Small paintings of houses, and still-lifes by Mary Faulconer, idyllic landscapes by Phyllis Mason, and still-lifes by Richard de Menocal. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of works on paper by seven artists includes F. L. Schroder, who makes collages of dark, glossy wrapping paper and architect's tape; Carl Jacobson, who cuts windows in selected squares of a grid pattern and folds one side out, as in an Advent calendar, to reveal abstract designs below; and Joseph Hilton, who makes earnest, untutored-looking pencil drawings of nudes and interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: European drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, including Agostino Carracci's "Profile of a Young Man," in brown pen, and Jean-Baptiste Greuze's interior in gray brush. Through Dec. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by such Americans as Sloan, Marin, Luks, Pène du Bois, Demuth, and Hartley, plus the original illustrations by Joe Lasker for his son David's book "The Boy Who Loved Music." Through Jan. 5. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An exhibition of seldom seen drawings by Calder, Léger, Matisse, Miró, Modigliani, Pascin, and Picasso. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **REED**, 120 E. 78th St.: The subject is woman, as seen through the discerning eyes of twenty-eight artists, most of them men, ranging from Saul Steinberg to Willem de Kooning. Alice Neel has her say, too. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Opens at 1.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ed Arno—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Fantasy paintings (usually based on city-life subjects), self-portraits in colored inks, and other works. Through Jan. 11. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Tony Bechara—Abstract patterns worked out in rich colors on a grid background that is almost as fine-meshed as graph paper. Through Jan. 12. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—Brilliantly colored forms "drawn" by a process in which no pigment is used. Vaporized aluminum and silicon monoxide are deposited on paper in a vacuum chamber, forming a film of varying infinitesimal thicknesses which produce different colors by blocking out different light rays. Through Jan. 12. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Fanny Brennan / Mino Argento—Tiny, elegantly executed paintings—a fluffy cloud impaled on an open safety pin, for instance, or a caliper holding a painting of a caliper holding a painting of . . . / Abstract paintings in which soft pastel colors are contrasted with the hard lines of engineering drawings, all worked out on a grid. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

James Brooks and Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist works by two veterans of that school, Brooks's the more vigorous and Cavallon's the softer. Through Dec. 29. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Not only his paintings and drawings, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, but art works by his father, his mother, and his sister. Through Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sarah Canright—Nonobjective paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Roughcast collages done on handmade paper—scored, streaked with paint, dotted with figures cut from wallboard, embossed with deep patterns, and so on. The artist is French. Through Jan. 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

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Robert Courtright / Douglas Abdell—Collages. / Sculptures that consist of big, black, jagged geometrical metal forms by an artist who does all his own blacksmithing. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

José de Creeft—Twenty-two sculptures, including a chased-lead piece from 1919 and an oak carving from this year. Also ten paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Seven hard-edge sequential paintings: the simple abstract pattern of one painting "connects" with the simple abstract pattern of the next, even though they may be hung on separate walls or even in separate rooms. Through Jan. 5. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—Pastel still-lifes. Through Jan. 2. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Edward Koren—Ink drawings, some of them with color and all shown for the first time, of his characteristic fuzzy creatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—A series referred to as "column" paintings, dated 1960, in which he succeeded in pouring acrylic Magna paint on canvas without losing control of it. Through Jan. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Nick—Oil paintings recording his travels in Spain and Eastern Europe. Through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Fabric paintings: fabric cut and sewn in abstract patterns and hung on stretchers. Through Jan. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Shorr / Paul Caranicas—Oil still-lifes. / Pencil drawings of military bunkers here and in Europe. Through Jan. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St., is showing large-scale watercolor still-lifes by Harriet Shorr. Through Jan. 2.

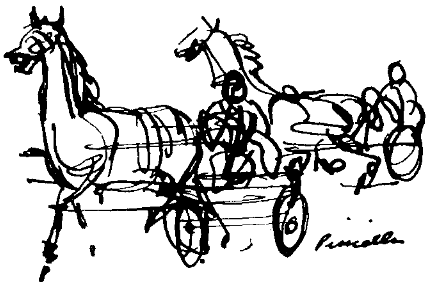
Joan Snyder—Large abstract landscapes, one of which—a gentle pastoral painted to welcome her newborn daughter into the world—signals a pronounced change from her polemic canvases of a few years ago. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Altoon Sultan—More paintings of Victorian-era houses, and a group of paintings with figures. Through Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Torreano—Six-foot-square canvases freckled with round daubs of acrylic squeezed on directly from the mouth of the tube, and further adorned with a scattering of glass jewels. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—The exhilaration of surveying Manhattan from a tenth-floor downtown studio is somehow reflected in these wholly abstract paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Small-scale works in several mediums by twenty-seven artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: A fortieth-anniversary show includes small works by a number of famous artists—Daumier, Kokoschka. Toulouse-Lautrec, Rouault, and so on, with emphasis on Klimt and Schiele and Käthe Kollwitz. Through Dec. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works on paper by Kitaj, Celmins, Balthus, Steinberg, and many others. Through Dec. 29. . . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by thirteen artists in various mediums: Jason Stewart, Lenke Rothman, Ellen Tuchman. Through Friday, Dec. 21. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: Contemporary landscape painters Birmelin, Chaet, Jacquette, Lytle, and Richard Shehan. Through Jan. 3. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of striking drawings, including Harriet Feigenbaum's immense charcoal work showing how the Palace of the Popes in Avignon would look if filled, as she proposes, with hay; Christo's large drawing of the Pont Neuf in Paris as improved by his wrapping; one of Dotty Attie's insinuating stories with her tiny, impeccable illustrations; and several works by David Hockney. Through Dec. 29.



GALLERIES—SoHo

Ross Bleckner—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 10. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

George Green—Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Laurace James—Sculptures, some freestanding and some hung on the wall, made of pine timbers strung together with rope and sometimes with a slab of marble or slate added. Most of the wooden components are hinged, so that the works can be reorganized at will. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Madeleine Kaufman—Fresh-looking floral-pattern paintings done in vertical stripes incorporating collage, oils, color-Xerox insets, and occasional applications of gold leaf. Through Thursday, Dec. 20. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Christopher Knowles / George Schneeman—Huge, childlike Christmas drawings done in green and red, most of them reaching to the gallery ceiling—Santa Claus, gift packages, Tannenbaum. / Small, clean-cut fresco portraits of fellow-artists and contemporary literary figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Charles Luce—This artist weaves fantasies and documents them with maps, charts, "relics," and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Hilarie Mais—Large freestanding sculptures (and one wall piece) made of steel rods welded together and stained, so that they look like line drawings when seen against a white background, as they are here. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

John Mandel—Pencil studies of men in which facial details are done to perfection and the rest is sketched in lightly; each has a narrative quality, but it is up to the viewer to provide the story. Through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

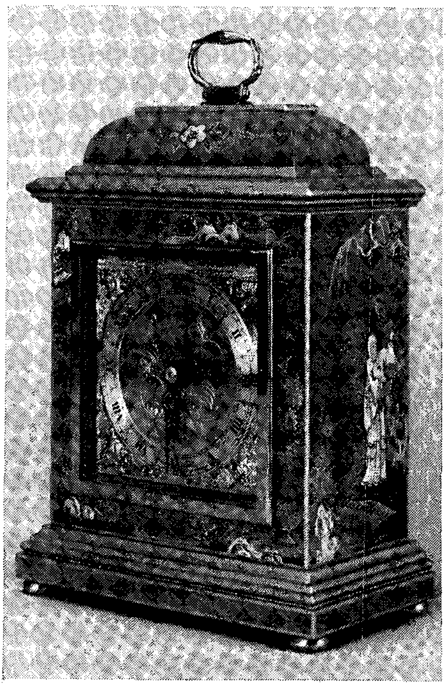
Bill Martin / John Okulick—Paintings of nature in oil and gouache. / Wall constructions. Through Jan. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—This artist makes "relics" (in the form of corroded signs and crumbling walls) out of plaster, tempera, and Styrofoam. Through Jan. 3. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

George Peck—Large, slightly convex, shaped canvases on which endlessly repeated layers of paint have coalesced. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Jack Radetsky / Don Celender—Folding screens about seven feet high on which are painted what seem to be reflections of the room they once adorned—tables, chairs, subdued lamps. / This antic pollster has asked a thousand architects to name the single most instructive and inspiring structure his students should see, and the answers are here, illustrated with photographs. Another poll asked art-world figures (shown in photographs) how they would like to be reincarnated. Lee Krasner wants to be a mermaid, Andy Warhol an heiress. . . . ¶ In the back room, crystal-clear blocks of acrylic resin contain delicate abstract line drawings, the work of George Hryeun. Through Dec. 29. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Michael Venezia / Joseph Egan—Canvas-covered bars, ten feet long and two and a half inches



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wide, sprayed with a paint that leaves a rippled effect as it hardens. / An installation in which the city's newspapers are represented by what the artist calls "incidents of sculpture"—the *Times* by a yellow terry-cloth hanging, the *Post* by a black timber with three hinged arms, and the *News* by a red bullet-pierced board jutting out of the wall. The ensemble is dedicated to Giants quarterback Phil Simms. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

COMPOSERS' ART—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the PLEIADES, 152 Wooster St.: Acrylic paintings of football and hockey players, boxers, a marching band, a roller coaster, and so on by Suzanne Osterweil (through Sunday, Dec. 16); crisp abstract watercolors by Mia Feroleto; and an arrangement of three-dimensional wall sculptures (painted-and-folded D'Arches paper) and drawings, by Margie Billstein Katz (through Dec. 23). . . . SOHO 20, 99 Spring St.: Works on paper, sculptures, and paintings by eleven gallery members. Through Dec. 26. (Opens at noon.) . . . THORP, 419 West Broadway: Contemporary drawings by more than twenty artists, including an apparently effortlessly drawn interior, done in ink by Richard Artschwager; a still-life by Morris Graves; a large depiction of leaping whales by David True; and a delicate, Klee-like colored drawing of architectural forms by Mira Schor. Through Dec. 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . WEBER, 420 West Broadway: Eighteen artists associated with Constructivist-geometric work, such as James Biederman and Mel Kendrick (intricate wooden wall pieces); David Diao (a large oil painting in which a nicely balanced composition is built up around a circle); and Catherine L. Porter (a series of small abstract oils that look like naval signal flags). Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN CHRISTIAN ANDERSON / VICTOR SCHRAGER—Elegantly made and fitted oak boxes, which open to reveal, say, a dismantled telephone, or a scattering of found objects—a glove, a small balloon, a fragment of plastic—beside a map of Boston numbered to show where the items were found. / Color still-life photographs taken with a Polaroid camera so big that the subjects have to be taken to it, in Cambridge, rather than the other way around. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-79)—More than a hundred lithographs covering a forty-year period of the French caricaturist's career. Through Wednesday, Dec. 19. (Pratt Graphics Center Gallery, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays and, except Saturdays, evenings until 7.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

REBECCA HORN—An installation, by a German artist, consisting of two stainless-steel swings rocking in what the artist calls a dialogue; a tack hammer that hits a steel bell every few seconds; and a twelve-foot vertical thermometer, containing ten kilos of mercury, that registers subjects instead of temperatures ("Peacocks" is the lowest, "Inferno-Paradise" the top). A Henze recording plays in the background. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

SEAN SCULLY / MERRILL WAGNER—Canvases ranging up to eight feet long on which narrow horizontal bands of a solid color are laid on, row after row, by a process involving tape. / Abstractions painted on slate, marble, and Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St., has additional works by Merrill Wagner. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

PHOTOGRAPHY

CRIS ALEXANDER—Portraits of celebrities, many from Broadway and the ballet, done over the past forty years. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

ALICE AUSTEN (1866-1952)—Family outings, Victorian interiors, and New York Harbor by the Staten Island photographer. Through Feb. 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON / EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

GISÈLE FREUND—England in the thirties, Paris, and portraits of artists and writers (Man Ray, Colette, Virginia Woolf). Also ten photographs in a series of Eva Perón. Through Jan. 5. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN GRUEN—Still-life photographs. Through Jan. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

BRIAN HAGIWARA—Color photographs. Through Jan. 5. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

PETER HUJAR—Recent photographs of farm animals. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HERBERT MATTER—Abstractions, landscapes, and portraits. Through Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GRANT MUDFORD / TOD PAPAGEORGE—California architectural exteriors. / Photographs of party scenes and discothèques. Through Dec. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELIOT PORTER—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Through Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

RALPH STEINER—Fifty photographs by an artist whose work dates back fifty years or more. Through Jan. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the NEW SCHOOL-PARSONS, fifth floor, 66 Fifth Ave., at 13th St.: Platinum prints by six contemporary photographers: Richard Benson, Lois Conner, Leonard Eiger, Gibson Kennedy, Alan Newman, and George Tice. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: A survey of the nude in photography. Among the fifteen surveyors are Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, George Platt Lynes, and Jerry N. Uelsmann. . . . ¶ In another room, an exhibit of photographs by Margrethe Mather (1885-1952), who for a dozen years operated a portrait studio in California with Edward Weston. Both shows through Jan. 19. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . ZABRISKIE, 29 W. 57th St.: Fifty photographs by artists who worked in Paris between 1925 and 1940: Kertész, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, others. Also, sculptures of the same period. Through Jan. 5. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. The most substantial part of the display comes from the Hapsburg court of the nineteenth century, including a uniform of Emperor Franz Josef, four gowns of Empress Elizabeth, and a phaeton of their son Rudolf. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through

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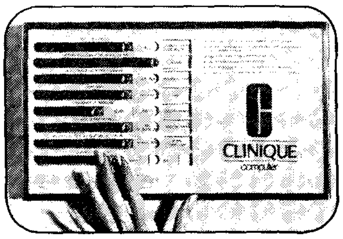
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty-three portraits from the twenties, by Tina Modotti, August Sander, André Kertész, and others. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here, accent one there, plus three immense portraits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao, and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A two-part show on the art of engraving money. The first sets forth the various steps that lead to the printing of paper money, and the second surveys stocks, bonds, and money from the first federal bank notes to the present. Counterfeit bills, too. Through Jan. 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Childe Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-eight artists have paintings, drawings, and graphics in the thirty-first annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about twenty of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Edwin Dickinson, Charles Eames, Eugene Francis Savage, Edward Durell Stone, and Stow Wengenroth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary handmade musical instruments, ranging from earnest classical violins to whimsical gourd fiddles. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A small show of furniture (half the twenty pieces are chairs) from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of fifteen ornate small-scale wood sculptures by Abraham Miller (1881-1973), the craftsman who in 1914 carved the Frick's two decorative chimneypieces. Included are reliefs, figures, handmade tools, and an unfinished pine piece dated 1973. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a gilded bronze Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of paintings with New York City themes by Philip Reisman—hot-dog venders, street musicians, tenements. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Thirties in England" is the Berg Collection's current exhibition. The works on view include manuscripts, first editions, letters, pamphlets, and radio transcripts by British authors Joyce Cary, Elizabeth Bowen, Noël Coward, Graham Greene, and others. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Gary Burnley, Martin Cohen, Candace Hill-Montgomery, Lewis Stein, and Haim Steinbach. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Donald Burgy (performance), Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; Peter Gordon (music), Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Bern Porter (retrospective, including collages of found objects), through Dec. 29; Jane Greer and Ethelyn Honig (visual diaries recorded in mixed mediums on wood by Greer, and in paint boxes by Honig), through Dec. 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Karole Armitage and others (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, at 8:30; Pat Oleszko (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 8:30; Gary Hill (videotapes), through Saturday, Dec. 15; videotapes by several artists, through Dec. 29.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit just now is the work of six sculptors: Terry Allen, Scott Burton, Michele Oka Doner, Michael Luchs, Dennis Oppenheim, and Jim Roche. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 16, from 2 to 6: A videotape by Martine Barrat.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of instrumental music, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Betty Lane and Sandra Darling, sopranos; Laura Nichols, contralto; Grayson Hirst, tenor; William Metcalf, bass-baritone; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum

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Paris

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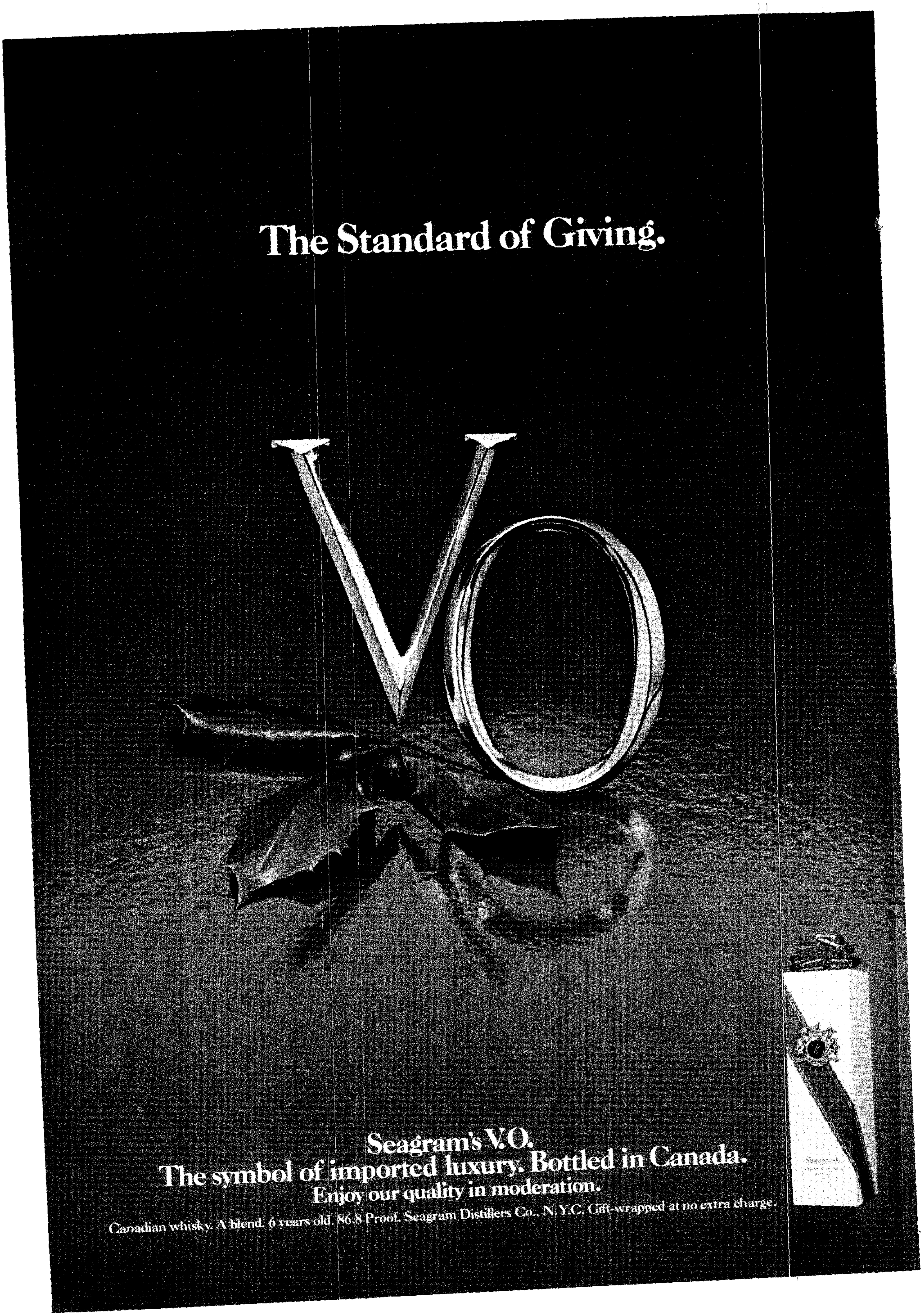
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directing a program entitled "Seven Centuries of Christmas Music." (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of medieval and early Renaissance music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program called "Christmas Capers," composed of vocal and instrumental music, and dance, from the court of Henry VIII. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Ken Hicks, tenor; David Holloway, baritone; and an orchestra. (St. Paul the Apostle Church, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Handel's "Messiah"—masterwork chorus and orchestra: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael Burt, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 6:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **brooklyn philharmonia:** Lukas Foss directing, with Dinah Bryant, soprano; Nadine Asher, contralto; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Matthew Murray, baritone; Irwin Densen, bass; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Mary Elizabeth Poore, soprano; Alteouise DeVaughn, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; Robert Briggs, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8.) . . . **musica sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; James Hoback, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30.) . . . **sing-in at avery fisher hall:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Eleanor Bergquist, soprano, and Jon Reinhold, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ferdinand Radovan; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, and Judith Blegen; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Julia Migenes, Astrid Varnay, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Bianca Berini, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ferdinand Radovan; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 17: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 18: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 19: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 20: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Bianca Berini, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 22: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 22: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30, and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30.)

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Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Rondine." Staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Laszlo Halasz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, James Levine conducting—Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 2 (a Beethoven-Zemlinsky-Berlioz program, with André-Michel Schub, piano; Johanna Meier, soprano; and Dale Duesing, baritone); Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (a Mozart-Zemlinsky-Berlioz program, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Miss Meier and Mr. Duesing); and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 (performances of Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms and Mozart's Mass in C Minor, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the New York Choral Artists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music—Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: Cecil Collins conducting the Manhattan Brass Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: Bruce Ferden conducting the Manhattan Philharmonia. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins directing a concert of baroque music, with Johana Arnold, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Rodney Miller, tenor; Kenneth Bell, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

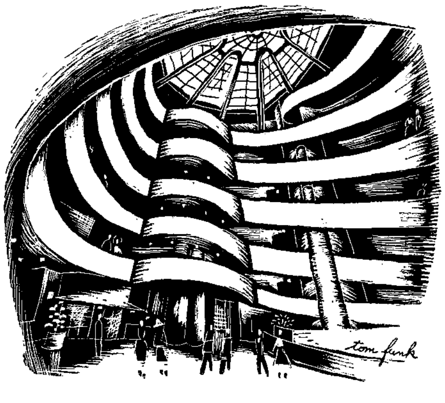
Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ida Kavafian, violin. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. For tickets, call 275-5000.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Carol Wincenc, flute; Rodney Friend, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Orchestra of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting an all-Mozart program, with Alan Marks, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)



Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a performance of Bach's "Magnificat" and Haydn's "Lord Nelson Mass." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Aurora Natola-Ginastera—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Manuel Lopez Ramos—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The second in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Curtis Macomber, violin; Eric Bartlett, cello; James Gemmell, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of music by Chester Biscardi, Maurice Wright, Milton Babbitt, and others, performed by the Composers' Guild String Quartet, the Emmanuel Wind Quintet, and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Ko Iwasaki, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5. . . . ¶ The same artists at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Dec. 15, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music—A program of music by Johann Sebastian Bach and C. P. E. Bach, with Benita Valente, soprano; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Two programs of music for strings, winds, and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Pablo Elvira—Baritone, with Sandra Ruggles, soprano; Mario Buzoianu, tenor; and Norman Carlberg, bass-baritone, in a program of operatic arias and duets. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

Joseph Kalichstein, Jaime Laredo, and Sharon Robinson—Piano, violin, and cello, with Michael Tree, viola, and Julius Levine, double bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Beethoven Society—Earl Wild, piano, and Charles Curtis, cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Youri Egorov—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of mostly contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Kenneth Cooper—Harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Dennis Koster—Classical guitarist. (Abraham

Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Brahms program, with Eugene Istomin, piano; Jaime Laredo and Ida Kavafian, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:35. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-3770.)

College Football—The Garden State Bowl: California vs. Temple. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Miami. Saturday, Dec. 15.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Baltimore Colts. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Dec. 22. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 15, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 16. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—James Merrill and Judith Moffett reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16, noon to 6.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 22, from 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Posters. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 2: Netsuke, Inro, and lacquer ware. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Islamic works of art, including Indian and Turkish miniatures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: Persian rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2: Landscape and architectural photographs. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 14.

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 12, from 8 to 9, with more than a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ On Sundays, from 10 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

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			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 16: "Koko, a Talking Gorilla."
Dec. 17: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 18: "Pretty Baby."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 13: "Remember My Name."
From Dec. 14: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 13: "Time After Time" and "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
Dec. 14-17: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" and "The American Friend."
Dec. 18-20: "In the Realm of the Senses" and "Emmanuelle."
From Dec. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 13: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
Dec. 14-20: "Time After Time."
From Dec. 21: "Cuba."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 13: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From Dec. 14: "1941."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Shout."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 13: "The Divine Nymph."
Dec. 14-20: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 21: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"10."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 20: "Head Over Heels."
From Dec. 21: "Roller Boogie."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Each Other."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Dec. 20: "Life of Brian."
From Dec. 21: "Cuba."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "Apocalypse Now."
From Dec. 20: "Starting Over."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "Starting Over."
From Dec. 20: "Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 18: "Where's Poppa?"
From Dec. 19: "Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Dec. 19: "Between Miracles."
From Dec. 20: "All That Jazz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Dec. 18: "Quadrophenia."
From Dec. 19: "Search for Solution."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 13: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 14: "The Jerk."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 13: "Animal House."
From Dec. 14: "1941."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 20: "The Magician of Lublin."
From Dec. 21: "Stay As You Are."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 20: "The Runner Stumbles."
From Dec. 21: "The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 13: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From Dec. 14: "Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 16: ". . . And Justice for All."
Dec. 17-18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 13: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
Dec. 14-20: "When a Stranger Calls."
From Dec. 21: "Time After Time."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Dec. 13: "Teresa the Thief."
From Dec. 14: "Time After Time."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 20: A program of film revivals. Call theatre for titles and show times.
From Dec. 21: "Cuba."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Loews Orpheum 2 (Ciné), 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 20: "10."
From Dec. 21: "The Black Hole."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 13: "The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."
Dec. 14-20: To be announced.
From Dec. 21: "Roller Boogie."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "The Shape of Things to Come" and "Up from the Depths." From Dec. 14: "1941."
Theatre 2: "Last House—Part II" and "Slaughter Hotel." From Dec. 14: "The Jerk."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Breaking Away."

Greenwich 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 13: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 14: "The Jerk."

Greenwich 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21: "The Black Hole."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre." Dec. 14-20: "A Child Is a Wild Young Thing." From Dec. 21: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
Theatre 3: "Time After Time."
Theatre 4: "Luna."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Dec. 19: "King of Hearts."
From Dec. 20: "Apocalypse Now."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 20: "The Consequence."
From Dec. 21: "All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 18: "Orchestra Rehearsal."
From Dec. 19 (tentative): "Peppermint Soda."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Luna."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Time After Time." From Dec. 21: "Skatetown, U.S.A."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Breaking Away."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "Fiddler on the Roof." From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Dec. 18: "Harold and Maude."
From Dec. 19: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 13: "Time After Time" and "Murder by Decree."
Dec. 14-20: "Rocky II" and "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Dec. 21: "Breaking Away" and "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"10." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "When a Stranger Calls." (†) From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 20: "Alien." From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "Breaking Away." (†) From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 18: "Fiddler on the Roof." (†)
From Dec. 19: "Roller Boogie." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 20: ". . . And Justice for All." (†)
From Dec. 21: "The Electric Horseman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Dec. 18: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)
From Dec. 19: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 20: "The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh." (†)
From Dec. 21: "The Black Hole." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Dec. 13: "Killer Fish."
From Dec. 14: "1941." (†)

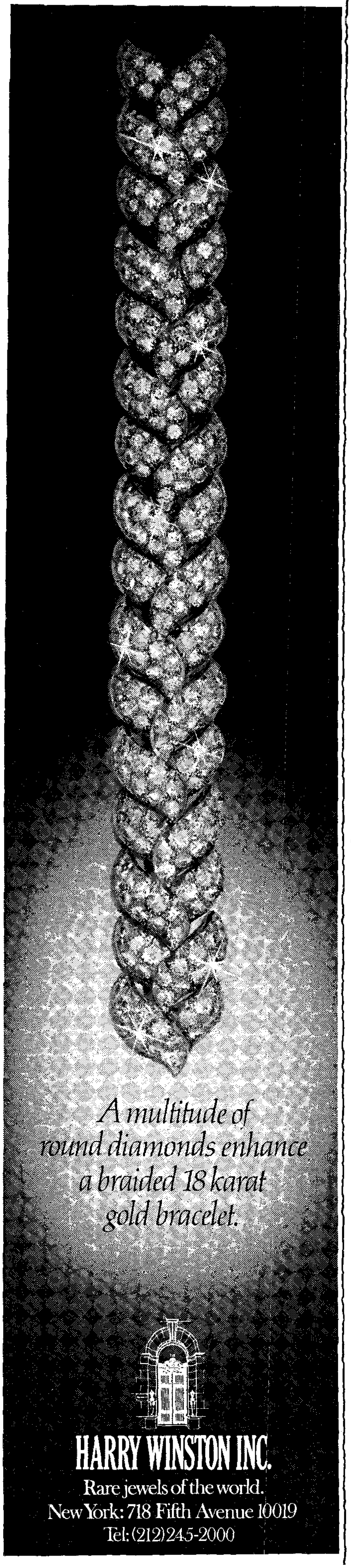
R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Dec. 20: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
From Dec. 21: "Cuba." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Dec. 13: "The Shape of Things to Come" and "Up from the Depths."
From Dec. 14: "The Jerk." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Dec. 20: "Halloween."
From Dec. 21: "Baby Snakes."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 12: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams; and "These Are the



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Damned" (1962), directed by Joseph Losey, with Macdonald Carey, Shirley Anne Field, and Viveca Lindfors.

Dec. 13: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "Mondo Cane" (1963), an Italian documentary, made by Gualtiero Jacopetti, with an English narration.

Dec. 14: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The Wanderers" (1979), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Ken Wahl.

Dec. 15: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Dec. 16: "Woodstock" (1970), directed by Michael Wadleigh, a film of the 1969 festival.

Dec. 17: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Dec. 18: "Kuroneko" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo; and "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

Dec. 19: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; "The Devil Rides Out" (1968), directed by Terence Fisher, with Christopher Lee; and "Creeping Flesh" (1973), directed by Freddie Francis, with Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing.

Dec. 20: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Masculine Feminine." (†)

Dec. 21: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue." (†)

Dec. 22: "Lord of the Flies" (†); and "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 12: "The Memory of Justice" (1976), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary, directed by Marcel Ophuls.

Dec. 13: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" (1971), directed by Casper Wrede, with Tom Courtenay; and "Intruder in the Dust" (1949), directed by Clarence Brown, with Juano Hernández, Claude Jarman, Jr., and David Brian.

Dec. 14: "An Unmarried Woman" (1978), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, and Lisa Lucas; and "Sisters of the Gion" (1936), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

Dec. 15: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "General della Rovere" (1959), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Vittorio De Sica.

Dec. 16: "Eugene Onegin" (1959), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Theatre group; and "Boris Godunov" (1955), in Russian, directed by V. Stroyeva, with A. Pirogov.

Dec. 17: "Madigan" (1968), directed by Don Siegel, with Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, and Inger Stevens; and "Kiss of Death." (†)

Dec. 18: "Summertime" (†) and "Roseland." (†)

Dec. 19: "Paisan" (1946), in English, French, Italian, and German, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "The Burmese Harp." (†)

Dec. 20: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Oliver Twist." (†)

Dec. 21: "La Grande Illusion" (†) and "The Elusive Corporal." (†)

Dec. 22: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 13: "Three Sisters" (1974), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Alan Bates, Joan Plowright, and other members of the National Theatre Company of England; and "In Celebration" (1975), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Alan Bates.

Dec. 14-15: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Dec. 16-17: "Fellini's Casanova" (†) and "8½." (†)

Dec. 18: "Saint Jack" (1979), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Ben Gazzara and Denholm Elliott; and "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo.

Dec. 19-20: "Young Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Mel Brooks, with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn; and "Silent Movie" (1976), directed by Mel Brooks, with Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar.

Dec. 21-22: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 20: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), directed by Jeff Stein; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979).

From Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 15: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Dec. 16-18: "A Night at the Opera" (1935), directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.

Dec. 19-22: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Desk Set." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 12: "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.

Dec. 13: "Passion" (1919), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings; and "So This Is Paris" (1926), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Monte Blue, Lilyan Tashman, and Patsy Ruth Miller.

Dec. 14-15: "My Name Is Rocco Papaleo" (1971), directed by Ettore Scola, with Marcello Mastroianni and Lauren Hutton; and "Todo Modo" (1976), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Marcello Mastroianni and Mariangela Melato.

Dec. 16: "Maîtresse" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "Going Places" (1974), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.

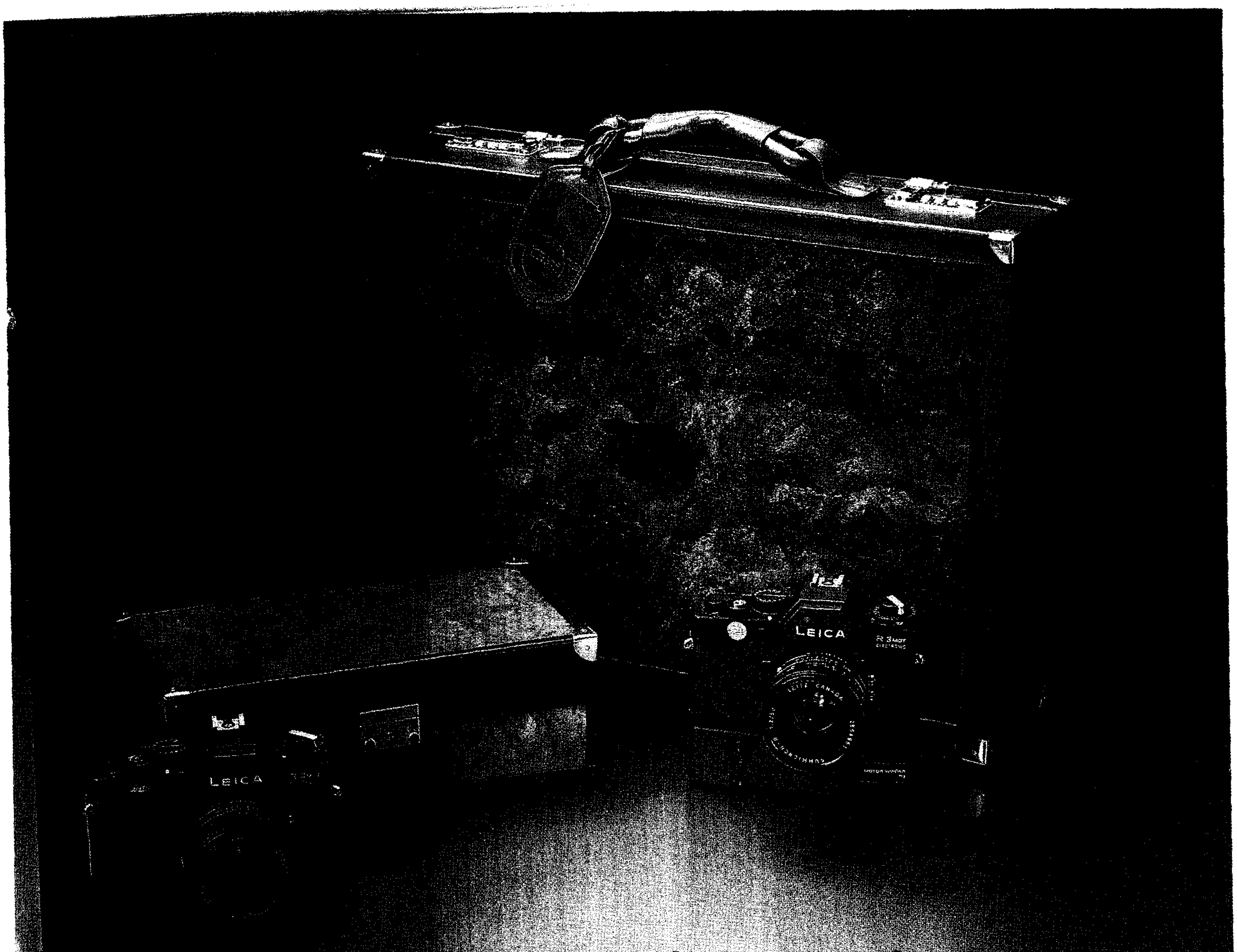
Dec. 17: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, and Sandra Dee; and "Sleep, My Love" (1948), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Claudette Colbert and Robert Cummings.

Dec. 18: "The Tarnished Angels" (†); and "Slightly French" (1949), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Dorothy Lamour and Don Ameche.

Dec. 19: "Written on the Wind" (†); and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, and Charles Coburn. (Douglas Sirk will be present at the 8 P.M. showing.)

Dec. 20: "One Hour with You" (†); and "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Marie Prevost.

Dec. 21-22: "Red, White & Zero" (1968), three short stories, directed by Peter Brook,



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Lindsay Anderson, and Tony Richardson, with Zero Mostel, Vanessa Redgrave, Michael York, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "St. Augustine of Hippo" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 13 at 2:30, 6, and 8:30 and Dec. 14 at 2:30: Two programs of short films from the 12th Annecy International Animated Film Festival. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: A program of eleven cartoons, done between 1921 and 1930, by Disney, Lantz, Messmer, Sullivan, Iwerks, Terry, and others. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at noon: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" (1959), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Sean Connery, Albert Sharpe, Jimmy O'Dea, and Janet Munro. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Hitler's Madman" (1943), directed by Douglas Sirk, with John Carradine. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5: "The Tarnished Angels" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk (who will be present), with Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, Jack Carson, and Troy Donahue. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at noon: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Tally Brown New York" (1978), a German documentary, directed by Rosa von Praunheim; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5: "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at noon: "Rien que les Heures" (1926), a French silent film, directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, with Philippe Heriat and Nina Chauvalova; no inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "The Woman Opposite" (1978), in German, directed by Hans Noever; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: A program of short films by Malcolm Le Grice. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: "Rien que les Heures." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30: "Blonde Venus." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 6: "Best Boy" (1979), directed by Ira Wohl. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Top Secret—The History of German Resistance Against Hitler" (1979), a documentary, directed by Jochen Bauer, commentary written by Karl-Heinz Janssen; English narration. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "On the Move" (1979), in German, directed by Adolf Winkelmann; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8:30: "The Woman Opposite." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "On the Move." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a silent film, directed by Robert J. Flaherty; and "The Covered Wagon" (1923), a silent film, directed by James Cruze, with J. Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at noon: "Swiss Family Robinson" (1960), directed by Ken Annakin, with John Mills, Dorothy McGuire, James MacArthur, Janet Munro, Sessue Hayakawa, and Tommy Kirk. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Lil Dagover, and Conrad Veidt; English inter-titles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 16: A film installation by William Childress. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 22: A video installation by Ken Feingold. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (7:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 13-16: Five films shown under the title "Found Footage Filmmaking: A Program of Unusual and Provocative Films," directed by Mariani, Conner, and Lawder. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:45.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2370)—A series of Shakespeare's plays on film: Dec. 16 at 7:30 and 10:15 and Dec. 17 at 6: "Richard III" (1956), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 9 and Dec. 18 at 6 and 8:30: "Henry V" (1945), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother (1975)—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he shows poor judgment, and he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea—Holmes' bringing in his insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson, to help on a case involving Queen Victoria's state secrets—has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. There's no mystery, and since you can't have a parody of a mystery without a mystery, there's no comic suspense. And Wilder, keeping his eye on his responsibilities as a director, loses his performing rhythm. A vaudeville number is disconcertingly like the specialty number in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein" (which Wilder co-wrote and starred in) and calls attention to the general similarity between the two films. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, Leo McKern, and Roy Kinnear. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

All That Jazz—With Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; directed by Bob Fosse. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Dec. 21.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 14-17.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 20.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably comic flashes about the American college system but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Gemini 2; through Dec. 13.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 12, 14, 16-17, and 19-22.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Baronet; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 21.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous, self-ordained preacher. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 13-14 and 16-18.)

Being There—With Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet; starting Dec. 20.)

Between Miracles—Adventures (in Italian) of a sexual simpleton named Benedetto (Nino Manfredi), who was thrown into confusion as a child by the ministrations of the true Church, and whose subsequent life is seen as tiresome flashback parables about innocence and worldliness. The pervasive flavor is caramel. The film was directed and largely written by Signor Manfredi, an accomplished comic actor who limits himself here to variations on a wistful smile. With Lionel Stander. (12/3/79) (Cinema I; through Dec. 19.)

The Black Hole—With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Joseph Bottoms, and Yvette Mimieux; directed by Gary Nelson. (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National; starting Dec. 21.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 21.)

The Burmese Harp (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa, about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

Butch and Sundance: The Early Days—With Tom Berenger and William Katt, directed by Richard Lester. (Olympia; starting Dec. 21.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Chapter Two—Based on the Neil Simon play, with James Caan, Marsha Mason, Valerie Harper, and Joe Bologna; directed by Robert Moore. (Loews New York 2; starting Dec. 14.)

A Child Is a Wild Young Thing (1976)—With Marie Antoinette Skinner, directed by Peter Skinner. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 14-20.)

The Consequence—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Cinema 3; through Dec. 20.)

Cuba—With Sean Connery, Brooke Adams, Jack Weston, Hector Elizondo, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Richard Lester. (Gramercy, Manhattan 2, U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Dec. 21.)

Desk Set (1957)—The eighth of the films that co-starred Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn; it was one of their bummers. He's a wizard engineer. She's in charge of a TV-network research department, and, misunderstanding his intentions, she thinks he means to put her group out of work by installing an electronic brain called Emmy. Gig Young and Joan Blondell help out, but it's a dispirited, straining-for-laughs sit-com. Tracy looks bulky, and Hepburn looks scraggy and cheerless; both seem overage for their roles. Walter Lang directed; Henry and Phoebe Ephron adapted William Marchant's 1955 Broadway play. With Dina Merrill and Neva Patterson. (Regency; Dec. 19-22.)

The Divine Nymph—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

Don Giovanni—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera; and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

Each Other—A reticent, indecisive look at a largely unconsummated lesbian love affair between an Israeli writer manquée (Michal Bat-Adam) and a French tourist (Brigitte Catillon), who pass an eternity (well, almost) strolling the rocky slopes of Jerusalem and talking about their Problem. Miss Bat-Adam also wrote and directed this Israeli-French film; most of the dialogue is in French. (12/10/79) (Manhattan 1.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe—the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his lust for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multiringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life in which, in the midst of a carnival or a ball, the hero receives inspiration, and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical), but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. With Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Dec. 16-17.)

The Electric Horseman—With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Valerie Perrine, and Willie Nelson; directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 21.)

The Elusive Corporal (1962)—Jean Renoir returns to the prison-camp setting of "La Grande Illusion" and treats the themes of war and survival in a more comic and matter-of-fact mood. The sad-eyed young hero (Jean-Pierre Cassel) has an infectious grin; he knows only that he wants to escape from the camp and live. We can see what Renoir wants to say, but the characters lack depth, and the film seems shallow, unsatisfying. With Claude Brasseur, O. E. Hasse, and Claude Rich. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Emmanuelle (1974)—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 18-20.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 12, 14-15, 17, and 19-22.)

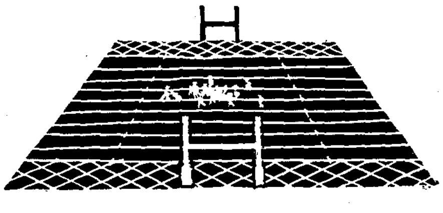
Fellini's Casanova (1977)—Fellini has done something no one else in screen history has done: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be done successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crises on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema Village; Dec. 16-17.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the *shtetl* dairyman pulling his wagon, is a myth-sized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As Tevye's daughters marry and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, his story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. The movie offers the pleasures of big, bold strokes; it's American folk opera, commercial style. It's not a celebration of Jewishness: it's a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too. Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with startling *brio* and attack, and Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Stern's music; he's a rough presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock, the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. The picture was originally three hours long and was run in two parts, with an intermission; then it was trimmed, and trimmed again, for the current reissue. Altogether, it has lost thirty-two minutes. (Bay Cinema, and Loews New York 2; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Forum; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 20.)

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh—A sloppy, unfunny comedy with Stockard Channing as an astrologer, and a few basketball stars (Julius Erving, Meadowlark Lemon, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) hamming it up as a team of losers which starts to win because all the players' sign is Pisces. (11/19/79) (86th St. East; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ National; through Dec. 20.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 12-14, 16-18, and 21.)

La Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boeldieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. With Gabin, you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearance. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, Julien Carette, Jean Dasté, Georges Péclet, and Jacques Becker (who was the assistant director). Written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)



Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and he marries her on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness, give that message a special freakiness. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold stages various gaudy suicide attempts without getting much of a rise out of his assiduous mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor, and Ashby has *directed* eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance, and the dialogue often reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (New Yorker 2; through Dec. 18.)

Head Over Heels—Based on a novel by Ann Beattie, about a young man (John Heard) obsessionally in love with another man's wife (Mary Beth Hurt). The young man seems too robust, the young woman too brittle and waifish—"childlike" in precisely the way that makes bad child actors especially alienating to watch. For some of its length, though, beginning with the appearance of Mark Metcalf as Miss Hurt's husband, the movie (directed by Joan Micklin Silver) picks up and almost works. (11/26/79) (Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 20.)

How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Gramercy, and Gemini 1; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; Dec. 14-20.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that

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puts a premium on “self-expression.” With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Dec. 12, 15-16, and 18-22.)

In the Realm of the Senses (1977)—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 18-20.)

The Jerk—With Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters, directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Dec. 14.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Festival; through Dec. 19.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice, and when he grins his white teeth are more alarming than fangs. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's wife, and Brian Donlevy, Taylor Holmes, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, and Robert Keith. In the night-club sequence, it's Jo Jones on drums. (Remade in 1958 as “The Fiend Who Walked the West.”) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Koko, a Talking Gorilla—A documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 16.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—With Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander; directed by Robert Benton. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 19.)

Life of Brian—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Manhattan 2; through Dec. 20.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of “War and Peace” and “Crime and Punishment.” Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 13-16 and 18-20.)

Luna—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

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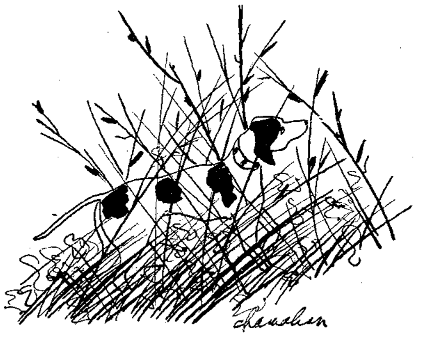
The Magician of Lublin—A clumsy film, based on the novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, and starring Alan Arkin as the magician, womanizer, and charlatan who comes almost to believe his own lie—that he will be able to fly, in a Warsaw theatre, on opening night. (11/26/79) (Beekman; through Dec. 20.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of “the children of Marx and Coca-Cola.” The boy, a pop revolutionary (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is full of doubts and questions. The girl (Chantal Goya) is a yé-yé singer with a thin, reedy little voice; her face is haunting just because it's so empty—she seems alive only when she's looking in the mirror toying with her hair. The film—a combination of journalistic sketches, love lyrics, and satire—is about the differing attitudes of the sexes to love and war in an atmosphere of total and easy disbelief, in which government policies are accepted with the same contempt as TV commercials. The two lovers and their friends are united by their disdain for the world of adults, and by the pop culture which they love. The film includes informal boy-to-boy conversations about women and politics; there is a phenomenal six-minute single-take parody interview conducted by the hero with a Miss Nineteen; and there are two boy-girl sessions which define the contemporary meaning of masculine and feminine. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal, the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms. He gets at the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do, but how they smile and look away. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 20.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an “odd couple” relationship that is the film's best comic resource. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily, reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Olympia; through Dec. 13.)



1941—With Dan Aykroyd, Ned Beatty, John Belushi, Lorraine Gary, Murray Hamilton, Christopher Lee, Tim Matheson, Toshiro Mifune, and Warren Oates; directed by Steven Spielberg. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Dec. 14.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith; starting Dec. 19.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his ferocious magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 13.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 14-17.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin, Robert Newton as Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh as Nancy, John Howard Davies as Oliver, Anthony Newley as the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience. Children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

One Hour with You (1932)—Lubitsch directed this remake of his 1924 picture “The Marriage Circle;” George Cukor was taken off the film, and Lubitsch moved in, to work with his usual fun and sense of light chic. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier play a genially married couple disturbed by a flirt played by Genevieve Tobin. But only temporarily, of course. (Thalia; Dec. 20.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from “The White Sheik” (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through Dec. 18.)

Peppermint Soda—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (Cinema Studio 2; starting Dec. 19, tentative.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-

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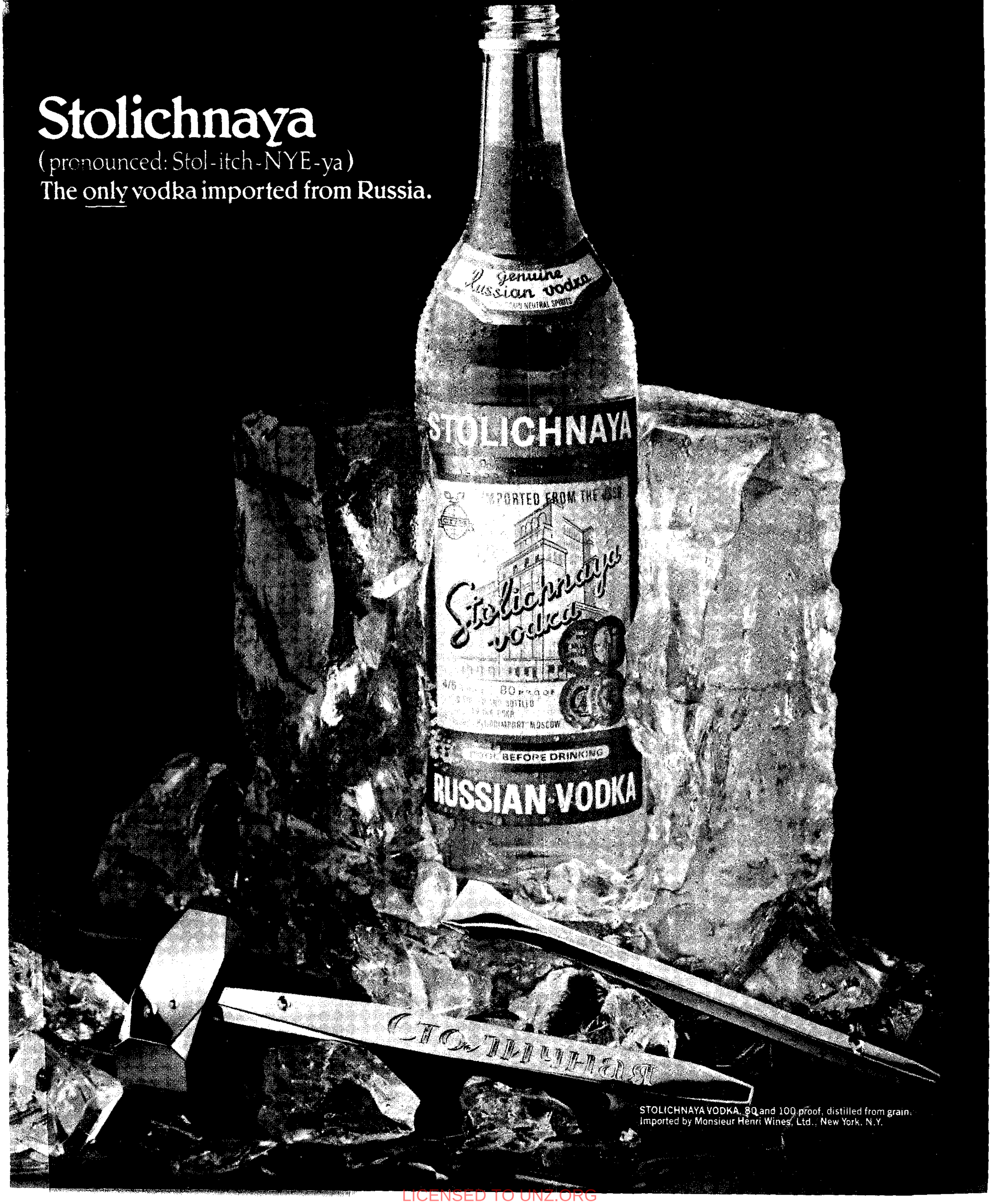
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 12-13, 15, 17, and 19-22.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 18.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Art; through Dec. 13.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther (1978)—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Olympia; Dec. 14-20.)

Robert et Robert—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch (who gave us the stifling "A Man and a Woman") is more interested in pathos than in humor, and his patronizing banality eventually silences laughter and makes us sense that we have been somehow used. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Olympia; Dec. 14-20.)

Roller Boogie—With Linda Blair, directed by Mark L. Lester. (Forum; starting Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East; starting Dec. 21.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

Roseland (1977)—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded, genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

The Runner Stumbles—A simultaneously unconvincing and offensive movie (directed by Stanley Kramer), mostly in flashback, about a priest (Dick Van Dyke) accused of murdering a perky nun (Kathleen Quinlan), with whom he was in love. We know he didn't do it, and we soon guess who did. The film's notions of Church, courtroom, and love—as well as of erotic tension or religious crisis—are somehow appalling, inaccurate, and obtuse. (11/19/79) (Loews New York 1; through Dec. 20.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 21.)

The Shout—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby Stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (11/19/79) (Murray Hill.)

Skatetown, U.S.A.—With Scott Baio, directed by William A. Levey. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 21.)

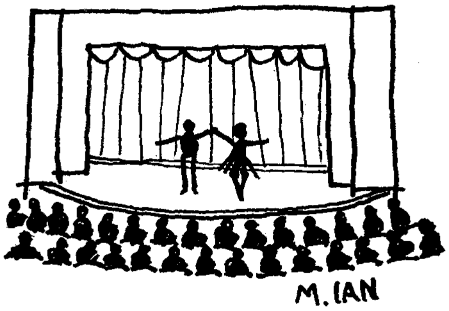
Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 13-16, 18-20, and 22.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Coronet; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting Dec. 20.)

Star Trek–The Motion Picture—Based on the television series, with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, and the entire original cast. Produced by Gene Roddenberry, who created the TV series. Directed by Robert Wise. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Dec. 18.)

Stay As You Are—With Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Beekman; starting Dec. 21.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)



Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 12-13, 15, 17-18, and 21-22.)

The Tarnished Angels (1958)—Rock Hudson said that this movie was not like his others—that he disapproved of it, and that such nasty stories shouldn't be presented to the American public. The nasty material is William Faulkner's "Pylon," adapted by George Zuckerman. Set in New Orleans in 1931, the movie attempts to re-create Faulkner's hectic, feverish atmosphere and heroes—the ex-war pilots who will do anything to sustain the thrill of flying. The daredevils are played by Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, as his promiscuous parachutist wife, and Jack Carson, as a mechanic; Hudson, limp as ever, is the heavy-drinking reporter who wants to do a story on the trio. This movie would have been better—in its odd, neo-thirties sort of way—if the last quarter hour had been left out. It's the kind of bad movie that you know is bad—and yet you're held by the mixture of polished style and quasi-melodramatics achieved by the director, Douglas Sirk. Shot in CinemaScope. (Thalia; Dec. 18.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Sutton, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through Dec. 20.)

Teresa the Thief—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 13.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (72nd Street East; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 14.)

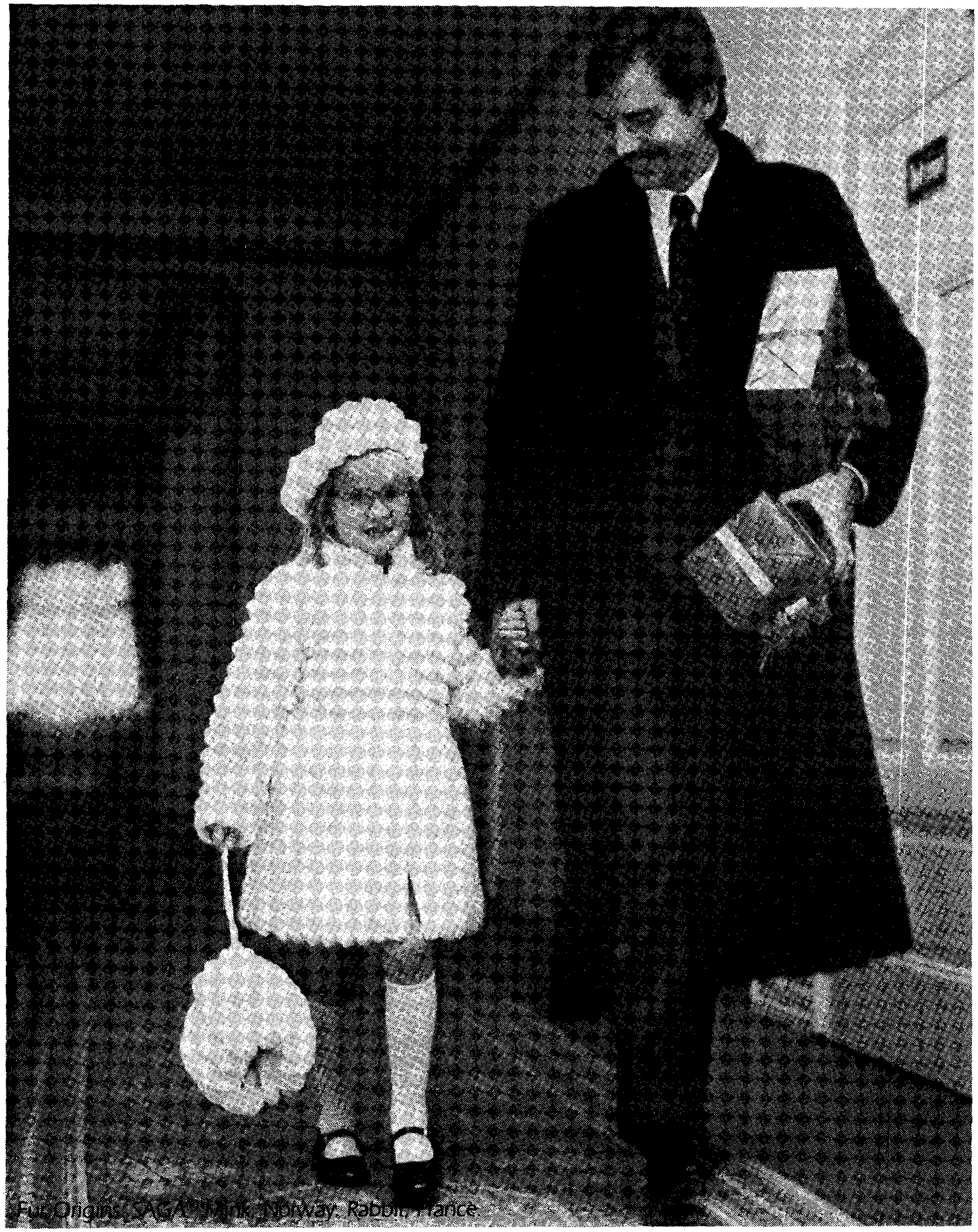
Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Gramercy; Dec. 14-20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 21.)

When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Embassy; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Dec. 14-20.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 18.)

Written on the Wind (1957)—A Texas oil millionaire (Robert Stack) sweeps a secretary (Lauren Bacall) off her feet, marries her, and then gets to wondering whether the baby that she's going to have is really his or if it's the child of his best friend, a geologist (Rock Hudson). The Texan's nympho sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages his suspicions while trying to trap the geologist, who is, indeed, in love with the wife. The director, Douglas Sirk, shows his unpleasant talent for whipping up sour, stylized soap operas in posh settings. (Thalia; Dec. 19.)

Happy Holidays: The Furs of Neiman-Marcus



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

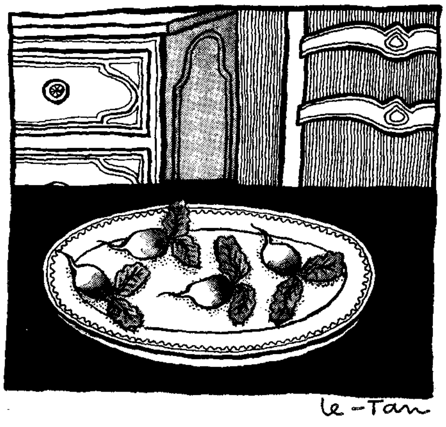
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

When Richard Nixon was having such a difficult time recently trying to find a place to live in New York, I had sympathy for him. I thought, Here's a guy who was born and grew up in California and spent some time in Washington, lived pretty well there, had ample domestic help (including a valet named Manolo Sanchez), spent some time in New York, then a few more years in Washington, had some unusual foreign-travel experiences, lots of domestic help, took nice vacations in Florida, went through a little heartache, moved out to the West Coast (along with his wife and Manolo) and holed up for a few years in his seaside home, and has now decided to give all that up to move back to New York, where it's hard as hell to find a nice place to live, where a sunny 3½ rms w/wbf can easily run around six, maybe seven hundred a month and even then it probably won't come with a little terrace where he can put a hibachi and grill some steaks when he has friends over. And since he's been living in California, he's probably grown accustomed to driving everywhere, and there's *no* free parking in this town, unless he wants to get all involved in complying with alternate-side-of-the-street regulations, which means moving the car and then sitting in it for an hour every afternoon. Of course, he could kill two birds at once and *live in the car*, but then he wouldn't even be able to invite friends over just for drinks, and, face it, the man used to be President and how would we look in the eyes of the rest of the world if one of our former leaders was domiciled in a Chevy?

O.K., so I was all for going easy on the guy. I even reached the point of thinking, As long as he agrees not to play his stereo too loud and keeps his dog on a leash, he's welcome in my building. But then I read something in the *Times* that made me reconsider my position. It was an Associated Press dispatch about a little farewell brunch the other day in San Clemente, to which Nixon and his wife invited four hundred of their closest friends, each of whom paid a thousand dollars for the privilege of hearing the host say, "My heart will always be in California. This was my political start—how it all began." And then he said, "No one ever lives in New York; they stay in New York and work in New York."

Well, that, to put it mildly, fried my hide. Omitting for a moment the daily dramas of my eight million fellow New Yorkers, I feel compelled to point out that I reside in Manhattan, and that shortly after rising each morning I have a breakfast of juice, coffee, toast, and a bowl of cereal, and that at night I go to sleep in the same bed I woke up in. The stuff that happens to me in between does not always seem real, but it does seem lifelike. Which is to say, *I* live here. Not only that, I know the locations of four or five supermarkets where you can buy virtually all the ingredients for a meal. If I feel like eating out, I am aware of several quiet little neighborhood bistros. Many of my close friends are listed in the phone directories of the five boroughs. A man named Sonny launders my shirts, and I have, in the past few years, made annual visits to a doctor, an internist whose name is Dave. My dentist, whose name is Marvin, collects art and at one time employed a hygienist named Fiona, who upon noticing something telltale about one of my teeth warned that if I should ever contract a certain kind of toothache it would be an unmistakable warning sign of myocardial infarction. If I die that way in New York City, I want my survivors to infer that I lived here—that I wasn't just staying here, working here, casually passing through, or taking a census of dentists' chairs.

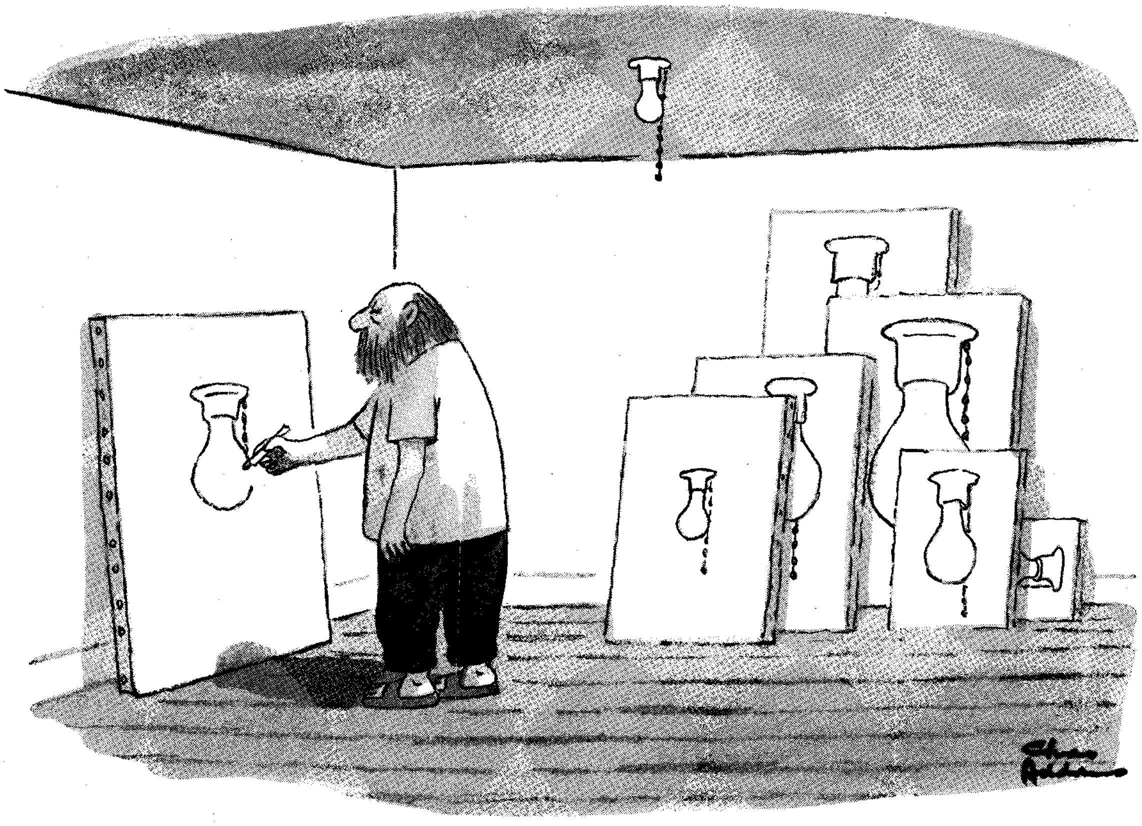


There were no reporters present at San Clemente, and it's possible that Nixon didn't say what he was quoted as saying. According to the Associated Press, "Mr. Nixon's remarks were reported by James Cavanaugh, a businessman in nearby Newport Beach." My guess is that he probably did say it, and, while I don't wish to curb anyone's freedom of expression, my instinct is that if I had a few moments eye to eye with the ex-President, I would resist the temptation to grab his lapels but I would, very firmly, state the case, as follows: Watch it, Buster. You want to move your base of operations here—fine. We didn't stop Reverend Moon and we won't stop you. But be warned: Play by the rules, be neighborly, stand back and let the other passengers off, try to show a little enthusiasm for the local sports franchises, don't smoke in the elevators, act nice, lay off the malicious gossip, and we will, too. And never forget this: We ride the subways, we get wet when it rains, we live here.

• •

Zip

WE went down to City Hall the other afternoon to watch nineteen people receive awards for creating designs that make innovative use of zippers. The event marked the end of a two-month-long contest sponsored by the city in conjunction with the Slide Fastener Association—in the trade, zippers are known as slide fasteners—and supported by a grant from



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the United States Department of Commerce. By three-fifteen, some seventy-five people had assembled in the Blue Room, which is a squarish room on the main floor with dusky-blue walls, white trim, portraits of several early mayors of New York City, and a near-life-size portrait of Martin Van Buren, who, in 1829, served briefly as governor of New York State. (After ten weeks in office, he resigned in order to become Andrew Jackson's Secretary of State.) The people sat on folding chairs and chatted about fashion and design. At around three-thirty, Deputy Mayor Peter Solomon welcomed the group and reread a proclamation that had been issued a week earlier by Mayor Koch, which said, "The slide fastener industry is a vital facet of the apparel industry, the city's largest manufacturing employer. . . . In recent years the slide fastener or zipper industry has suffered serious economic injury because of foreign imports. . . . Now, therefore, I, Edward I. Koch, Mayor of the City of New York, do hereby . . . urge wide participation in the 'Zipp-In' contest." The awards were engraved silver bowls. The winners stepped forward to receive their bowls from Mr. Solomon and an aide while friends and family members applauded. Coffee was served.

We spoke to several of the prize-winners. One of them was a young professional designer named Moses Cook, Jr. Among other things, he had designed a handbag whose lower portion could be zipped off in order to turn the upper portion into a draw-string shoulder bag.

Another prize-winner was a blond woman named Julie Hisey, who told us that she was a student at the Traphagen School of Fashion. She had designed a beach towel that had a zip-off section containing compartments for things like a pillow, sunglasses, suntan lotion, reading material, a parasol, a placemat, and a picnic lunch.

"This umbrella I designed has a zippered compartment where you can carry a lightweight raincoat," a prize-winner named Ferdinand Acosta told us, showing us a black umbrella.

"This outfit I designed can be zipped or unzipped in order to create five different looks from day to evening," a prize-winner named Sue Ekahn told us, showing us several drawings of a combined jump suit and dress.

"This overcoat of mine has ten zippered pockets," said a prize-winner named Geoffrey B. Small, pointing them out in some sketches.

"This is my design for a zip-out storm window," a prize-winner named Robert Pense told us, leading us toward some pencil drawings that were on display not far from the portrait of Governor Van Buren. "In the summer, the storm window can be zipped out and a screen can be zipped in. I have also designed a mattress-and-box-spring combination that can be zipped together, to eliminate sliding. And one of my other designs is for a drive-on, zip-on motorcycle cover. Once the cover is zipped, it can be locked. It will be strong. It will provide total protection. It will not blow away."

As people began to leave the Blue Room, we spoke to a dark-haired young woman named Nancy Leff, who is in the city's Office of Economic Development. She told us that some seven hundred entries in the contest had been received, from various parts of the United States and from several foreign countries as well, and that the non-winning designs included a zippered garbage pail, a zippered bandage, and a zippered plaster cast.

Mapper

DUFF BAILEY gets around. He does so on his bicycle, which is a wondrously reconstructed vehicle that began its existence about five years ago in Czechoslovakia, as a cerise-colored racing trainer sold under the trade name Favorit; was shipped to Boston, where it became a giveaway in a promotional event sponsored by a liquor distributor; was acquired by Bailey; and soon began to undergo various alterations at his hands. "The frame is just about all that's left of the original bicycle," he told us recently. "As time went by, I added a Campagnolo shifter and also some of the racing components off my first ten-speed bike, which I had when I was thirteen years old. The Czech bike originally had paper-thin tires, so I changed them for heavier ones. I put on different wheels, too. This saddle is well worn and comfortable. It comes from several bikes ago. The brakes came off still another bike. I replaced the original derailleurs with some made of a Japanese alloy. I replaced the pedals and the toe clips with some spare ones I had around. And I put on new pedal cranks."

Bailey also makes maps. They are

unusual maps, whose purpose is to enable people on bicycles—vehicles that Bailey believes are superior to all others, at least in urban settings—to travel directly, comfortably, and safely from one place to another. His first map, which he made together with two other people, was the Boston Bikemap. It showed things like existing bicycle paths, proposed bicycle routes, and biking obstacles in Boston, Cambridge, Brookline, and adjacent areas. That map was issued in 1977, in an edition of five thousand, and it was quickly grabbed up. Another edition was soon issued and soon all gone, and still another edition is planned. These days, Bailey is spending a good part of his time making bicycle maps of New York City's five boroughs—maps that will be issued under the aegis of Transportation Alternatives, a nonprofit organization devoted to promoting responsible alternatives to the automobile.

How does Bailey gather information for his maps? He rides around. He was doing just that the other day when we joined him, astride our own bike, on Twenty-third Street west of Eighth Avenue. Bailey is a tall, slim man of twenty-six with dark-blond hair, and he was wearing jeans, a red sweater, chartreuse sneakers, and a yellow bicycle helmet. “I'm the director of the mapping project, and I end up deciding on most of the routes myself,” he told us, dismounting. “But I have about twenty volunteers who go out riding, checking the routes in different weather conditions and at different times of day. The Brooklyn map is finished, and we expect it to be issued next March. Brooklyn is a very difficult borough for traffic, with what is probably the world's most complicated system of one-way streets. What makes things even worse for cyclists in Brooklyn—in all of New York City, really—is the disorientation factor. People in this city tend to be familiar only with their immediate neighborhoods. When they venture elsewhere, they are apt to become disoriented, and then they end up following main thoroughfares—not always the best thing to do. We expect the Manhattan map to be issued in June, the Bronx map to be issued in September, and the Queens map to be issued early in 1981. The Staten Island map should come out sometime later in 1981. On the back of each map, there will be a guide to bike operation, rules of the road, and information on basic bike repair.”

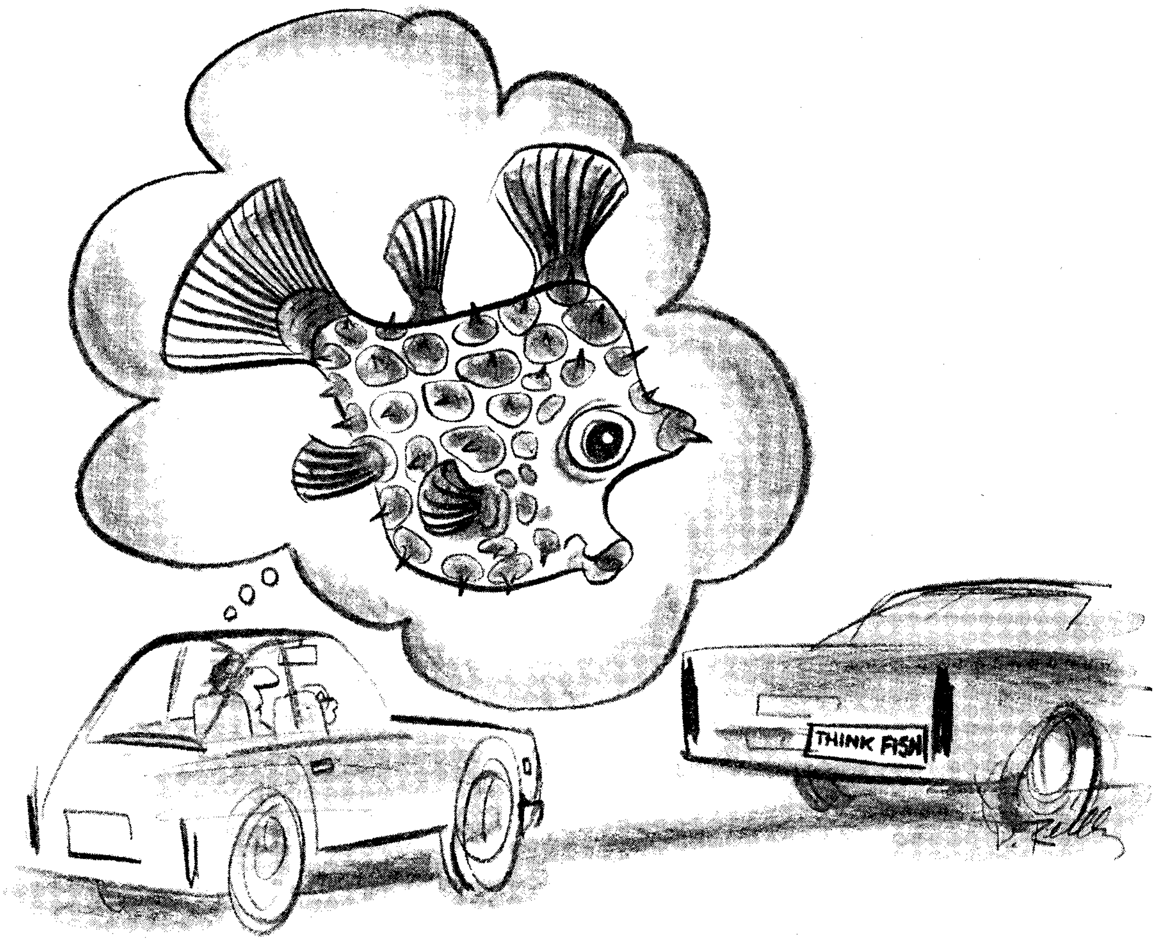
Bailey climbed onto his bike, and we set off with him on a mapping survey. The survey went like this: Up Eighth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street (road condition a little better than average), west on Thirty-fourth Street to Ninth Avenue (medium to poor), down Ninth Avenue to Twenty-eighth Street (very smooth), on down Ninth Avenue to Twenty-second Street (bumpy), east on Twenty-second Street to Fifth Avenue (not so hot), on east on Twenty-second Street to Second Avenue (O.K.), down Second Avenue a block and then west on Twenty-first Street (pesky cobblestones between Fifth and Sixth Avenues), another swing up Eighth Avenue and then west on Twenty-fifth Street to Eleventh Avenue (*very* pesky cobblestones), down Eleventh Avenue for a block (fair), east on Twenty-fourth Street to Ninth Avenue (still more cobblestones), and back to our starting point.

In his professional work, Bailey is a dance therapist. “I'm convinced that bicycle mapping is a kind of choreography for the public at large,” he said now, as we prepared to head back uptown. “All this mapping may serve some purely practical purposes, but I also like to think that, with its concern for individuals—their movements, their feelings—it will integrate the creative experience into a lot of people's lives.”

Election

NINETEEN students at George J. Ryan Junior High School, in Flushing, Queens, who had been declared candidates for office in the school's Student Organization gathered in an empty classroom one afternoon for a pre-campaign briefing, and we joined the meeting a few minutes after it had begun. The Student Organization's faculty adviser, a social-studies teacher named Conrad Yarmoff, was explaining to the candidates that since this S.O. election had been arranged later in the fall term than previous elections, which had sometimes coincided with the general election in the first week of November, the school could spare only one week for the running of the campaign. A question-and-answer period followed.

We noticed that several of the can-



didates used the occasion to square off against their opponents. A short boy who was draped over a stuffed briefcase he had set on top of the desk in front of him furtively eyed a tall boy across the room, who would exchange glances with the little guy only after volunteering answers to questions raised by other candidates; and a dark-haired girl assumed a superior air toward a small and roundish fellow who asked Mr. Yarmoff many questions. Several others, however, said nothing, acknowledged no one, gazed straight ahead at Mr. Yarmoff, and dashed out the door the moment they were dismissed.

After the students left, Mr. Yarmoff told us that the original slate of candidates had numbered forty but that following a similar get-together twenty-one had dropped out. "The ones who have stuck it out so far are pretty determined," Mr. Yarmoff said. He was dressed in brown trousers and a brown jacket with an open-collared shirt, and his manner was easygoing. "And they pretty much know why they want to run, it seems. Some genuinely want to do something for the kids here; some are running in order to get school-service credit, or because they want to be popular, or because their parents encourage them to do it. We have a few here who already have posters made and campaign managers on the job."

We were invited back to Ryan three days later, when three special assemblies—one for each grade—were scheduled in the school auditorium during the seventh-, eighth-, and ninth-grade lunch periods, so that each candidate could make a short speech to a captive student body. Seymour Sternberg, the school's principal, welcomed us in his office, and we accompanied him across the hall, which was lined with homemade campaign posters, to the auditorium, where the seventh graders were piling into their seats and catcalling up to the stage. Most of the candidates for seventh-grade representative and for schoolwide office—president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer—were lurking at the sides of the stage, where a semicircle of chairs set around a hulking wooden rostrum awaited them, but one candidate for president, a husky black girl named Judy Browne, stood by the front entrance to the auditorium and handed out flyers on which she had written "Vote for Judy Browne for S.O. President" around an arcade-machine snapshot of herself that she had embellished with little stars.

"Isn't she doing that a little too close to the stage?" asked another candidate, bubbling over with knowledge of election law.

The faculty member in charge of the seventh-grade assembly looked at Mr. Sternberg, and they both pondered the question for a few moments.

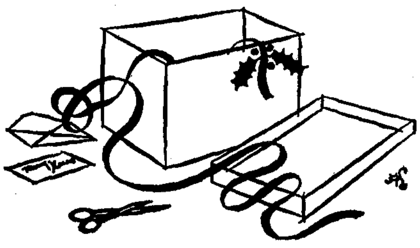
"Well, this isn't the place of voting, so I don't think you could call it electioneering," Mr. Sternberg said, "but we're about to start anyway, so I'll ask her to stop."

While the faculty member in charge tested the volume of a stage microphone, the candidates slowly found seats onstage. In the audience, some seventh graders were clearly itching to get up and leave, but then their attention was drawn to the activity onstage.

There were eight candidates for seventh-grade representative—three girls and five boys. They made their brief speeches, and then the schoolwide-office candidates were asked to approach the rostrum, beginning with the presidential candidates—two girls. (A third girl was on the ballot, but she spent the campaign week in the hospital.)

Judy Browne was the first speaker. Apparently the only candidate who had dressed up for the event, she looked proper and efficient in a black jumper and a white turtleneck sweater. "Hello, Ryanites," she said. "I have but one promise to make, and that is to do the things *you*, the students, would like me to do." She was cheered wildly for this remark, and she smiled and shifted her weight from one foot to the other. "I would like to investigate and improve the school-lunch program; I would like to organize more fund-raising activities for the Student Organization; and I would like to see there be equality for boys and girls in the rules for gym preparation."

Judy's opponent, a thin, blond girl named Allison Wolin, had evidently decided on a softer approach. Brushing back wisps of hair as she spoke, she said, "I would like to begin by telling you a story we all learned as children. The story of Cinderella. The Prince searched for the person who would best fit the glass slipper. We, too, here at Ryan, are searching for a person who would best fit the role. And I think I have the ideas that best fit Ryan. I believe we should have set test days, so we don't have to study everything on the same night; and we have to have more fund-raising and social activities for the S.O. But, getting back to our story, the Prince finally found the right person to fit the shoe. And there is an old saying, 'If the shoe fits, wear it,' and I'd like to very much."



Tom O'Buckley, a candidate for secretary-treasurer, and Brad Reisner, a candidate for vice-president, both suffered because they were short: when they approached the rostrum, their bodies vanished and their heads appeared to be connected only to a boxy wooden frame—a sight that distracted students from listening closely to the speeches issuing from the heads, though the speeches were delivered with great verve. These candidates' opponents, Kimberly Fuchs and Robert Stern, offered drier speeches, but they had a height advantage that enabled them to command the seventh graders' attention. When the bell rang to end the period, the seventh grade was out the door in a blur.

Before the eighth-grade assembly began, we had a chance to meet two voters, Greg Teller, of Class 8-4, and Mark Sandberg, of Class 8-5, who were already in the auditorium, and who invited Tom O'Buckley, an acquaintance of theirs and an eighth grader himself, to sit with them while the rest of the eighth grade arrived. Tom, who was wearing a numbered football jersey and jeans, settled down quietly between Greg and Mark.

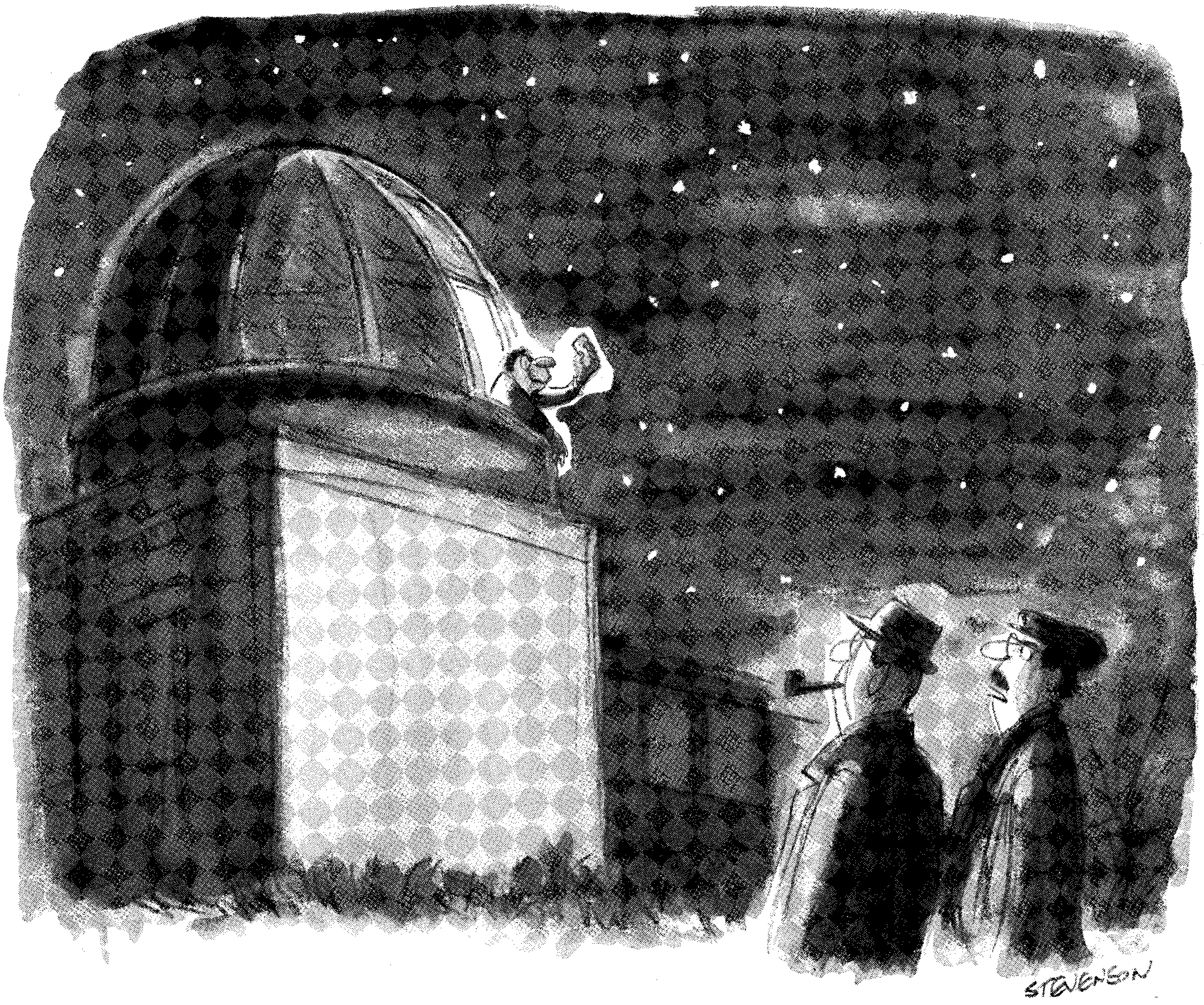
"Hey, Tom, I don't think I'm voting for you," one of them said, taunting him. "You're weird. Didn't you use to write all over your arms with red Magic Marker?"

The other boy chimed in with "Isn't it true that every time you get into trouble with your father he makes you get a crewcut?"

Tom scratched his head, which looked as though trouble had arisen a few weeks before, and nodded sheepishly.

We asked him whether he was planning different speeches for the eighth-grade and ninth-grade assemblies.

"I know that some people are going to change their speeches, but I'm going to say pretty much the same thing," he said. "Only, I'll be less nervous, because I know more people in the older grades. I don't think it's a good idea to debate your opponents or make comments about them in your speech. Besides, I know Kim Fuchs pretty well, and she has nice friends, so there's really nothing I could say



"I don't believe Copley is really trying to unravel the mysteries of the universe."

• •

against her. I only made one mistake in the campaign so far. I made all these posters that say 'Vote for O'Buckley—He's the Better Man,' and now I'm running against a girl." He shrugged.

The eighth-grade-assembly speeches sounded more confident, and by the time the ninth graders entered the auditorium it appeared that the candidates had grown comfortable in their roles; besides, the audiences offered progressively less resistance. Most of the ninth graders listened attentively to the round of speeches.

A young fellow named James Zirkman, of Class 9SPE2, sat next to us, and after the last speech we asked for his comment on the upcoming election.

"Well, I think most of these people are left-wing extremists," he said. "But it really doesn't matter who wins. The school has no funds, and the Student Organization has no funds. No matter what they say, nothing gets done. There's no tradition. There's no fun. I think George Bush should win."

On the morning the winners of the election were to be announced, we returned once more to Ryan J.H.S., where we encountered Brad Reisner, the v.-p. candidate, in his homeroom just before Principal Sternberg was scheduled to break the news over the school's public-address system.

Brad appeared dejected, and when we asked him about the last days of the campaign he sounded glum.

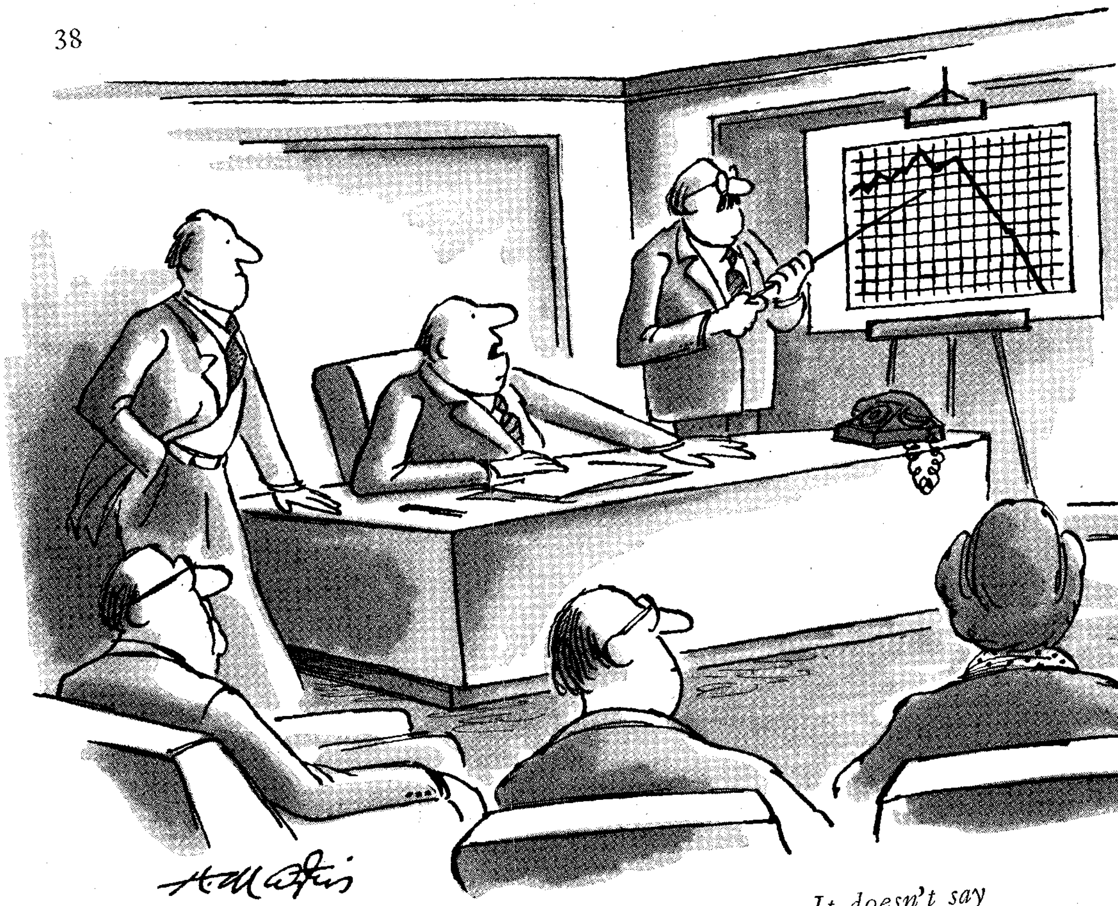
"I know I lost," he said. "I saw during the balloting the other day that I was getting killed."

He was distracted for a moment by a classmate, a beefy boy in a football jersey, who cried out "I'm Franco Harris!" and lowered his shoulder into a boy standing next to him.

"The problem with my campaign was that my friends didn't take it seriously enough," Brad continued. "They thought it was a joke. You need a lot of support from your friends to win. The guy who ran against me, Robby Stern—he had a campaign manager, and friends all over the place. And his brother ran for seventh-grade representative—I think that's what helped him most."

The voice of Principal Sternberg cut through the classroom din. "This was one of the closest elections we've ever had," he said, "and I am proud to say that this was a campaign done with sensitivity, common sense, and respect for one another." He then read the list of winners: Judy Browne, president; Robert Stern, vice-president; Kim Fuchs, secretary-treasurer; and grade representatives Ronny Kaplan (ninth grade), Kathy Cestaro (eighth), and Jacqueline Denson (seventh).

Looking into Judy Browne's homeroom, we saw that a crowd had gathered in the middle of the room but that Judy was sitting by herself in her regular seat, toward the rear. "It's someone's birthday," she explained to us as the group cooed over the birthday present, a T-shirt with a rock-group logo printed on it. Judy seemed uncon-



"I'll tell you what it doesn't say. It doesn't say Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

• •

cerned about the lack of attention that her victory was getting from her classmates. "You need a lot of faith and you got to work hard to get what you want," she said. "I've already planned a school fund-raising party."

Turnout

WE happen to know that what most pleases Diana Vreeland, Special Consultant to the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum, about her new show, "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era," is the saddlery. She has said it to us more than once. Mrs. Vreeland has a special way of looking at horses. She told us about it. It has to do with the horse itself, but only as a powerful source of simple energy. What Mrs. Vreeland likes is a source of simple energy so powerful that something rather excessive can be elaborated from what rises to the surface. In the case of horses, this is what Mrs. Vreeland calls the turnout. She talked to us about it in her office at the Metropolitan a few days before the opening of the Hapsburg show. "It's the *point*," she said. "It's important to make the point; it's important to *get* the point. The point is the *gleam*. It's what the nineteenth century knew. The gleam, the positiveness, the *turnout*." Mrs. Vreeland said that in search of the right gleam she had cabled to Vienna for permission to polish the twenty-two boots and shoes she has in the show and to polish the brass. The permission had been granted, she said, and the boots had been polished to a very high gleam and the brass polished with a soft cloth. Mrs. Vreeland said that she had found a friend in Dr. George Kugler, a curator of the Austrian Museum of Fine Arts and the director of its library. "He handles all of Elizabeth's clothes, but his heart is in saddlery," Mrs. Vreeland said. By Elizabeth, Mrs. Vreeland meant, of course, the Empress Elizabeth, wife of the Emperor Franz Josef. It is an opinion of Mrs. Vreeland's (and a worry to her) that the Empress is not as well known to the American public as she deserves to be. Mrs. Vreeland said, "People come, I talk about Elizabeth. I talk about her waist. They get that part. That it was a very thin waist. But I explain that we all did have very thin waists. It's another generation I'm talking about, naturally. I'm not in that generation. But thin waists were something I knew about. You get the waist you want, in the end. People understand that. But their eyes glaze, if you know what I mean. You talk for a while and then they say, 'But who was she, this Elizabeth?' There is no history known in this country. I have been shocked. Totally shocked. I am not an educated woman. You understand that. But I am shocked. I talk about Elizabeth, and people say, 'Who is she?' I talk about Elizabeth, and a woman looks at me, straight at me, and says, 'How did you make up that face?' She means *my* face. Nothing to do with Elizabeth. Someone asked me that: 'How did you make up that face?' I looked at her, straight at her, the way she was looking straight at me, because I believe in that, and I said, 'Why, I chose my *nose*, and then my *eyes*. I wanted them totally *closed*, my eyes.' You remember the story of Daisy Fellowes, who was supposed to have had her eyes opened at the ends."

"What do you mean?" we asked. "Surgically?"

"Of course, surgically. We're living in a totally scientific age."

"What is the effect?"

"Much longer eyes. Longer and almost *closed*."

Mrs. Vreeland took us through the galleries where her show was being prepared. She pointed out an extravagant mourning dress that is thought to have belonged to the Empress Elizabeth, and she also pointed out very many uniforms. Mrs. Vreeland said she particularly liked the Hungarian uniforms. "Whenever you see the stone-marten fur and the braiding, you know you are in Hungary," she said. "Don't forget about Hungary. Never forget Hungary." Then, without any talk whatever, she led us to see a saddle. The label said, "Hungarian Horse Furniture, 17th Century." The saddle was small and not deeply shaped. It would sit rather high off a horse. The seat was of a pale-rose-colored velvet. The ends of the saddle, under the pommel and the cantle, were of silver set with semiprecious stones. Mrs. Vreeland said, "*There*."

THE SIXTH MAN

Sir Anthony Blunt, a former curator of Queen Elizabeth's art collection, and a renowned member of Britain's artistic establishment, was identified by the Government today as a long-sought "fourth man" in the Burgess-Maclean spy case of 25 years ago.... [A] supposed fifth man in the Burgess-Maclean spy ring [has been] identified ... only as "Basil."—*The New York Times.*

THE time was the nineteen-fifties—a decade, as Frederick Jackson Turner had predicted, "with the menace of the forties at one end and the menace of the sixties at the other." For thoughtful, concerned university students in the United States, participation in the Burgess-Maclean spy ring seemed the only answer.

These troubled, idealistic young Americans were a minority, certainly, but a minority that encompassed the majority of a tiny élite. Some were heterosexuals. A number were quarterbacks, and no fewer were members of prestigious dorm councils and R.O.T.C. units. The glittering set included L.A.D. (Laddie) Dirksen, the brilliant illegitimate son of the founders of the New Criticism; N. Murray Garroway, the eminent agnostic explorer, whose father was a prominent speechwriter for Harold Stassen; H. F. Zimbalist-Lazar, effete and dissipated even as a freshman, later a noted scholar and expert on the works of Jim Bishop; and K. X. Backus—a descendant of Nathaniel Hawthorne and John Singleton Copley—who became a studio musician of enormous repute.

While these men can be linked to Burgess and Maclean only by the kind of innuendo exemplified in the foregoing paragraphs, a growing chain of suspicion has been forged around them by journalism of this kind. And now a trail of further fabrication and distortion has led to another key figure in the plot—an Englishman who emigrated to the United States in the early fifties to recruit the American group. The most clever and degenerate of them all, this long-sought "sixth man" in the case has been identified only as "Ernest."

In an exclusive interview with this magazine, an Englishwoman whom we shall call "Cecily," who knew the man as "Ernest" in London in 1951, has come forward with evidence that may answer questions that have been asked time and time again.

"ERNEST seemed so very mysterious," she said. "If he was not, he was deceiving us all in a very inexcusable manner. I hope he was not leading a double life, pretending to be a spy and being really loyal all the time. That would be treachery.

"It was said that at Cambridge he had called himself 'Algernon,' which frightened everyone so much that they attended their lectures in groups.

"I myself was quite afraid of him. That is why I fell in love with him. There is nothing so becoming to a young girl's complexion as a love affair with someone really treasonous.

"It would hardly have been a serious affair if I had known anything about him. Facts about most people can be endured with equanimity. But even the slightest hint of information about an attractive man is almost unbearable.

"One person told me with absolute authority that he had blue eyes. Another said with equal conviction that they were brown. I know, of course, how important it is to be inconsistent if one wants to retain the opportunity for regret. One's mind should be changed daily, like one's wallpaper. But I do feel that one has an obligation to retain one's face.

"No one knew how much tea he took with his lumps of sugar, or who his tailor was, or any of the other things that it is essential to know about a traitor. Though of course he would not have required tea or clothing once he emigrated to America.

"The last time I saw him, he said that he would have to choose between the totalitarian world, the free world, and America.

"There were all sorts of rumors about him. People said that he had entered a monastery and then, in remorse, gone out and killed a man. That he had been changed for life on account of never having learned that he had got a fatal disease. That he was from a very fine family and wished to conceal his origins. That he had been cashiered out of his regiment for refusing to slap his commanding officer. That he was passing for Bantu. That in Burma he had become addicted to Gentleman's Relish. That he had had plastic surgery so as to make it appear that he had been mutilated in an automobile accident. That he wrote works of philosophy under an assumed name and cheap novels under his own name. That he had never had a wife and six children in Tottenham. That he was a successful surgeon, while his colleagues had been ruined by fashionable malpractice suits. That he had a friend named Bunbury.

"All this, of course, was the gossip of unidentified sources, and consequently meant for publication.

"I liked his secretiveness. It allowed me to monopolize the conversation, and at the same time it enabled me to feel ill at ease. I dislike men who are as comfortable as an old shoe. They are so slippery.

"Sometimes I was happy just to gaze at him, the way one does at an improper picture. At other times, I found myself turning aside in embarrassment, the way one does from a really good book.

"Often I imagined that he might make love to me, tying me up and forcing me to perform vile acts. I felt sure that it would pass the time.

"He never said a single word about official secrets, so you can imagine how much he knew. And he was so attractive. In matters of espionage, sex, not politics, is the vital thing.

"I am quite sure that after he left me, he emigrated to America to recruit spies. He had a secret past; for him to have had a secret future as well would have been most unfair.

"I do think that whenever one has any secrets to impart to the Soviet Union, one should be quite candid.

"Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after he is imprisoned.

"And if Ernest was not the 'sixth man,' I feel sure that he was someone equally important."

—VERONICA GENG

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Internal Medicine—Richland Memorial Hospital (Columbia) 22 credit hours

Student will be introduced to the principles and practice of internal medicine on a level that is as advanced as each can individually handle. They will be exposed to a variety of disease conditions and will die.—*Bulletin of the Medical University of South Carolina.*

With a smile on their lips.

AT LAST

THE HOUSE

I LIVED in this house with you: the wood shingles, unpainted, weather-beaten, fraying; the piano, a piece of furniture now, collecting dust; the bed in which all the children were born; a bowl of flowers, alive, then dead; a bowl of fruit, but then all eaten. (What was that light?) My hairbrush is full of dead hair. Where are the letters that brought the bad news? Where are they? These glasses commemorate a coronation. What are you now? A young woman. But what are you really? A young woman. I know how hard that is. If only everything would talk. The floorboards made a nice pattern when the sun came in. (Was that the light again?) At night, after cleaning the soot from the lampshade, I lighted the lamp and, before preparing for bed, planned another day. So many things I forgot, though. I hid something under the bed, but then I forgot, and it spawned a feathery white moss, so beautiful; it stank, and that's how I remembered it was there. Now I am looking at you; your lips are soft and parted.

Are they?

I saw the cat open its jaws wide and I saw the roof of its mouth, which was pink with black shading, and its teeth looked white and sharp and dangerous. I had no shells from the sea, which was minutes away. This beautifully carved shelf: you can touch it now. Why did I not let you eat with your bare hands when you wanted to?

Why were all the doors closed so tight shut?

But they weren't closed.

I saw them closed.

What passed between us then? You asked me if it was always the way it is now. But I don't know. I wasn't always here. I wasn't here in the beginning. We held hands once and were beautiful. But what followed? Sleepless nights, oh, sleepless nights. A baby was born on Thursday and was almost eaten, eyes first, by red ants, on Friday. (But the light, where does it come from, the light?) I've walked the length of this room so many times, by now I have travelled a desert.

With me?

With you. Speak in a whisper. I like the way your lips purse when you whisper. You are a woman. Stand over there near the dead flowers. I can see your reflection in the glass bowl. You are soft and curved like an arch. Your limbs are large and unknotted, your feet unsnared. (It's the light again, now in flashes.)

Was it like a carcass? Did you feed on it?

Yes.

Or was it like a skeleton? Did you live in it?

Yes, that too. We prayed. But what did we pray for? We prayed to be saved. We prayed to be blessed. We prayed for long and happy lives for our children. And always we prayed to see the morning light. Were we saved? I don't know. To this day I don't know. We filled the rooms; I filled the rooms. Eggs boiled violently in that pot. When the hurricane came, we hid in this corner until the wind passed; the rain that time, the rain that time. The foundation of this house shook and the earth washed away. My skin grew hot and damp; then I shivered with excitement.

What did you say to me? What did I not hear?

The mattress was stuffed with coconut fibre. It was our first mattress. It made our skin raw. It harbored bedbugs. I used to stand here, at this window, looking out at the shadows of people passing—and they were real people—and I would run my hand over the pattern of ridges in the cover belonging to the kettle. I used to stand over here too, in front of this mirror, and I would run my hands across the stitches in a new tablecloth. And again I would stand here, in front of the cold stove, and run my fingers through a small bag of green coffee beans. In this cage lived a hummingbird. He died after a few days, homesick for the jungle. I tried to take everything one day at a time, just as it was coming up.

And then?

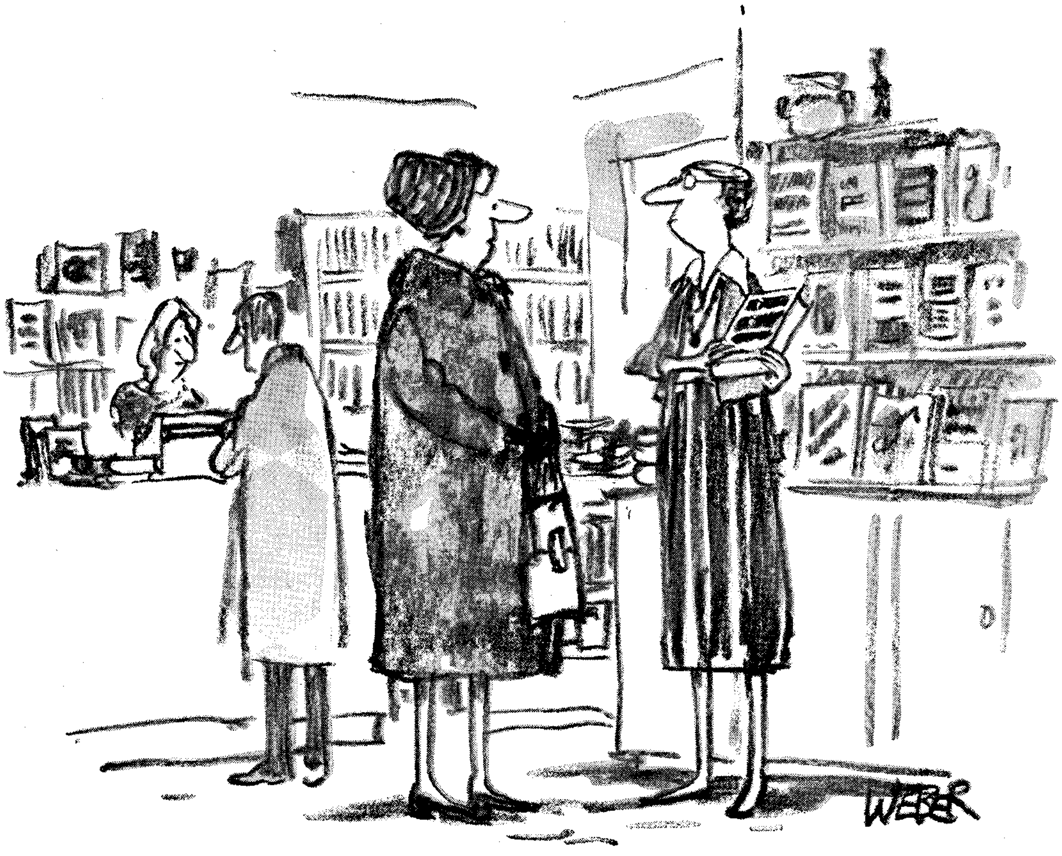
I felt sick. Always I felt sick. I sat in this rocking chair with you on my lap. Let me calm her, I thought, let me calm her. But in my breast my milk soured.

So I was loved?

Yes. You wore your clothes wrapped tight around your body, keeping your warmth to yourself. What greed! But how could you know? A yellow liquid left a stain here.

Is that blood?

Yes, but who bled? That picture of an asphalt lake. He visited an asphalt lake once. He loved me then. I was beautiful. I built a fire. The coals glowed so. Bitter. Bitter. Bitter. There was music, there was dancing. Again and again



"No, I don't think so. I've never really liked the Civil War."

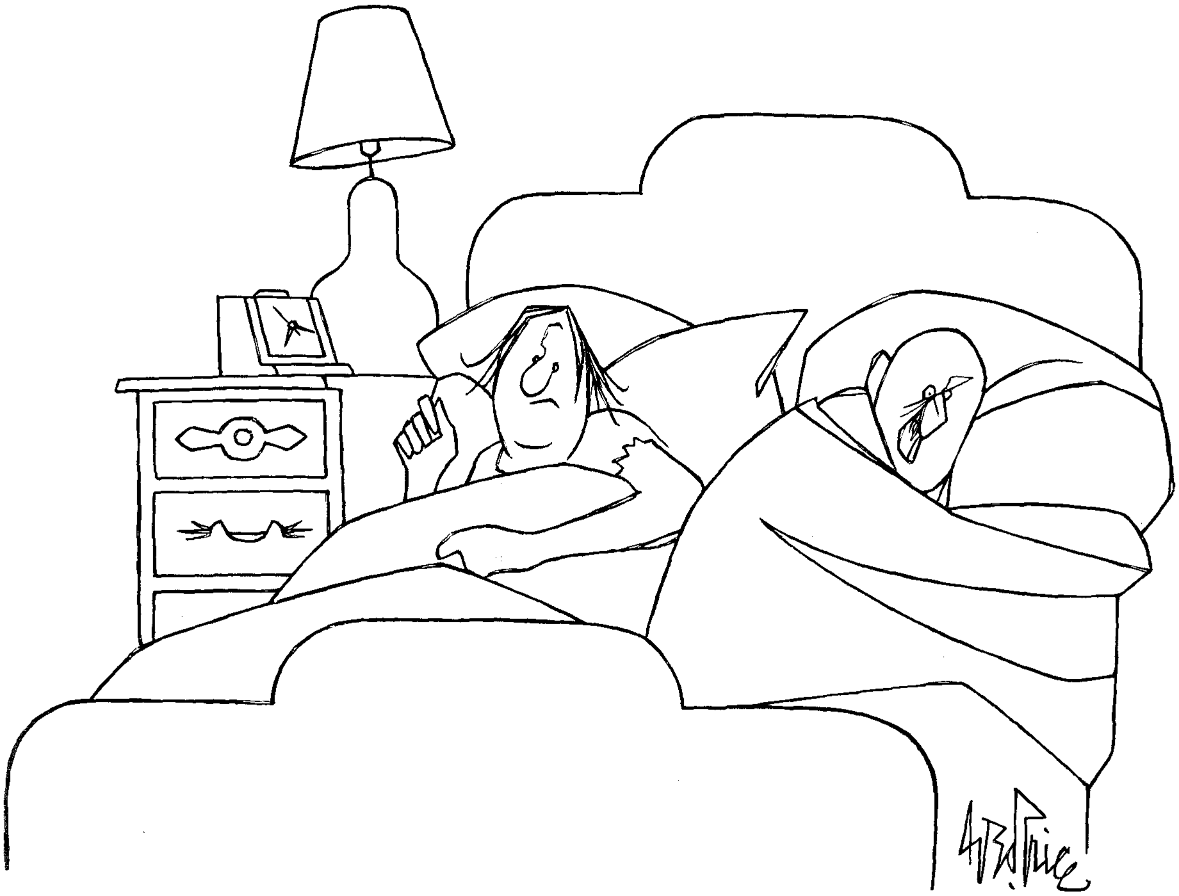
we touched, and again and again we were beautiful. I could see that. I could see some things. I cried. I could not see everything. What illness was it that caused the worm to crawl out of his leg the day he died? Someone laughed here. I heard that, and just then I was made happy. Look. You were dry and warm and solid and small. I was soft and curved like an arch. I wore blue, bird blue, and at night I would shine in the dark.

The children?

They weren't here yet, the children. I could hear their hearts beating, but they weren't here yet. They were beautiful, but not the way you are. Sometimes I appeared as a man. Sometimes I appeared as a hoofed animal, stroking my own brown, shiny back. Then I left no corner unturned. Nothing frightened me. A blind bird dashed its head against this closed window. I heard that. I crossed the open sea alone at night on a steamer. What was my name—I mean the name my mother gave to me—and where did I come from? My skin is now coarse. What pity. What sorrow. I have made a list. I have measured everything. I have not lied.

But the light. What of the light?

Splintered. Died.



"Your mother's up and about. I hear castanets."

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THE YARD

A MOUNTAIN. A valley. The shade. The sun.

A streak of yellow rapidly conquering a streak of green. Blending and separating. Children are so quick: quick to laugh, quick to brand, quick to scorn, quick to lay claim to the open space.

The thud of small feet running, running. A girl's shriek—snaps in two. Tumbling, tumbling, the sound of a noon bell. Dry? Wet? Warm? Cold? Nothing is measured here.

An old treasure rudely broken. See how the amber color fades from its rim. Now it is the home of something dark and moist. An ant walking on a sheet of tin laid bare to the sun—crumbles. But what is an ant? Secreting, secreting; always secreting. The skin of an orange—removed as if it had been a decorous and much-valued belt. A frog, beaded and creased, moldy and throbbing—no more than a single leap in a single day.

(But at last, at last, to whom will this view belong? Will the hen, stripped of its flesh, its feathers scattered perhaps to the four corners of the earth, its bones molten and sterilized, one day speak? And what will it say? I was a hen? I had twelve chicks? One of my chicks, named Beryl, took a fall?)

Many secrets are alive here. A sharp blow delivered quicker than an eyeblink. A sparrow's eggs. A pirate's trunk. A fisherman's catch. A tree, bearing fruits. A bullying boy's marbles. All that used to be is alive here.

Someone has piled up stones, making a small enclosure for a child's garden, and planted a child's flowers, bluebells. Yes, but a child is too quick, and the bluebells fall to the cool earth, dying and living in perpetuity.

Unusually large berries, red, gold, and indigo, sliced open and embedded in soft mud. The duck's bill, hard and sharp and shiny; the duck itself, driven and ruthless. The heat, in waves, coiling and uncoiling until everything seeks shelter in the shade.

Sensing the danger, the spotted beetle pauses, then retraces its primitive crawl. Red fluid rock was deposited here, and now the soil is rich in minerals. On the vines, the ripening vegetables.

But what is a beetle? What is one fly? What is one day? What is anything after it is dead and gone? Another beetle will pause, sensing the danger. Another day, identical to this day . . . then the rain, beating the underbrush hard, causing the turtle to bury its head even more carefully. The stillness comes and the stillness goes. The sun. The moon.

Still the sounds of voices, muted and then clear, emptying and filling up, saying:

"What was the song they used to sing and made fists and pretended to be Romans?" —JAMAICA KINCAID

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Bergen* (*N.J.*) *Record*]

As the taxi pulled up to the Mt. Lavinia Holiday Inn (no relation to the chain of the same name in the United States), P.N. Gunasinghe, the hotel's proprietor, greeted us warmly, flashing, like myself, one or more missing teeth.

FISHING FOR COYOTES

IN an East Texas bus station on Christmas Eve day a delicate-appearing young woman with a ruddy face and sandy hair, an infant in her arms, steps down from a dust-streaked Greyhound. Next out of the bus is her husband, a tall man slightly older in appearance, with a shock of thick black hair. He carries a suitcase and wears several shoulder bags bulging with clothing.

"You know you can do your sketch when we get to their house," the woman says. "Uncle Ben is probably waiting for us." She leads the man into the waiting room, looks around, and heads out through the street door, hugging the baby close to her chest even though Corpus Christi feels only a few degrees colder than the town to the south where they boarded the bus the night before. Having spent her childhood here, she knows that at Christmas a storm can blow up out of nowhere, and so she has come prepared.

"If it's O.K. with you, I think I'll sit down and try to start it until he gets here," her husband says.

The woman—her name is April—searches the roadway that runs along the beach, leading down to the bay.

"I see him!" she says, the relief showing in her voice. "It *is* him. Uncle Ben! Hi! We're here!" she calls out, although there is no chance that the man behind the wheel of the large blue car can hear her. But he sees her, and waves back. She glances at her husband and down at the sleeping child. She doesn't want two infants on her hands—not with all of their luggage and a Christmas holiday with her mother to deal with. When her uncle, a huge man who has to work himself slowly out from behind the wheel of the car, waddles up to them, she rushes forward with the baby and throws herself into his arms.

"Your mama's going to do a cartwheel when she sees this little thing, honey," Ben says, and his voice booms in the parking lot. "We all been looking forward to meeting you, William." He thrusts a beefy hand past April's shoulder and shakes her husband's fist. "Hear you're a artist."

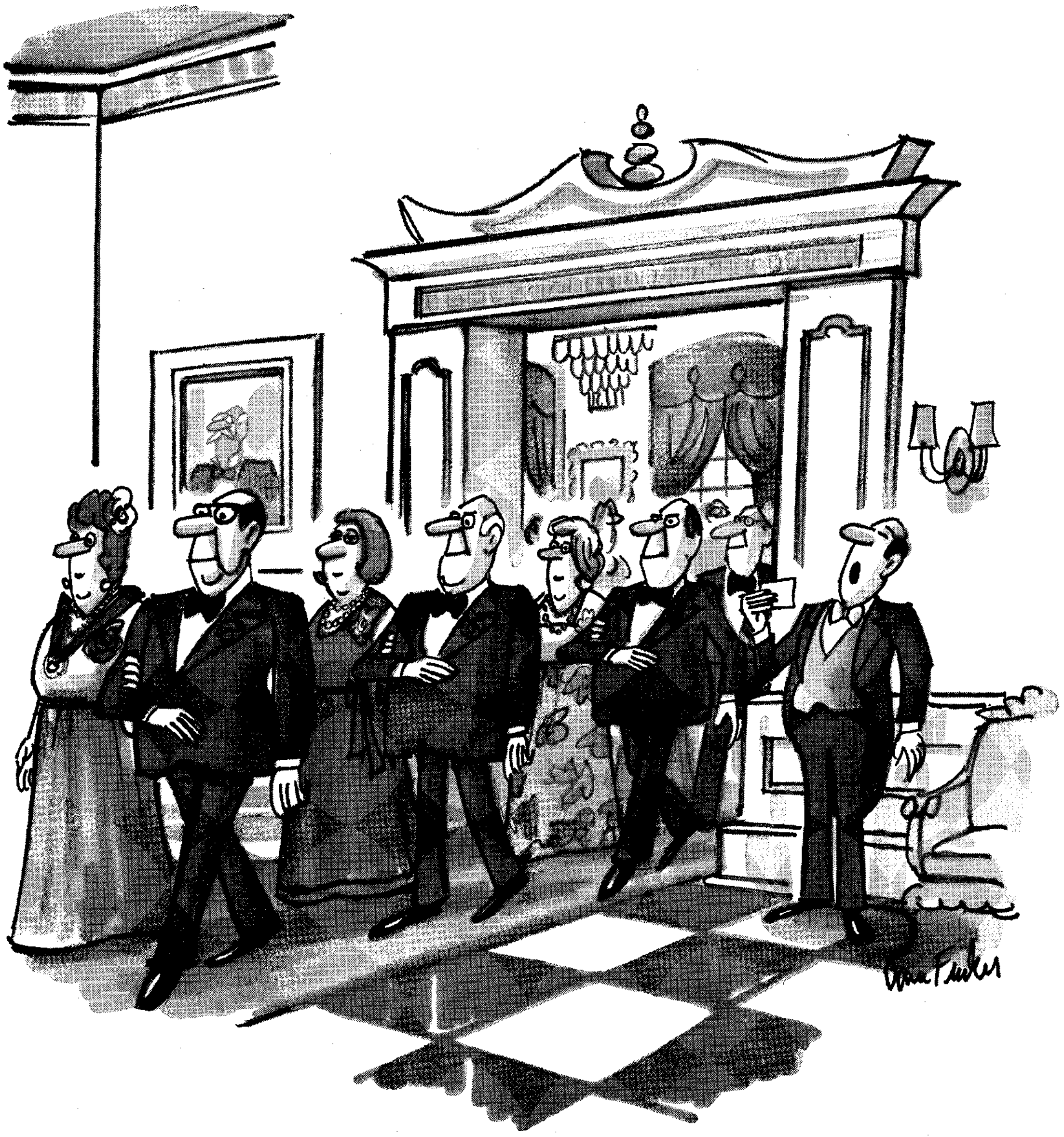
"That's right," William says, "but you can't tell too easily, because I shaved my beard."

April steps back from the two men, enjoying the presence of this uncle who is a bloated version of the father she remembers, a newspaperman who wrote for the East Texas daily where Ben still runs the pressroom.

William narrates the saga of his Mexican haircut and shave while they load their belongings into the trunk of Ben's car. A few spins of the wheel and they are rolling along past the harbor, where a row of new motels mars April's vision of the beach of her childhood. Small fast-moving clouds with bright fringes and dark undersides mark the horizon where the bay meets the Gulf. The weather is just as she remembers it—a mixture of promise and menace.

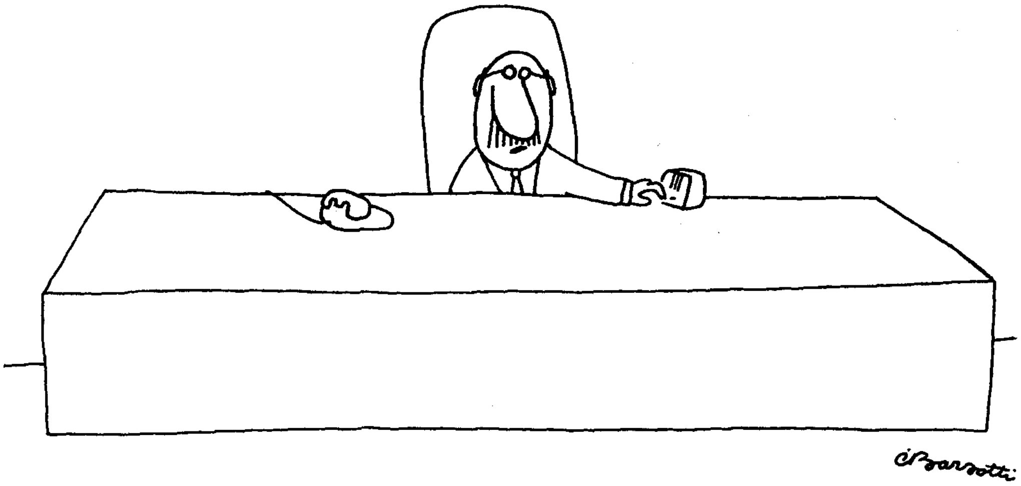
By the time they arrive at the small brick ranch-style house on the outskirts of town, William seems to have forgotten that he was angry that she wouldn't let him sit down right away and sketch the sunrise he had seen from the bus as they crossed the border into Texas. He assists April with the baby while Ben attacks the luggage. But no one can help April with the fear that arises when she enters the house.

In the narrow foyer, she catches the scent of her mother's whiskey breath and chokes at the smell. But when her mother appears in front of her, suddenly old, her hair gone all silver,



"The Duke and Duchess of A.T. & T., the Count and Countess of Citicorp, the Earl of Exxon, and the Marchioness of Avco. The Duke of Warnaco . . ."

the choking becomes a sob. April opens her arms to her mother and clasps her around the shoulders the way she has seen prizefighters do on television. The women weep in each other's arms.



"Miss Harwood, please see to it that the halls are decked."

Ben ambles up alongside them, holding the baby. "Where do I put this package, lady?"

April's mother frees herself from her daughter and snatches up the child as though saving it from a fire. "I d-don't even remember her name!" she says with a wail.

"Marina, Mama. It's from Shakespeare. Don't scare her now with your crying."

Aunt Sal, Ben's wife, dark-complected, her hair heaped up on her head like a pile of leaves, comes over to greet April with a whiskey kiss.

"And here's the man responsible," Ben says, nudging William toward Sal.

Husband and aunt shake hands, unable to find much to say to each other. They glance at the child, who is now alert, dribbling sounds down her chin.

"You must be real tired from sitting up all night on the bus," says Sal, who has been April's mother's landlady ever since she sold her small rancher and moved to town.

"I hope we're not going to be too much trouble," April says.

"No trouble at all," says Sal, taking her first full look at William, who is interpreting for April's mother the sounds coming from Marina. "Just you and your mama keep out of each other's hair and we'll have us a big old Christmas."

"You're getting along O.K.?" April asks, her voice a whisper.

"I enjoy keeping your mama, and she enjoys being kept."

And it is true that in the next hours there seems to be little friction between the women.

"It's only between me and Mother that the sparks fly," April says to William later, in the afternoon, when they have been relieved of baby duty and installed, for a "nappie," as Sal calls it, in a bedroom far to the rear of the house.

"How about some friction between us?" William says in the tone he must have used on all of the women he brought up to the loft before their marriage, a tone she once found irresistible.

"This won't help at all," April says, batting aside his groping hands. But they lie beneath the covers, and only faint sounds of laughter reach them through the thick, locked door. What happens next seems to her as inevitable as the romance that followed their meeting on a Seventh Avenue downtown local, and the marriage that followed the romance, and the baby that followed before the year was out.

THEY awake into Christmas Eve. Ben has invited April to come outside while he lights the luminaries—stubby white candles stuck into sand at the bottom of paper sacks. It is a custom that she had forgotten. But, standing at her uncle's side, she recalls how when she was a child she enjoyed this little ceremony, and how later, just after she entered high school, when her father was already ill and her mother drinking steadily, she and some friends walked past house after house kicking over the neat rows of glowing orange sacks.

"Tell me about that newspaper job," Ben says, tamping down the sand in those sacks unprotected from the breeze by the hedge or the line of shrubs.

"How did you hear about that?"

"You listed me as a reference. They called me."

April frowns, still a little surprised that a newspaper would care that much about her application. At college in the North, she had never paid much attention to the campus paper, let alone written for it. But after graduation, when she realized that she was either going to have to find work or return home, it occurred to her that she ought to apply for a newspaper job in New York City. At the time, what had drawn her to her father's profession was its loose hours and the prospect of seeing her name in print. Now she remembered a saying of his, one that she had repeated to herself over and over again during the subway ride up to the office of the *Times* on that lonely first day in New York—"Every story worth its bacon opens with a hook." Making it seem as if that was all there was to it.

The wind shifts and April kneels, using her body to shelter a sack as she lights the candle inside it. "They eventually offered me a job as a copygirl, Uncle Ben, but I had to turn it down. I was pretty far along with Marina by then. Anyway, we had already found out about the school in Mexico where I'm teaching. We decided it would be the best thing for both of us if I do this kind of work for now—while William paints. The New York *Times* just called me too late, I guess."

Uncle Ben cups his meaty fist around a cigarette and lights it with the same ease with which he ignites the candles in the sacks. He puffs on the cigarette and the wind scatters sparks across the lawn. "You like teaching those diplomatic brats?"

"Nothing I want to do for the rest of my life. But for now it's O.K., Uncle Ben."

"Have time to enjoy your baby down there?"

"We have a sort of maid-babysitter. She comes in while I go to school." Anticipating his next question, she adds, "William works in his studio at home."

"He sell things?"

"He's just getting started, Uncle Ben. He's got a little money that comes in from an aunt who died last year."

"Nice going. When your Aunt Sal passes, she'll leave you the recipe for her barbecue sauce."

"He's not rich at all," she assures him.

"No," Ben says, "not if you come

on the bus. Was it a good ride? I ain't been down that way for years."

April thinks back to the dark desert road, the baby and William asleep while she stared out into the blackness in fear of her meeting with her mother. "It was O.K."

"But nothing you want to do for the rest of your life."

They laugh, then move along to light the remaining candles. When they are finished, Ben hugs April and she feels his barrel chest against her, big as the whole state of Texas.

Inside the house, the drinking has already begun.

"What a nice young man this is!" Aunt Sal declares. "I'm so sorry he shaved his beard! I wanted to see how a real artist looks!"

"I told Sal we didn't want to have any hassles at the border," William says.

April catches a glimpse of her mother pouring herself another Scotch. Then, before she knows it, she has had three to drink herself, and she stops thinking about anything except sweet little Marina, who sleeps peacefully in the rented crib in a room down the hall from their own. William, under the direction of Sal, now gathers together the pails he and Ben will need when they drive over to the Mexican side of town to pick up the tamales for the Christmas Eve supper. She is pleased that William is having such a good time—she knows he must be, since he's made no further mention of his sunrise sketch.

She doesn't feel abandoned, the way she often does when William leaves her with the baby. Her mother and aunt appear much more benign than she remembers. If Marina wakes up, they will help her, she feels sure. It's a miracle that the baby doesn't wake, their voices ring so sharply through the room. They're talking about old times—many buckets of tamales ago, as Aunt Sal puts it. April's mother doesn't protest. She takes a sip of her Scotch and sags forward, as though someone had let the air out of her, head on chest. In a moment, she is snoring.

"She just loves being a grandmother so much," Sal says. "She made a promise to herself—no more quarrelling with you."

"She'll just pass out, instead."

Sal purses her lips and touches them to the rim of her glass. "I guess nothing much happened to you up North except you got yourself a husband and a baby."

April stares at her aunt until the woman finally lowers her eyes and sips her drink. "How's Arvin? Still selling Coke?"

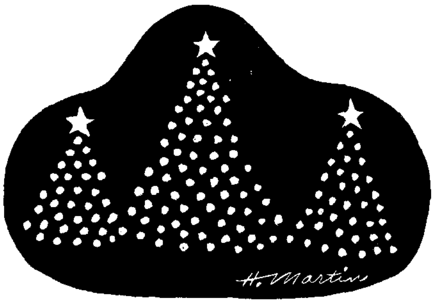
"Your cousin is doing just fine. He opened one of those drive-in food restaurants up in Lubbock, and he's making himself a nice living. He's working tomorrow—only place in town open on Christmas. Figure he'll make a week's money in one day."

"That's nice," April says, trying to keep scorn for her big-eared first cousin from showing in her voice.

After a long silence, her aunt asks, "How come you turned down that good job?"

April sits up nervously, glancing over at her slumbering mother. "Did she ask you to find out for her after she passed out?"

"Aw, honey, I was just wondering. They called your Uncle Ben, you know."



"He told me," April says.

She excuses herself, and attempts to walk a straight line for the bathroom down the hall, but bounces off one wall and then the other. "Like mother like daughter," she tells herself with the same scorn that crept into the question about her cousin. Before she knows it, she has turned on the bathroom faucet. She undoes her slacks. She could be five years old again. But when she is ready to return to her aunt, a look in the mirror of the medicine chest reassures her that she's herself, a ruddy-cheeked, sandy-haired, green-eyed twenty-three. She flicks her tongue across her lips as though she were about to step into a room full of New York partygoers where she might meet the man of her life. Then, as she joins Sal in the living room, she hears her father laugh.

It is Ben laughing. He and William have returned with the tamales.

The rest of the evening slurs by. With her knees pressed against the edge of a plastic TV tray, April takes her first bite of the traditional midnight supper and tells William that she feels like Proust's Marcel.

PETER'S TATTOOS

Right arm: a many-splendored
Korean dagger-and-heart
Wound in a scroll, or banner—
DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

(Between the H and O
One barely audible
Stammer of skin,
DISH ONOR—so.)

Then left: italic *Lillia* (herself
Far out in Venice West
With the car and the children) sinking
Painlessly in

Under a BB shot
Probed to this white star
Through deepening north woods where "spring was best . . ."
And "never human foot . . ."

But your chest, a boy's no longer,
Paler, leaner
From night shifts at the mill:
Across it still, over your real heart—rainbow

Fixes of plumage all these years postponed—
The U.S.A.'s storm-blue
Project for an eagle
Glides, with nothing in its claws but you.

—JAMES MERRILL

• •

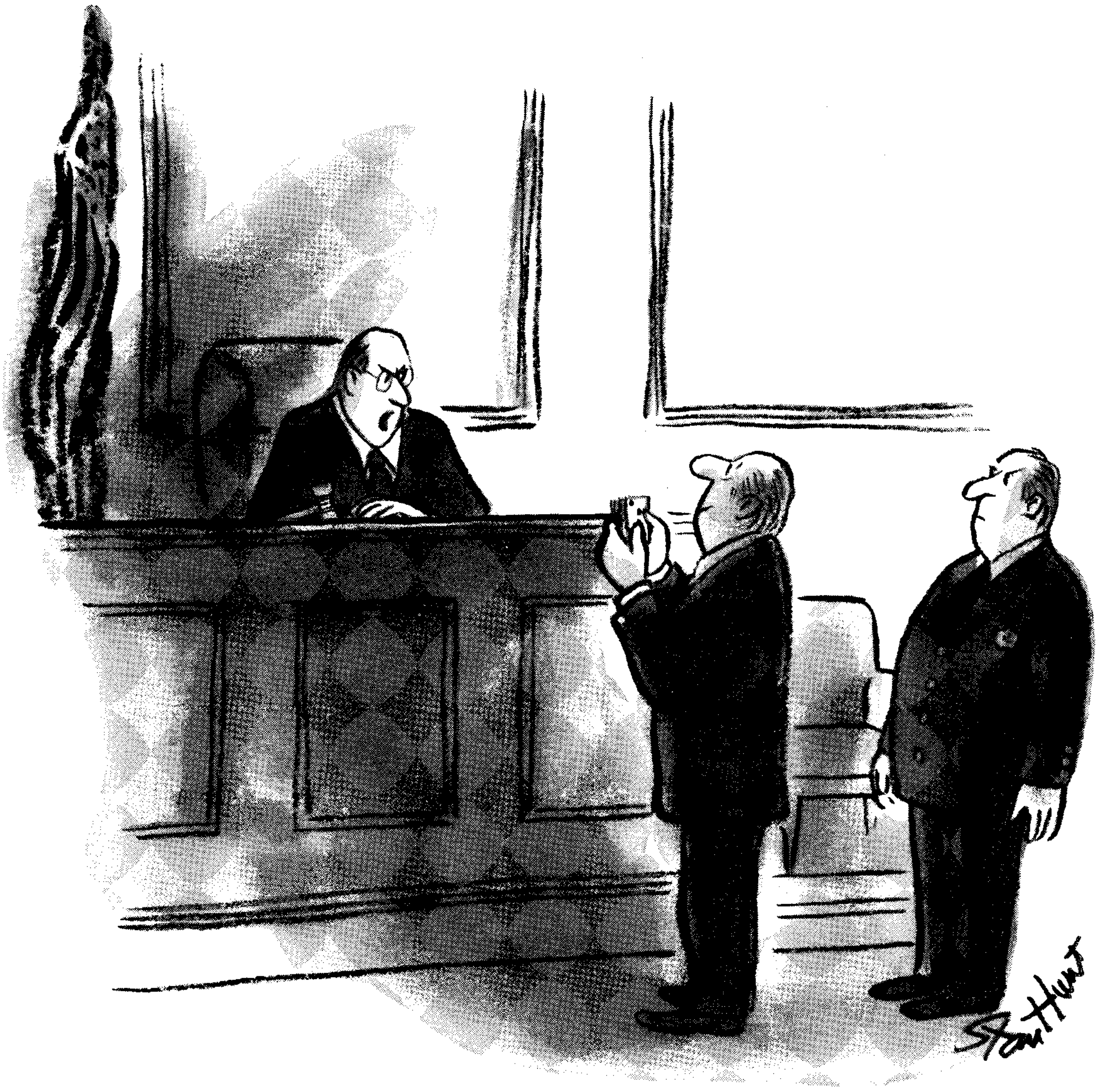
"Who?" he asks drunkenly. Then he says, "Oh, yeah."

Outside the window, paper sacks go up in flames as the wind shifts off the bay. April's mother sits up long enough to bid everyone Merry Christmas and to all a good night. Ben and Sal soon excuse themselves, leaving April with a William suddenly morose.

"The sketch?" she says.

"You can read my mind."

Then he slinks off to bed and she's listening to the house quiet down. Suddenly she leaps to her feet and rushes down the hall. Sure enough, Marina has awakened. April changes her in the crib, picks her up, and, pacing the room, she rocks her back to sleep. She attempts to exhale her whiskey breath away from the baby's face, but it is hopeless. How many nights did her own mother spray her with the sweet metallic whiskey droplets of her breath? She paces and rocks and she knows how difficult it was for her mother to do anything else.



"The accused will kindly be seated, and no, I would not care for a little game of three-card monte."

• •

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" April's mother, baby in arms, surprises them in bed. Shaking off sleep, April peers through blurred eyes at her mother's bright appearance.

"What time is it?" Her voice sounds crackly and parched, the way her mother's voice ought to sound but doesn't.

"Later than you think! Arvin called early, woke everybody up. I've been to church already."

"Jesus!" William says from beneath the covers.

"Blasphemer!" April's mother calls to him, half serious.

"Who took care of Marina while you . . .?"

"Ben and Sal. Come on up, you-all. We're heading out for the picnic."

April collects herself. Her mother has made such a remarkable recovery she thinks there might be hope for her. She nudges William, who reeks of last night's fiesta. He burrows deeper into the covers. In the shower, she raises her arms as if surrendering to a lawman and lets hot water pound away at her back.

"Where's this picnic again?" William asks as they trundle out to the car—the two of them, April's mother with baby in arms, Ben and Sal carrying baskets of food.

"On Padre Island," April replies, trying to make sense of the feeling of great warmth that overwhelms her at the sight of her mother holding little Marina. Her mother hasn't had a drink yet and it's two hours since breakfast. Sal bumps hips with April when William holds open the rear door of the car, and motions for April to slide onto the seat.

"I'm sitting next to this gal," she says, " 'cause I still got some unanswered questions."

April sits behind Ben, who drives the large Buick as though it were a motorboat, swaying from one side of the road to the other, following mysterious patterns of waves on the highway leading south. William looks through the window at the flat land stretching out in all directions. In the front passenger seat grandmother and baby make noises at one another.

Sal asks April how she and William met.

"On the Seventh Avenue downtown local just after I'd come back from applying for that job at the New York *Times*," April says.

Sal asks her about their wedding: a ceremony they wrote themselves in William's downtown loft. "Everything's downtown in New York City. At least, that's how it seems to me," Sal says. "You know how unhappy we all were that we couldn't come up for it, but Ben had to work and your mama, she just wasn't feeling well at the time. And then along came that beautiful little critter, that Marina! We sure wished we were up there to see when she arrived!"

"Maybe we can all stay in better

touch from now on,” April says. “Life up North gets kind of . . . disconnected from family things. . . .”

“Hey!” says Ben from behind the wheel. “How come you let them Yankees beat your accent out of you!”

“I like her accent,” William says, his first words of the entire ride. “I want her to keep it.”

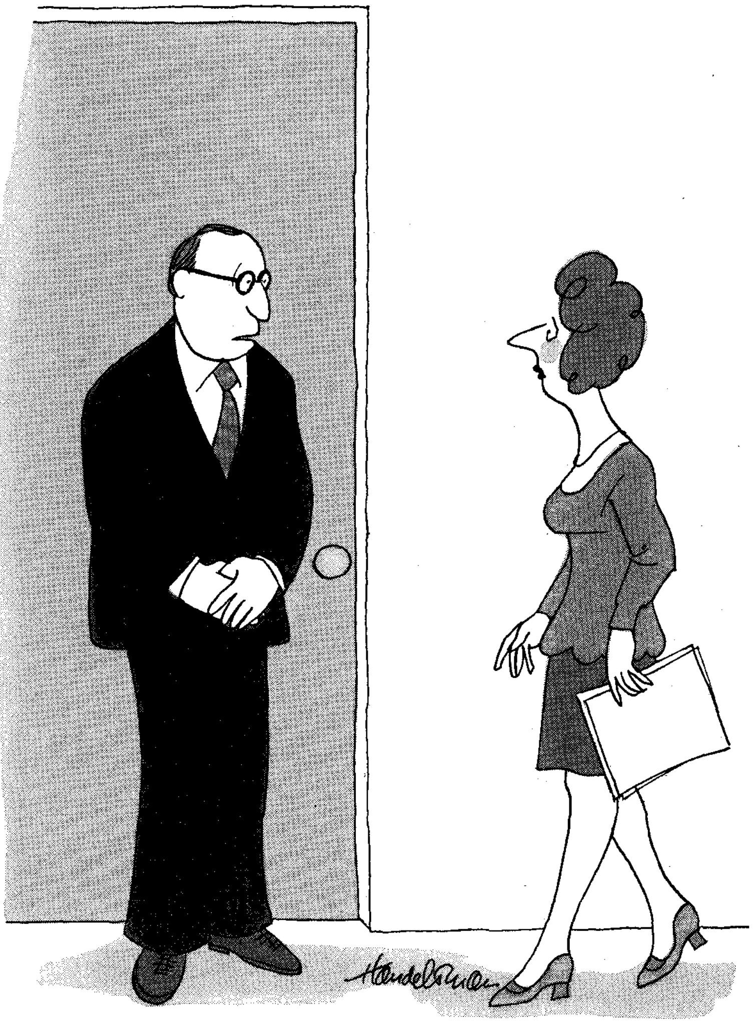
“He shinks it’s cute,” Aunt Sal says, slurring her words as though she’d had a few drinks. But April can smell her breath—it’s pure coffee and cigarettes and eggs and bacon.

“*This* is cute,” says April’s mother from the front seat, holding aloft a smiling Marina.

“Padre Island 3.” April shivers at the sign. She begins to explain the family tradition to William, but Sal takes over and it’s just the way it was when April was a little girl. “Buster—that’s Ben’s brother, April’s daddy—they used to come out here every Christmas morning with their daddy; he came all the way from Tennessee when *he* was a boy; now, he was a newspaperman himself . . .”

The car swings into a left turn onto the causeway connecting mainland to island, and they sway from side to side like passengers on the deck of one of the small steamers April can see on the horizon of the looming slate-gray Gulf. She thinks of the poor sailors, of how they must feel to be on the sea instead of in port at a time like this, when any port would pass for home. The thin strip of sand dunes stretches out before them north and south—like the bent bow of a giant Indian hunter up to his waist in the middle of the Gulf aiming a huge arrow at El Paso, far to the west, she once wrote in a school essay, a piece of writing her father found so pleasing that he quoted from it in his weekly column.

“There’ll be some nice places where you can sketch,” she says over Aunt Sal’s lap to William.



“I was indulging in levity, and Mr. Merkel made me leave the room.”

“Um,” he replies, lost apparently in the vista of low dark-bottomed clouds that lead the way, like stepping stones across a creek, toward the Mexican border.

There’s a sudden shift in the car’s swaying motion, and the wheels whir in the sand. As Ben turns right and rolls them a short distance down the beach, April wonders idly what it would be like to head directly into the knee-high breakers so that the car was stuck in the sand while the tide rolled in. Marina’s cry yanks her from this vision.

“Please cover her head, Mama,” she says as they prepare to disembark.

“I think I remember how to take care of a little one on this beach,” her mother replies, an edge to her voice which April hasn’t heard for years.

“Please,” April says, concerned when she opens the door and feels the full blast of the sea wind on her face.

“Come help us,” Sal breaks in, alert to the danger of a quarrel. “We got to set this up real quick and get a fire started. William?”

“He wants to do some sketching,” April says. “Anyway, I’ll do his share over here. You go on, Will.”

She sees how her husband admires the seabirds hanging motionless above the breakers. The cries of the gulls blow in with the stiff breeze that keeps them suspended, their beaks pointed toward the turquoise sky to the east, a thin strip of light where the cloud cover falls short of the horizon.

“Sunny in Florida,” Ben says, unloading chairs and kettles and bottles and boxes from the trunk of the car as though rescuing heirlooms from a fire. April, unfolding beach chairs, figures that she might as well be niece to a marlin as to this huge man. His life, his motives remain a mystery to her. She can tell by his grin that he’s drunk already. What if he didn’t bear any resemblance at all to her father, she thinks—would she love him as much then? She brushes her hair out of her eyes, turns to see how William is doing. He has wandered off southward along the dunes.

“Sunny in Mexico, too,” she says.

Her uncle looks up from pulling out the last box from the trunk and motions for Sal, who has been waiting at the open rear door of the car. He is ready for her to do her part.

“How’s it living down there with the Messkins?” he asks April.

“Just like living up North with the snow diggers. I try to be myself and get along with everybody. It’s a nice life for the baby so long as we can keep her healthy.”

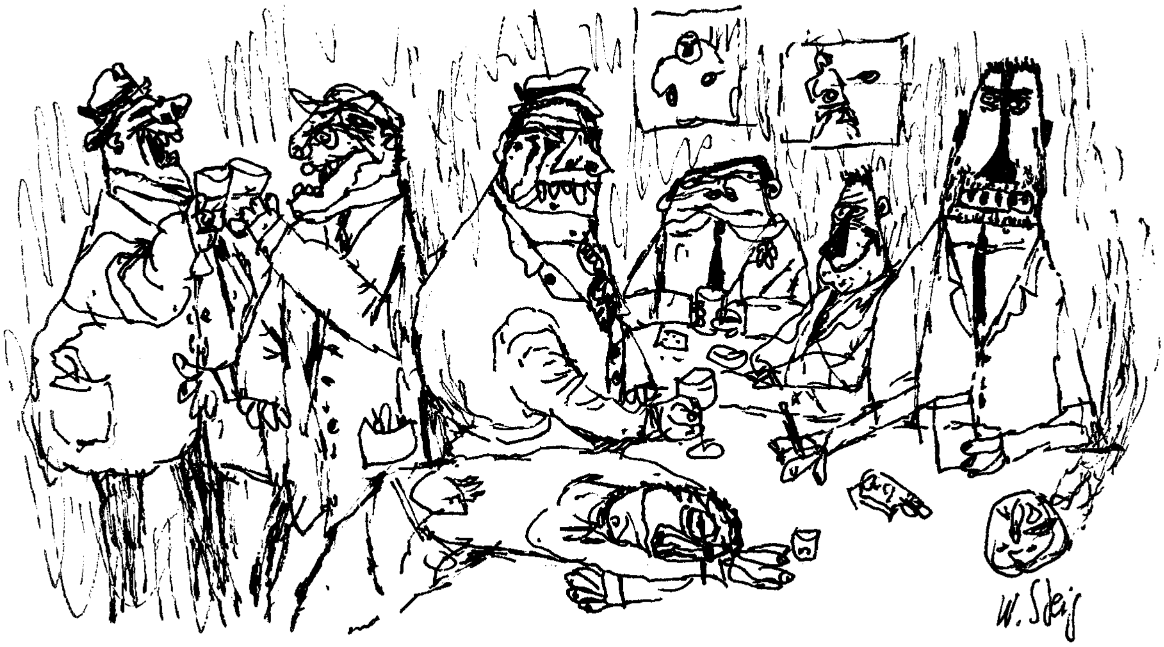
Sal brushes past April and joins Ben over the small platform he has erected in the sand. A yellow-tipped flame leaps unexpectedly above the rim.

“Magic?” says April.

“Sterno,” says Ben. “Don’t you remember?”

“Sure do,” April says, and she glances toward the front of the car, where she thinks she hears the baby. But it is a gull shrieking into the wind out where the breakers begin.

“Don’t look now,



A Bar in the Wrong Neighborhood

• •

honey," Sal says, touching her arm. "Your Southern's coming back. Hey, where's that artist husband of yours? Isn't he going to want some steak?"

"May be against his religion," Ben says. "I hear tell artists are supposed to starve." He slaps himself on his imposing stomach. "Guess I'll just be a laborer in this life. Your daddy, now, there was an artist who could be a laboring man at the same time."

April peers up into the wind, as hungry for news about her father as she is for the steak now sizzling on the makeshift grill.

"Was he, Uncle Ben?" She hears it in her voice, and she is sure Ben hears it, too—the pleading near whine of a young girl wanting a story before bedtime.

"Come round these parts more often and I'll tell you plenty, April."

April smiles politely. There's a feeling she has, a question she wants to ask, but something catches her eye down the beach, a dark flicker above the water too low to be a leaping fish, too high to be a skimming bird hunting for its holiday brunch. Whatever it is, it's gone.

Ben is speaking, but his words whip away like ashes from the tip of his smoldering cigarette.

Abruptly, April turns to look behind her. Nothing there but the Gulf. She's trembling now. It doesn't please her to be back on this beach—lured by William into marriage, lured down to Mexico to take a job she didn't like, tempted back across the border by the need to feel like family. Marina is the only real choice in her adult life that she can call her own. And Marina was an accident.

Ben has stopped talking. Excusing herself, April walks over to the car. There, in the front seat, she spies grandmother and granddaughter sleeping. Satisfied with the sight, she walks south along the strand.

WITHOUT footprints to guide her—they have been either washed away by the waves or blown away by the warm stiff breeze—April tracks William by instinct, trying to gauge which particular configuration of light, cloud, sea, sand, and grass, bird in flight, or driftwood might appeal to his eye. There's a certain laxity to his vision she recognizes from having posed for him when they first met. He likes to look at things that appear to have been flung down in front of him, attempting in his drawings to catch the world on the edge of motion. That's how he likes me, with my life in disarray, April thinks. But she can't know for sure. William has never found the words to express what he sees. He talks very little. In that respect, he is just the opposite of her father. And yet the hold he has on her reminds April all too much of the dead newsman who used to conduct her along this same beach. It's not just words that can catch you. There are other ways. Mute infants. And dumb shows of love. She has another thought as she's walking, and it startles her. If her father were alive, they'd probably quarrel all the time.

"William?"

As though a hand had flicked the edge of a scarf in her face, the wind slaps her words back at her.

"Will?"

She looks down the beach toward the car, the family now no more than a dark blur on the dunes. To her left are the leaping waters of the Gulf, ahead of her the sunny sky above Mexico. At her right, the dunes rise to the height of her chest. She climbs high enough to survey the leeward side of the island.

Here three men stand in a trough between the waves of sand, two of them poised with rods in their hands, their lines stretching beyond the range of dunes that edge the shore. The third man is William, hands at his sides, staring into the grass.

At first, she thinks the two men have gone mad, casting into the sand rather than into the ocean at their backs. Then she recalls the old custom of baiting hooks with savory bits of meat to attract coyotes, those wild scavengers with a bounty on their heads who made the dunes their home. Once, as a child, she had disobeyed her father and wandered away from the Christmas Day picnic, just as William has now, and watched as a lone angler hauled in a yipping, whimpering patchy-coated coyote, hooked through the jowl.

She doesn't wait to see it happen again. Poor William, she thinks, as she stumbles her way back among the dunes, recalling his empty hands: he had no intention of sketching anything. In her struggle this morning with her family, she hadn't even noticed that he never brought his materials along with him. A high-pitched shriek, but whether of beast or bird or woman or baby she cannot immediately determine, rises suddenly on the wind. Something catches in her throat, and she races along the shifting sand to answer a cry of distress.

—ALAN CHEUSE

•

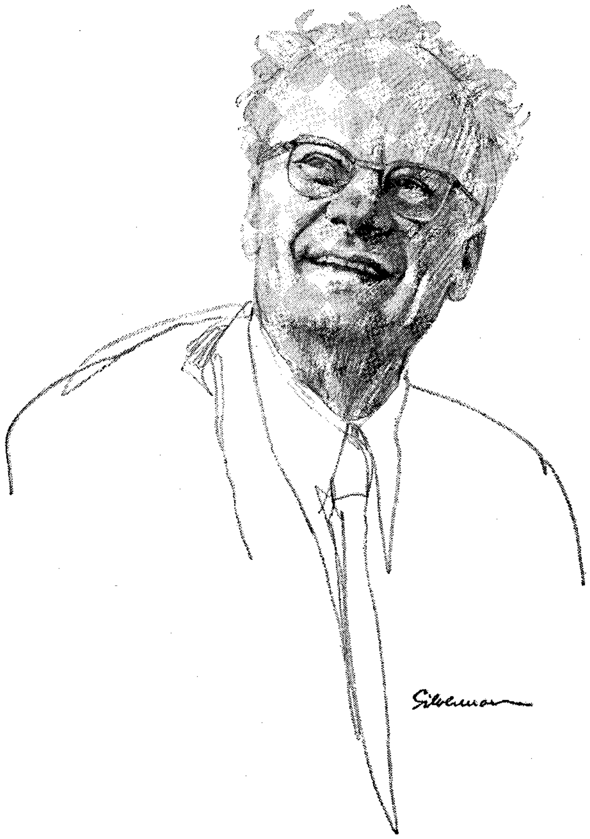
FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*Printed slip found in the carrying case of a miniature computer*]

THIS BAG IS MADE
OF MAN MADE VINYL

PROFILES

MASTER OF THE TRADE—III



Hans Albrecht Bethe

THE physicist Hans Albrecht Bethe, who came to this country from Germany in 1935 to teach at Cornell University, has devoted a great deal of his life to looking carefully at numbers. Bethe's memory is prodigious, and he has the ability—unusual even among physicists—to hold in his mind all the strands of the most complicated technical arguments imaginable, and, further, to manipulate them, and to come up with reasonable estimates of the consequences of their development. Thanks to this ability, he has worked successfully on a broader range of technical problems than almost any other modern theoretical physicist. Among other things, Bethe discovered the specific nuclear reactions that produce energy in the sun and other stars—a discovery that brought him the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1967. Enrico Fermi had a similar range, as did Bethe's first great teacher, Arnold Sommerfeld. Since 1974—the year of the Arab oil embargo—Bethe has been devoting nearly all his time to the study of the energy problem. Where do we stand, and where are we going? Where can we go?

The concern and the intensity that Bethe brings to the problem reflect experiences from his childhood. President Carter has declared that this country should regard the energy crisis as "the moral equivalent of war," but the President and most of the rest of us do not have firsthand knowledge of what such a crisis can do to the population of an industrialized society. Bethe has. He was just entering his teens when the First World War ended, and his memories of its aftermath in Germany have never left him. He told me during a recent visit I paid him in Ithaca, where he spends his time when he is not lecturing or serving as a consultant around the country, "One of my important teenage experiences was the great German inflation. It was terrible. In the years just after the war—1919 to 1922—the value of the German mark went down by a factor of about a thousand, and in 1923 this was topped by a further inflation of a factor of a *billion*. My father, who headed the Physiology Department at the University of Frankfurt, got his salary twice a week to keep pace with the continuing devaluation. I was the only person in the family who could at least deal with the numbers and grasp the fact that a million of today's marks were worth only five hundred thousand of yesterday's. So it was my job to collect my father's salary and spend it as quickly as I could. The money was generally paid by the university cashier at ten o'clock in the morning. By one o'clock, the money had to be spent, because the stores closed between one and two. The new dollar value of the mark would be published during this hour, and in the afternoon everything would be twice as expensive as it had been in the morning—or, sometimes, only one and a half times. Fortunately, I didn't have school in the morning—only in the afternoon—so I would go twice a week on my bicycle to get the money and spend it immediately. I had a list of the food items I was to buy, and after I returned home with the food the family had something to eat for the next few days."

After a pause, Bethe continued, "The reason I did not have school in the morning was that there was a scarcity of coal, and the scarcity of coal was due, in turn, to the occupation of the Ruhr district by the French in retaliation for nonpayment of war reparations by the Germans. The Ruhr was the main source of coal, so there was a shortage all over Germany at that time. Schools consolidated. Our school was combined with another school, whose students had their instruction in the morning, while we had ours in the afternoon. I witnessed the complete breakdown of the monetary system and the partial breakdown of coal supplies and food supplies which went with it. The whole period from the end of the war, in 1918, until the beginning of 1924 was a time of tremendous insecurity—insecurity in the industrial base of Germany and in the supply of goods. I am afraid that unless we solve our energy problems something similar may happen here and elsewhere in the future."

Until recently, the energy debate in this country was conducted in an almost surreal atmosphere. We appeared to be awash in oil and gasoline, and most Americans seemed to feel that this state of affairs would continue indefinitely. The crisis in Iran and the rise in the price of oil on the world market may have changed that. For the first time, the American people are apparently beginning to come to grips with what is going to be a fact of life for many years—we are going to be desperately in need of useful energy sources. The purely technical problem of developing new sources is compounded by the fact that we live in an age when few of us truly understand how anything works. Technology has got away from us, and intelligent citizens find it increasingly difficult to make the decisions necessary to safeguard the future of us all. The difficulty is compounded when scientists and engineers disagree among themselves. Furthermore, we *are* dealing in futuristic estimates on which, within certain limits, honest and informed people may disagree. What is essential is to develop a sense of these limits and a general feeling for what is true and what is not.

For these reasons, Bethe's ideas about the energy crisis are particularly valuable. He has often said that he is a pure pragmatist, with no doctrinaire axe to grind. Since he is able to manipulate all the technical concepts involved, talking with him about energy is rather different from the usual discussions of the subject. One is able to say to him, for example, "So-and-So claims that what you think is x is really $2x$. What do you make of that?" Bethe will then patiently explain the consequences if his number is the correct one and the consequences if the other number is correct, and what the consequences would be if the truth lay somewhere in between. He will also explain all the assumptions that have gone into the computation of the various numbers and point out where any of these assumptions, including his own, might be suspect. It is an education both in the subject of energy and in how to think about it.

BY definition, miracles do not often happen, and it is not likely that the energy problem will be solved by a miracle. The solution, if there is one, will be found in the laws of physics. Physicists identify four basic forces in nature. In order of increasing strength, they are: the force of gravity; the so-called weak force; the electromagnetic force; the so-called strong force. Gravity is the weakest force; its apparent strength in holding us to the surface of the earth is due to the fact that we and the earth are made up of a vast number of gravitating masses, whose effects add up. The weak force is responsible for processes like the radioactive decay of many nuclei, and also for some of the energy-generating processes in stars like the sun. The electromagnetic force produces not only the evident effects of electricity and magnetism but also chemical reactions. The strong force holds the nucleus of an atom together, despite the fact that the protons in a nucleus, which are positively charged particles, tend to repel one another electrically.

The interactions among these forces do not produce energy but, rather, conserve it. In fact, the term "energy production" is a misnomer, for no force or combination of forces produces energy. There are different types of energy, and the interactions among the four basic forces transform one type of energy into another; the total remains constant. Consider the water flowing in a mountain stream. The stream's energy is a result of gravitation; the force of gravity pulls the stream along, and some of the potential energy of gravitation is converted into the energy of motion—kinetic energy. This can be converted into electrical energy if we use the moving water to turn an electrical generator. The water in the stream has been produced by the melting of snow, and the melting has been caused by the snow's absorption of the radiant energy of the sun—absorption that involves the electromagnetic force. And the radiant energy of the sun is a result of nuclear fusion. In the sun, fusion is a two-step process. First, the weak force causes two free hydrogen protons in the sun's interior to fuse, the result being a nucleus of heavy hydrogen, a positron, and a neutrino. These three particles have less mass than the two protons, and the loss of mass is available as kinetic energy, shared among the three particles. Then the electromagnetic force causes the heavy-hydrogen nucleus—known as a deuteron, because it consists of two particles, a neutron and a proton—to fuse with another proton, the result of this fusion being a light isotope of helium and a gamma ray, which is a quantum of electromagnetic energy. The gamma ray diffuses out of the sun's interior, gradually changing its wavelength to that of ordinary light, and this light eventually arrives at the surface of the earth.

In the course of energy transformations, "useful" energy is constantly being depleted. Some of the kinetic energy of the mountain stream gets converted into useless heat. Not all the combustion energy of fossil fuels goes into useful work; the remainder, again, is dissipated in useless heat. There is no way to avoid such losses, which are what the Second Law of Thermodynamics has reference to in stating that in any processes entropy will normally increase. Entropy is, roughly speaking, a measure of the disorder, or randomness, of a system. The chemical energy stored in a fossil fuel is in a highly ordered state, but when it is converted into the thermal energy of steam—a

"Don't you think it's time you put your jacket on?"

vapor made up of chaotically moving water molecules—disorder increases. When we use that steam to drive any sort of engine—an electrical generator or a steam locomotive, say—not all the steam's energy can be converted into the ordered motion of the engine; a lot of it remains in the disordered state, and is therefore not useful. It is in this sense that, even though energy is, strictly speaking, conserved at every stage, our energy sources are constantly being depleted.

One thing is therefore certain: a time will come when all the nonrenewable sources of energy on the earth will be gone. The oil and the natural gas will be gone. The uranium will be gone, and so will the coal. To get some sort of feeling for the depletion times involved, Bethe has put together the most accurate estimates of the existing resources and has weighed those estimates against the ways in which we are now using the resources. He has integrated the estimates of commercial enterprises, like oil companies; government estimates, such as those of the United States Geological Survey; and the estimates of various bodies of independent scientists, like the National Academy of Sciences. Where there are differences, he has taken numbers somewhere in the middle. Bethe and many other experts have concluded that until recently, at least, Americans have been using precious nonrenewable resources just about as irresponsibly as they possibly could.

It is instructive to see where the route of such irresponsible use will take us. The first thing we must understand is that if we simply want to maintain our present standard of living, with no improvements, our energy consumption will have to keep increasing in the near future, because our population is increasing. It is true that the birth rate in the United States appears to have levelled off, but this phenomenon is recent, and so for perhaps another decade more people will enter the work force than will retire. Jobs will have to be provided for them. This will require energy, and so will our current goal of bringing into the work force millions of Americans who are now unemployed. There is no sign in our society that any significant group is willing to accept a decrease in its standard of living, and most Americans feel that it is immoral to condemn either their offspring or large sectors of the existing population to permanent unemployment. So energy production, evidently, must be increased. Bethe, in making his analysis, posits a growth of three per cent a year in our gross national product, which means that by the year 2000 it will nearly double. Three per cent is a meagre growth rate—in Bethe's words, "a starvation diet"—so his figures give a conservative estimate of the situation we will face in the year 2000 or so.

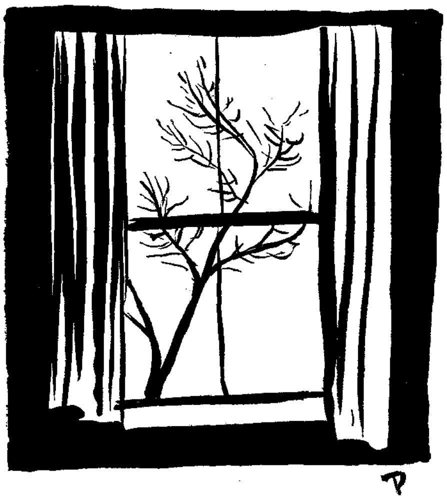
WHITE FIELD

It is like standing beyond
a snowfield with a single
set of footprints across it
and you say, Those prints are mine
because no one else has ever been here.
All day the snow comes down,
all day you tell yourself what you feel,
but you remain in that place
beyond the snowfield.
Is there better proof
of your presence than
this open field, where you stand
now looking back across the white
expanse that is once more new to you?
As snow fills the places
where you must have walked,
you start back to where you began,
that place you again prepare to leave,
alone and warm, again intact, starting out.

—Daniel Halpern

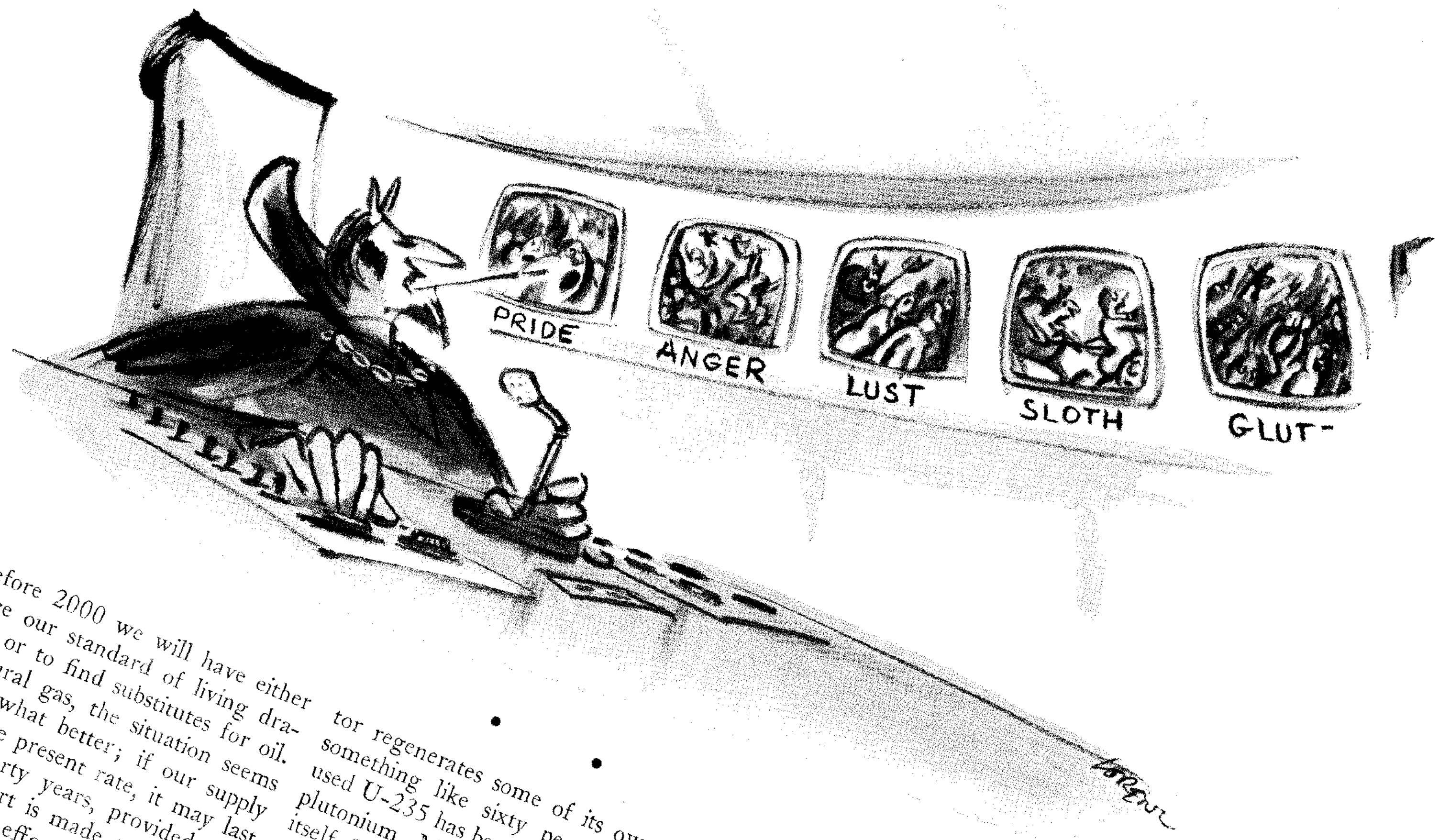
• •

The doubling of the gross national product does not automatically mean that twice as much energy will be consumed in the year 2000. In fact, over the past thirty years fuel consumption per unit of G.N.P. has declined very slightly. If strict conservation methods were adopted—and there is not much indication that they will be—then Bethe would accept as the most optimistic serious estimate of our energy needs a forty-per-cent increase over what we now use. This means that we would have to use about a third less energy for everything we make and do.



But suppose we were able to alter our lives. Suppose we could somehow learn to live so that our energy consumption would not increase at all in the next few decades. How would we be able to supply our energy needs in the year 2000? Essentially, everyone who has studied these matters now agrees that, whatever happens, we would not be able to do it with oil. Oil production in the United States peaked in 1970, and we have produced less oil each year since then. (Alaskan oil will only temporarily halt this decline.) As for the great Arabian oil fields, their production will have peaked by the year 2000 or a little later—depending on the rate at which the remaining oil is used. The Soviet Union, which produces about eleven million seven hundred thousand barrels a day—the Saudis currently produce about nine and a half million barrels a day—is also experiencing a production peak, and expects to import oil in the nineteen-eighties. In this country, we now use about six billion barrels of oil a year. Our reserves of discovered oil, including the Alaskan oil, are about sixty billion barrels. If we had to rely on this oil alone, then, it would run out in ten years. The estimates of our undiscovered oil, Bethe finds, range from fifty billion to a hundred and fifty billion barrels; the United States Geological Survey estimates eighty billion. The total supply could be extended another ten years if the methods of recovering oil from wells could be improved by making the oil less viscous. Attempts at reducing the viscosity have been made, with limited success. It is widely agreed, at any rate, that we will have to continue to import several billion barrels of oil a year.

As the world's reserves of oil diminish, it is becoming clear that some-



time before 2000 we will have either to reduce our standard of living drastically or to find substitutes for oil.

With natural gas, the situation seems to be somewhat better; if our supply is used at the present rate, it may last as long as forty years, provided that an all-out effort is made to find new gas and that the effort is successful.

At present, we have operating in this country something like seventy power-producing nuclear reactors, and there are about ninety new ones in various stages of construction. It takes perhaps ten years to build a nuclear power station, and costs a billion dollars. The working lifetime of a station is usually given as thirty years.

The fuel for nuclear power stations is a mixture of two uranium isotopes—ninety-seven per cent of it being the common isotope U-238, and only three per cent the readily fissionable isotope U-235. In the working lifetime of a station, about six thousand tons of uranium ore is used. In order to keep a typical reactor going, fresh fuel must be supplied periodically, and a third of the fuel elements are changed annually.

During the three-year period that the fuel normally spends in the reactor, not all the U-235 is fissioned; perhaps a quarter of it is left. Furthermore, in the working cycle of the reactor, plutonium—the fissionable isotope Pu-239—is produced by nuclear reactions in the U-238. In other words, a power reactor regenerates some of its own fuel; something like sixty per cent of the used U-235 has been replaced by usable plutonium. Much of this plutonium is itself fissioned while the fuel is in the reactor, yet there is still a substantial amount of fissionable material left in the fuel elements after they have been removed from the reactor—about a third of the original amount. President Carter has decided that we should not reprocess the spent fuel to recover this material, so it is simply discarded. The Department of Energy estimates that today there is three and a half million tons of minable uranium oxide in the United States. If this is used in the future as it is being used at present, there is enough to power at least five hundred reactors for thirty years. If five hundred reactors were operating in the year 2000, they would supply about half of our electricity, or a quarter of our total energy needs. But although they would clearly contribute to the solution of our energy problem in the year 2000, they would have no effect a few decades thereafter. Other industrial countries, with less uranium, are not following our example in the use of uranium but are planning to use reactor techniques that "breed" new fuel.

Of coal we have a great deal, but by no means an infinite amount. Estimates of the recoverable coal deposits in this country range between two hundred billion and six hundred billion tons. It has been estimated that in the year 2020 we will have to use something like two and a half billion tons of coal. Most of this will go to make electricity; some will go to make gas and oil; and some will go to make petrochemicals, such as fertilizer. Given the figures, it is quite likely that citizens in the year 2020 will look upon coal much the way we look at oil now. They will feel, rightly, that there is a lot of it, and they will also feel, rightly, that it is a precious, finite resource that may begin to run out at the end of *their* century. For these people, the energy problem will present itself somewhat differently. They will be forced to look at renewable energy sources, and at those alone. To them, the problem may appear as a purely technological one: Can the renewable sources be made to yield the necessary energy? Since these renewable sources—the sun, the oceans, the trees, the wind, the streams—are widely shared by the people of the earth, it is possible to imagine that the international political tensions that dominate our present thinking with respect to the nonrenewable energy sources will have vanished, and that some sort of coöperative global effort will appear to be the most logical way of approaching the harnessing of the renewable ones.

In that sense, the next century may turn out to be a good time to be alive—a more benign time. The problem that we have is how to get from here to

HAPPY HOLIDAY
BOOTH.

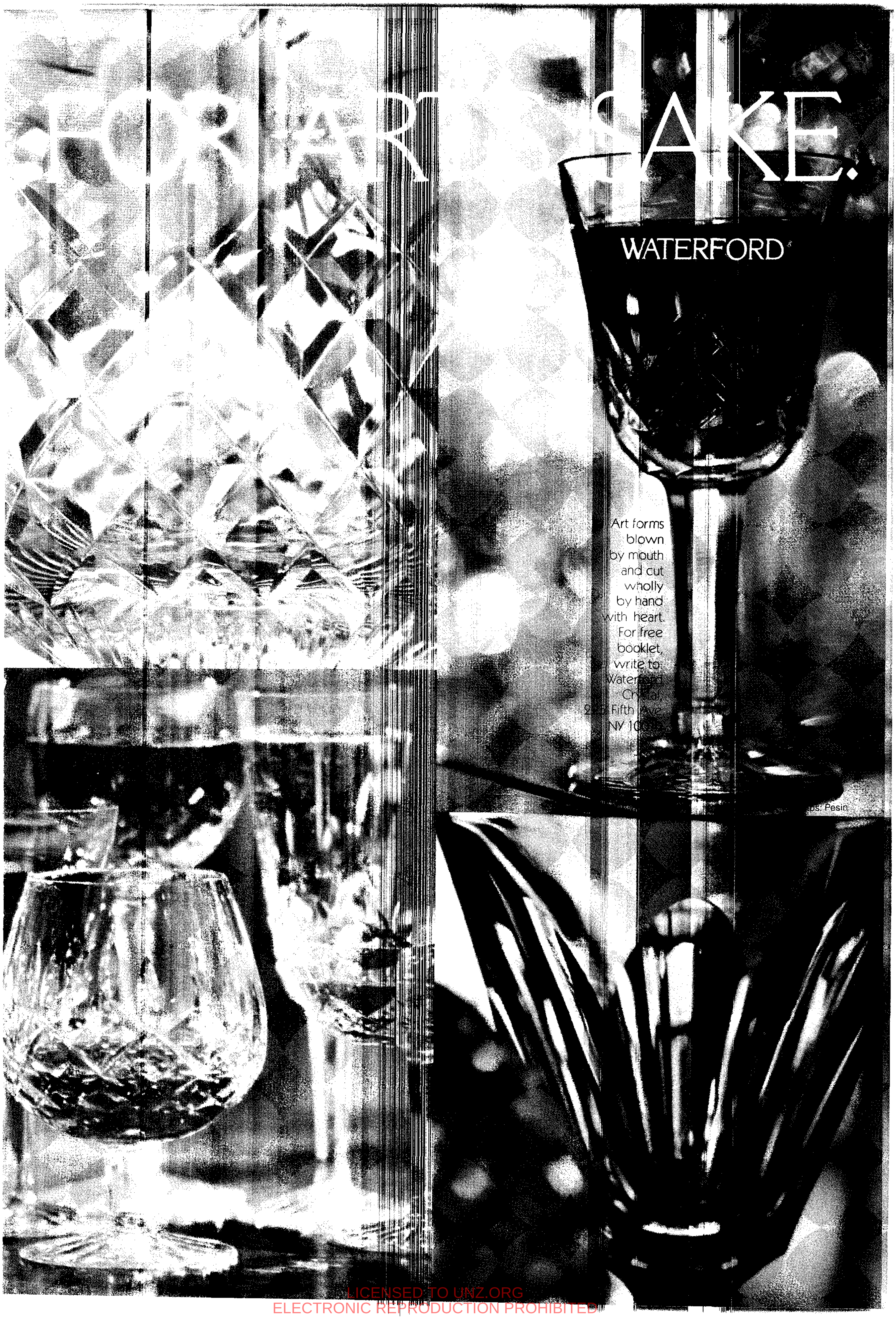
"I know what I want for Christmas! I want one of those itty-bitty toolboxes that have an eentsy-weentsy screwdriver and an eentsy-weentsy hammer and an eentsy-weentsy pair of pliers and on the lid is the cutest eentsy-weentsy beentsy-teentsy tiny little padlock and key!"

• •

there without destroying ourselves either by warring over diminishing resources or by polluting our environment beyond repair. None of the choices involved are simple, and none of the paths that we may choose are without risk. What someone like Bethe is able to do is provide an analysis of the various choices and their attendant risks and advantages.

BETHE has remarked that, historically, there has been a time lag of at least twenty years between the invention of a new energy technology and the building of the first prototype. For example, nuclear fission was discovered in 1938, and the first privately financed nuclear power plant in the United States went into operation in Dresden, Illinois, on August 1, 1960. Though some work was done on controlled nuclear fusion in the early fifties, the intense effort to develop it as a power source began only in the late fifties—mostly after the subject was declassified by the United States, on the occasion of the second United Nations International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, which took place in Geneva in 1958—and Bethe thinks that the feasibility of fusion power may be proved experimentally in the mid-nineteen-eighties. The reason for such lags is that doing the research and engineering to develop a prototype requires a good deal of time. In addition, building a prototype does not in itself deliver any energy to the consumer, and putting a new technology into extensive use requires a lot of money. The entire Manhattan Project, of which the laboratory at Los Alamos was only one part, cost two billion dollars in the mid-forties, or a present value of about eight billion dollars—eight times the cost of a nuclear power station today. Thus, the nuclear power stations that are being constructed now are costing as much as a dozen Manhattan Projects. And to put sums of money like this together without dangerously bleeding the economy also requires time—usually a lot more time than the research and development. "Sometimes one hears the suggestion that we should have a Manhattan Project for energy—a concentrated research effort to speed things up," Bethe remarked. "I think that this idea misses the point. While it is true that research and engineering can often be done at an accelerated pace, actually making use of the results to supply a large number of consumers presents a problem of a totally different magnitude. If one adds the time required to engineer the prototype to the time required to put together the vast capital sums for constructing power stations and the time required to build them, then it is fair to say, I think, that any technology that is going to produce substantial energy by the year 2000 has already been invented. This does not mean that improvements in the existing technologies—new inventions related to them—will not be adopted. What it does mean is that only developments related to existing technological ideas are likely to have much of an impact in the next twenty years or so." The existing technologies that are relevant to the energy problem involve the wind, the sun, coal, nuclear fusion, and nuclear fission. Oil and natural gas are omitted from this list because it is not clear that any invention can alter the steady depletion of these resources; so is hydroelectric power, because—in the industrial societies, at least—it is already essentially being fully utilized.

The most controversial of these technologies is surely nuclear fission. Although there are many different types of fission reactor, only one system is in general use for producing commercial electric power. Broadly, that system has two basic components—a reactor and steam generators. In a nuclear power plant, the reactor functions as a heat source; it replaces the coal or oil furnace of a conventional power plant. In so-called pressurized-water reactors—the more common type—this heat is converted into steam in units separate from the reactor; in so-called boiling-water reactors, this conversion to steam takes place within the reactor unit, from which the steam is conducted to the turbines. In either case, once the steam has been produced the electricity is made by entirely conventional methods, with turbines of the sort that are always shown in newspaper photographs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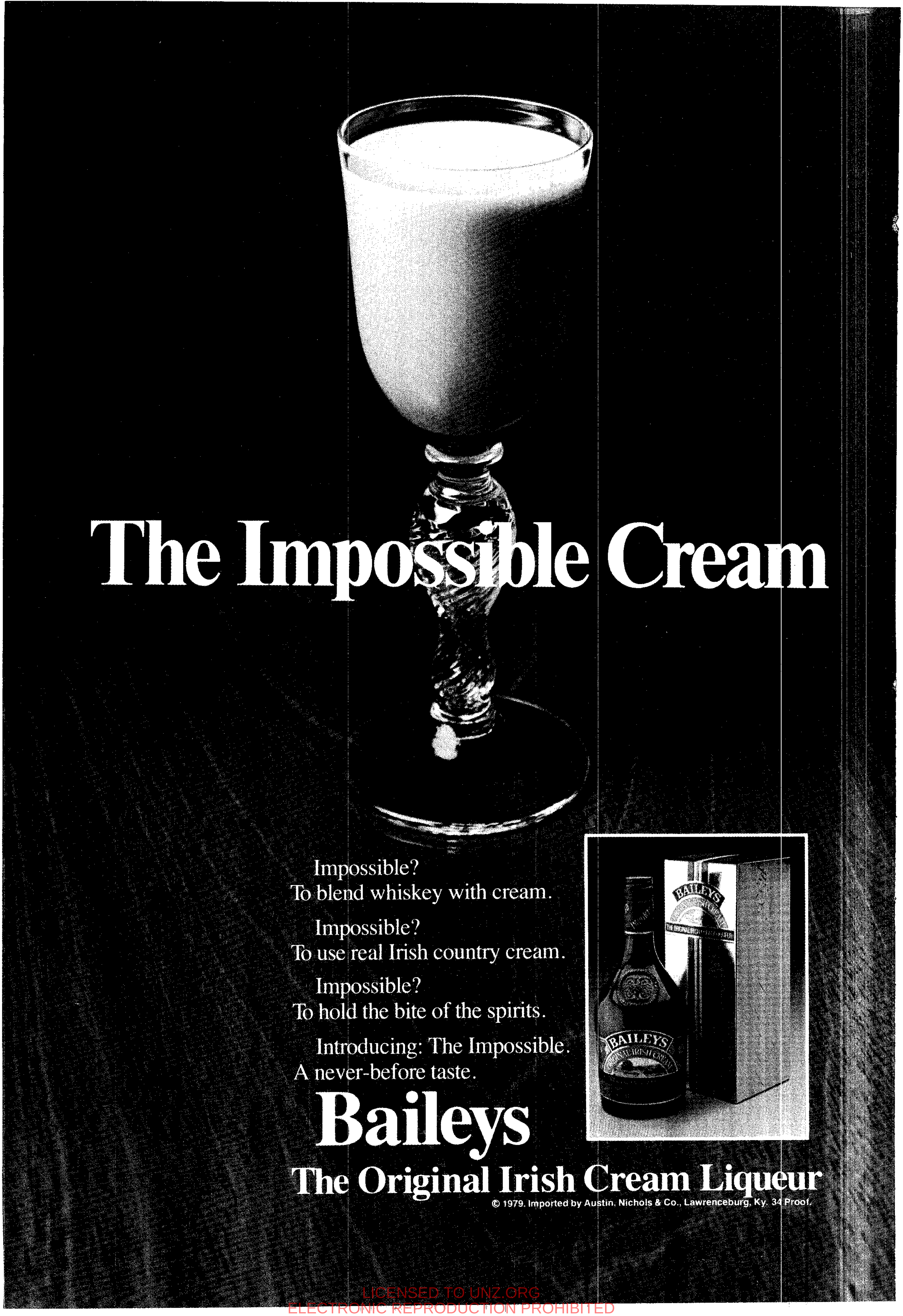

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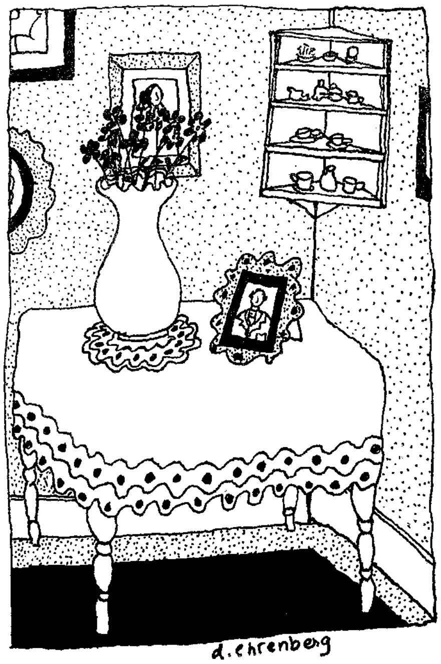
when there is a power failure.

In a pressurized-water nuclear power plant, both the reactor and the steam generators are placed inside a building—called the containment building—resembling a large silo, two hundred feet high, of which the reactor occupies a relatively small part. The reactor vessel—a steel chamber whose walls are at least eight inches thick—is about sixteen feet in diameter and about fifty feet high, while the floor of the building has a diameter of about a hundred and twenty-five feet. In this system, water at about five hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit is constantly fed into the reactor vessel through large pipes, and is there heated to six hundred and twenty degrees. The heated water is kept under high pressure—about twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds per square inch, as opposed to the normal air pressure of about fifteen pounds per square inch—so that it will not boil. This cycle generates the steam needed to run the turbines and also keeps the reactor core—the fuel within the reactor vessel—at a temperature low enough to prevent its melting. All the potentially serious accidents that pressurized-water reactors are subject to can be traced to some interruption in the cooling cycle.

Where does the fuel in these reactors come from? And what does it cost? Uranium is distributed all over the surface of the earth, at an average concentration of three parts per million; in certain ore deposits, the concentration is as high as thirty per cent. In this country, ore with a concentration of a few hundredths of one per cent is considered profitable to mine. About ninety-nine and a quarter per cent of this uranium is in the form of the isotope U-238, whose nucleus is composed of ninety-two protons and a hundred and forty-six neutrons. The isotope U-235, which has three fewer neutrons, occurs in natural uranium in the ratio of about one part in a hundred and forty. Mined uranium currently costs about forty dollars a pound. After it is mined, this uranium is enriched; that is, it is partly separated into its isotopes until the mixture, instead of being less than one per cent U-235, reaches the required three per cent—a process that is costly both in energy and in money. When one speaks of reserves of uranium, one means those reserves that can be mined and enriched at a cost low enough to produce energy at rates comparable to those for other fuels. In the future, it may be worthwhile to exploit shale, although it has a much lower concentration of natural uranium, and even to try to recover uranium from seawater, but today these processes are too expensive.

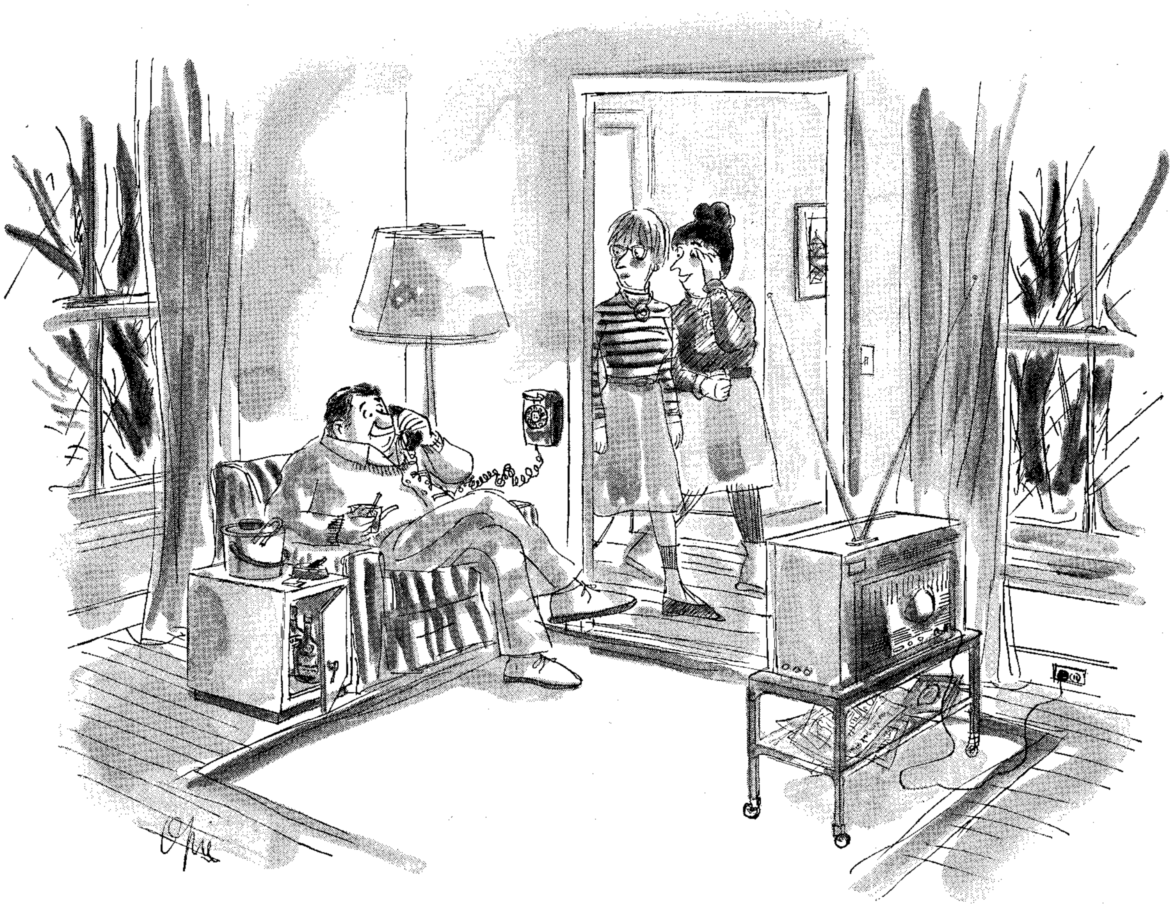
In a conventional power reactor, whether pressurized or boiling, uranium that is chemically bonded to oxygen—uranium oxide—is used. The uranium-oxide fuel is shaped into pellets about an inch long and half an inch in diameter, and these pellets are fitted into tubes about twelve feet long. These tubes, called fuel rods, are made of a zirconium alloy that is highly resistant to radiation damage and will not melt at the working temperature of the reactor. In a large pressurized-water reactor, there are about forty thousand fuel rods, which are packed into bundles of about two hundred rods each. Ordinary water circulates among the fuel rods to cool them.

How does this arrangement generate energy? Part of the natural background radiation, to which we are all subjected, consists of "thermal," or low-energy, neutrons. These neutrons are produced by, for example, cosmic rays entering the earth's atmosphere and breaking up the nuclei of the air. When a thermal neutron encounters a U-235 nucleus, several competitive processes are possible, one of which is that the neutron simply bounces off the uranium. In many of the collisions, however, the thermal neutron will cause the U-235 to split up—to fission—into two lighter nuclei and a number of neutrons. There are at least thirty different ways in which a U-235 nucleus can fission, and in all of them two lighter nuclei emerge, along with a certain number of neutrons. If one averages the number of released neutrons, the figure comes out to about two and a half per fission. Most of the energy that is produced goes into the motion of the fission fragments—it gives them their so-called kinetic energy. Since these fragments remain in the fuel rods that contain the uranium pellets, their kinetic energy heats the rods. These rods, in turn, heat the water used for cooling, and so produce the steam that generates the electricity.



How much energy is released in a typical fission? Physicists calculate it in terms of an energy unit called an electron volt, which is, roughly, 4.5×10^{-26} kilowatt-hours—a very small amount of energy on a practical scale. In each fission, about two hundred million electron volts of energy is released. A typical neutron or proton is bound to a uranium nucleus with an energy of about seven million six hundred thousand electron volts, but in the fission fragments the typical binding energy per particle is eight and a half million electron volts. When a substance is transformed into one that is more tightly bound, energy is released. The water molecule, for example, is more tightly bound than the molecules of oxygen and hydrogen, so energy is released when hydrogen burns to form water. Similarly, in a fission the difference in binding energy is released—nearly a million electron volts per nuclear particle—and becomes the kinetic energy of the two fission fragments. Since there are about two hundred nuclear particles in the uranium nucleus, the total energy release per fission is about two hundred million electron volts. The average American uses electric power at a rate of about a thousand watts. A watt is an amount of energy per unit of time; it is an energy rate. It corresponds to 238.9 calories a second. Since there are about nine thousand hours in a year, the average American uses nearly nine thousand kilowatt-hours of electrical energy in a year. The rest of the world averages about one-fifth of that. If one gram of U-235 could be fissioned completely, it would provide a year's supply of electric power for one American. Even though natural uranium is expensive per pound and separated U-235 is even more so, by the early nineteen-seventies the fuel cost of uranium per kilowatt-hour was already less than that of any of the fossil fuels, and projections for 1981 suggest that uranium will cost about one-seventh of what oil will cost and about half as much as coal. Bethe is fond of saying, "Coal is wonderful stuff, but uranium is even better."

In a reactor, the neutrons released



"If it isn't Dial-A-Joke, it's Sports Phone. If it isn't Sports Phone, it's Dial Dr. Brothers or the Big Apple Report. And now, if it isn't any of __*those*__*, it's Dial Santa."*

by the U-235 fission are fairly energetic—too energetic to fission more U-235 effectively. The water used for cooling in the reactor emerges in another role—that of "moderator." Collisions with the protons in the water molecules slow the energetic neutrons, and these newly slowed neutrons can, in their turn, fission the U-235. (They can also transform some of the U-238 into Pu-239.) That is to say, a chain reaction occurs. Some of the neutrons simply get lost in this process, either by being absorbed into one of the U-238 nuclei or into the oxygen or possible impurities in the water, or by escaping from the reactor altogether by absorption into the steel walls surrounding it. In practice, a reactor must be designed to keep enough neutrons constantly available for further fissions, and if a reactor uses natural uranium—not enriched with U-235—no chain reaction will take place in it unless the moderator is either graphite or heavy water; ordinary water will not work. Because most of the power reactors in use today do use ordinary water for cooling and moderating, they are referred to as light-water reactors.

In the normal working cycle of a light-water power reactor, fission fragments are created each time a U-235 or Pu-239 nucleus undergoes fission. These fission fragments, which are generally unstable nuclei in the middle of the periodic table of elements, collect in the fuel pellets or as gas in the spaces within the fuel rods. Because these fission fragments can capture neutrons, they make the fuel elements unusable by extracting neutrons from the fission chain. Sooner or later, then, the fuel rods have to be removed, and since the present practice is to remove one-third of them annually, if President Carter's program is continued these fuel rods will simply be stored, with no separation of the still usable uranium and plutonium from the fission fragments. (In volume, something like two cubic metres of waste is present in the removed rods.) Many of the fission fragments have a relatively short half-life, so after a few months or a year of storage much of their radioactivity will have abated. During this time, the rods are put in a pool of water forty feet deep, where they cool off both in temperature and in radioactivity. Nonetheless, because they also contain long-lived radioactive isotopes, provision must be made for storing them over long periods. The long-lived isotopes are of two types: fission fragments such as strontium and cesium, and the so-called actinides, or transuranic elements—the elements into which uranium decays, among them plutonium. Strontium and cesium have isotopes with half-lives of about thirty years, and both have biologically unpleasant features, since they are readily absorbed by the human body. Strontium can replace calcium in the bones, and any radioactivity in the bones can lead to cancer. Cesium concentrates in the reproductive system and can cause mutations. These isotopes must be stored in isolation for something like six hundred years—until their radioactivity is reduced to a negligible level. And if the fuel rods are not reprocessed, they will also contain Pu-239, which has a half-life of twenty-four thousand years and must be stored for something like two hundred and fifty thousand years before its radioactivity reaches an acceptable level. Storing radioactive wastes remains one of the main concerns of the nuclear-energy program.

The present proposed method of long-term storage calls for the fusing of a number of fuel rods with a ceramic to make a solid package about a foot in diameter. These packages are then to be put in steel cylinders about fifteen feet long, which are to be permanently stored two thousand feet underground. The preferred storage medium is bedded salt. An underground bedded-salt deposit has three advantages. First, it is in a region that is free of underground water (if water had been present, it would have dissolved the salt), and water transport is the only important way in which underground deposits can be brought back to the surface of the earth. Second, bedded-salt deposits are in geologically quiet regions—regions that have not had seis-

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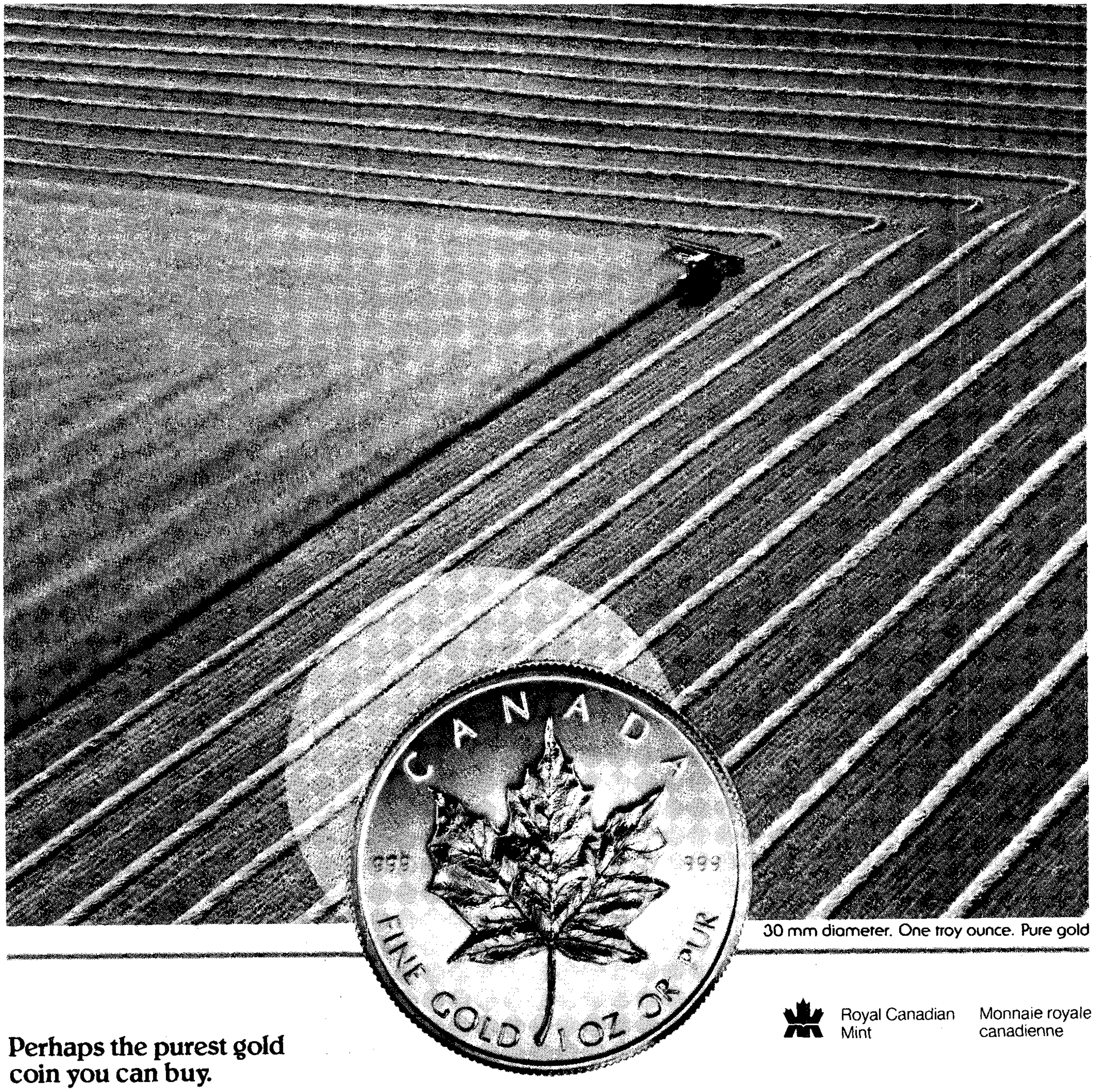

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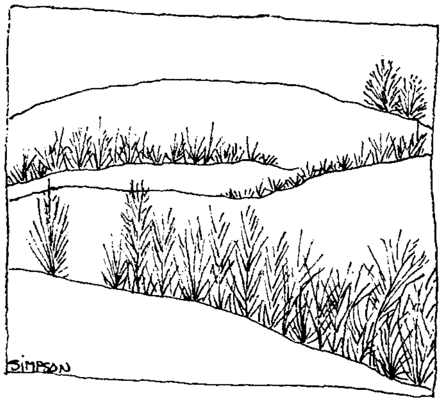
mic activity in many millions of years, and are thought unlikely to be disturbed by seismic activity in the future. Finally, salt flows plastically under pressure, so any cracks that might be opened up in the salt by mechanical or thermal stress will anneal themselves. (Salt is not the only possible disposal medium; experts agree that granite might be equally good, or possibly even better.) What is proposed is that a mine two thousand feet deep be dug into a salt bed and that tunnels, each just large enough to hold a single cylinder, be dug in the walls of the mine. One such bed has been proposed on federal land in southeastern New Mexico, but the Department of Energy has not given the go-ahead to begin using it, so the matter of waste disposal is now in a sort of political limbo.

This situation is typical of the crisis of confidence that has troubled the nuclear-technology program. A large segment of our population has lost faith in technology and technological estimates. Each day of our lives, we do accept hundreds of technological assumptions—that bridges will not collapse when we go over them, that the wheels of our automobiles will not fall off when we drive, that airplanes are safe enough for us to fly in. Most of us are in no position to verify the details of such technologies. We must at some point take the word of experts that these things will really work the way they are supposed to. But so much emotion has been engendered in the debate over nuclear energy that many people have lost confidence in any sort of technical expertise in the matter. The fact that the best scientists available have studied the problem does not inspire confidence; rather, it often generates further skepticism. On the positive side, this skeptical attitude has made many of the studies much better and more careful, but skepticism could also bring the nuclear program to an end. Though this might be a source of satisfaction to some, it would have serious consequences. Unless we can come up with realistic alternatives to the known methods of energy production, we will simply have less energy and a drastically lower standard of living—and this, in turn, could have dire social and political consequences.

With respect to waste disposal, it may not seem reasonable to have confidence that a disposal site will remain geologically undisturbed for thousands of centuries, but Bethe points out that nature has provided us with a site where this has already happened. A few years ago, the remains of a "natural" nuclear reactor were discovered in Gabon, in an area that has rich uranium ore, with concentrations of between twenty and thirty per cent. Both U-238 and U-235 are radioactive, but U-238 has a longer half-life—which is why it is now so much more abundant than U-235. A billion eight hundred million years ago, however, uranium ore was about three per cent U-235. In addition, the ore contained water, which acted as a moderator. This configuration was analogous to the basic design of a light-water reactor, and, indeed, it functioned that way. The effect of this "reactor" activity was to leave in the ground an anomalously low concentration of U-235, along with the fission fragments. By analyzing samples of the soil, French radiochemists have found that most of the fission fragments have scarcely moved in the nearly two billion years since they were formed. (The position of the short-lived fragments can be determined by identifying their decay products.) This is also true of the plutonium that the "reactor" generated. It moved less than one millimetre from the time of its formation. Thus, this natural reactor, so long quiescent, provides a model for a disposal site. Meanwhile, until the government sees fit to act, the nuclear power plants operating in this country are disposing of their partly spent fuel by putting the fuel rods in the water pools, which were intended to hold them only temporarily. Since the pools were designed with the idea that there would be a continual turnover in spent fuel rods, which were to be sent elsewhere for reprocessing within a year, their capacity is limited, and the utilities that operate the nuclear plants will soon find themselves in the position of having to construct new pools, which may turn out to be useless if the government's policy changes.

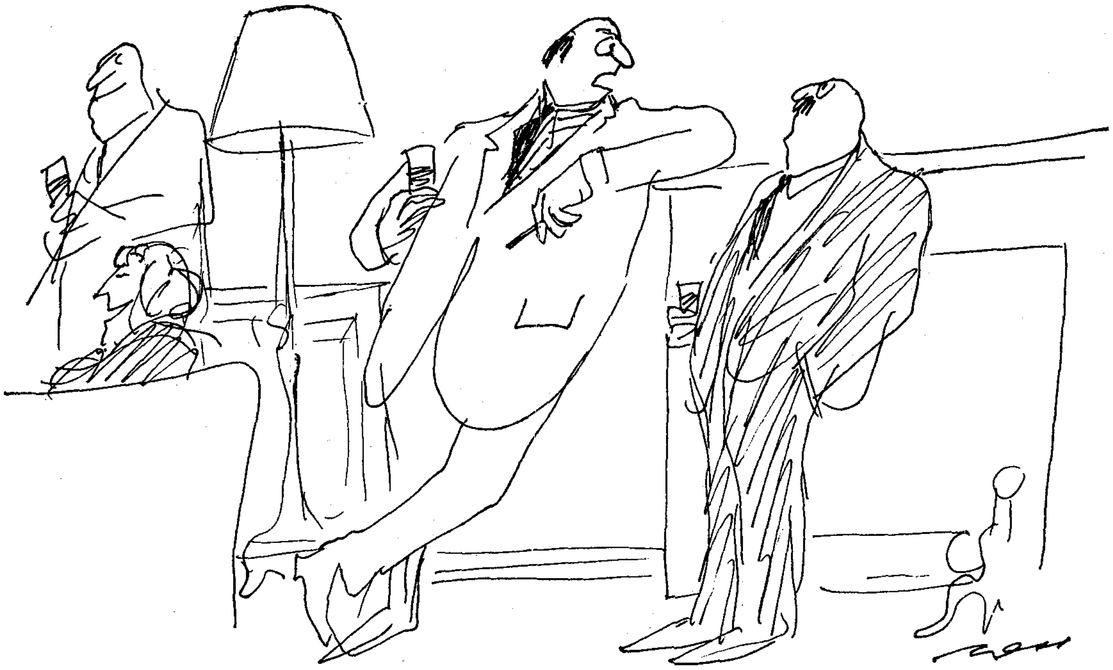
THE widespread concern over the safety of the nuclear-energy program was made agonizingly acute by the accident last March at the Three Mile Island nuclear generating station, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Nuclear power plants at present generate about fifty thousand megawatts of electric power in the United States—almost fourteen per cent of the total. Their operation represents over five hundred reactor-years of experience. Whether one considers this a large or a small amount of experience with commercial power-generating reactors depends on one's estimate of the likelihood that something will go seriously wrong. It is Bethe's view that "one cannot make a reactor safe without having reactors and gaining experience from them." He says, "One can put in many sorts of safety measures, and this has been done, but then one must find out what happens in the real world. There one has to expect some incidents, some anomalous occurrences, and, indeed, some accidents. There are hundreds of occurrences every year. All of them have to be reported to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The overwhelming majority of them do not endanger the integrity of the reactor, but they all have to be learned about, because one has to find out what not to do."



The sort of accident that everybody agrees must be avoided at all costs is the one that disrupts the cooling system—the system that keeps the reactor core at a safe temperature. In the light-water power reactors being used today, the cooling system keeps water circulating around the fuel rods. If the flow of water is interrupted and nothing replaces it, the core will melt, and in certain circumstances the melting could lead to a release of radioactivity from the containment building.

All reactors are designed with safeguards. Suspended above the core when the reactor is in operation is a cluster of control rods—thirty-foot-long rods made of neutron-absorbing materials, like boron. When the control rods are lowered into the core, they absorb neutrons and bring the chain-reaction cycle to a halt. In an emergency, the control rods are driven into the core automatically and very rapidly—a procedure known as a scram. This is the first line of defense. But if the scram fails to operate, the reactor will tend to shut itself off anyway, because when excess heating occurs the reactor core (like any material) will expand, becoming less dense. As it becomes less dense, neutrons will escape more easily into the structural material, and so will be removed from the chain-reaction cycle.

In addition, the reactor must be safeguarded against any accident that could cause any loss of the water in the core. For example, in case one of the pipes that carry this water ruptures, there must be some mechanism for replacing



"Momentum is very important. You got momentum?"

water in the core of the reactor. In general, these methods are referred to as the emergency core-cooling system. In a typical pressurized-water reactor, there are three systems, which should be independently operable. The main system, known as the accumulator, consists of water under high pressure. When the pressure of the water circulating in the core drops because of a break in one of the pipes, water from the accumulator is automatically injected into the reactor vessel. There is also a second emergency system of water under high pressure—water that can be injected into the primary water system in case of a slow depressurization or a small leak. And there is a low-pressure water-injection system, which is designed to replace the usual cooling loop once the temperature of the core has been reduced. This third system is designed to operate for as long as ninety days. For many years, doubts were raised about the effectiveness of the emergency core-cooling system. In 1978 and 1979, however, two exacting tests of it were made at a test facility in Idaho. In those tests, the system performed just as had been expected—in fact, better, because the core became less hot than had been predicted. The Idaho test reactor is a scaled-down model of a real power reactor—about one-sixth the size—but the water-flow systems are an exact replica. Before the tests were carried out, computer calculations were made at Idaho and at Los Alamos to predict what would happen. In particular, the precise time at which the water flow would be restored to the reactor was predicted, and the prediction was confirmed. This gives one considerable confidence that in an emergency the core-cooling system *will* work as it should. At Three Mile Island, the difficulties were not in the operation of the system but in the actions of the human operators who interfered with it.

Indeed, when one looks at these arrangements in the planning diagrams in, say, a typical nuclear-engineering text, it appears that the reactor designers have thought of everything that could go wrong. Yet obviously no one could have predicted the exact sequence of events that led to either of the two most serious accidents that have occurred in nuclear power plants—the Three Mile Island accident, and the accident at Browns Ferry, which preceded it by four years. The Browns Ferry Nuclear Power Plant, which is on the Tennessee River near Decatur, Alabama, is one of the largest electricity-generating facilities in the world. At present, it consists of three reactors that, combined, generate six per cent of the electricity produced by nuclear power in the United States. The Tennessee Valley Authority began building it in 1966, and on August 1, 1974, it went into commercial operation with one reactor. A second reactor began operating early the following March, and the third in March of 1977. Shortly after noon on March 22, 1975, an electrician, Larry Hargett, was testing for air leaks in the cable room—a room beneath the plant's control room, which adjoined the containment buildings housing the reactors and their steam generators. The air pressure in a containment building is kept at less than normal atmospheric pressure, so that if a malfunction causes the fuel rods to leak radioactive material, this material will not spread outside the containment facility. There are holes in a containment building through which pipes and electrical cables pass in to the reactor and the steam generators. There had been a recent modification in the cable room, and a hole through which cables ran had just been stuffed by Hargett and an associate with strips of polyurethane foam, which is flammable. After stuffing the hole, Hargett wanted to see if he had made it airtight, and he used what was then the standard procedure to test for leaks—a lighted candle, whose flame would be drawn by any leak into the low-pressure containment building. When he held his candle close to the hole, he found that it had not been completely sealed, for the flame was sucked horizontally into the hole. Then the insulation on the electrical cables caught fire. Hargett and his associate tried to douse the fire with fire extinguishers, but after about fifteen minutes they realized that they could not bring it under control, and they reported the fire to a guard. When firemen arrived, the plant operators instructed them not to use water on the spreading fire, because electrical equipment was involved; instead, they tried various types of chemical extinguishers. The fire burned out of control for seven and a half hours and damaged sixteen hundred electrical cables, of which six hundred and eighteen were related to the plant's safety systems.

Meanwhile, engineers in the control room were engaged in a desperate struggle to keep the reactors under control and then cool them down as the control room itself began filling up with smoke. It took about sixteen hours after the fire had started to bring both reactors to a normal shutdown. The engineers accomplished this by bringing into play one of three auxiliary water supplies, which, while not part of the original emergency safety plan for the reactors, were adapted to that use. In the end, the fire caused many millions of dollars' worth of damage, and

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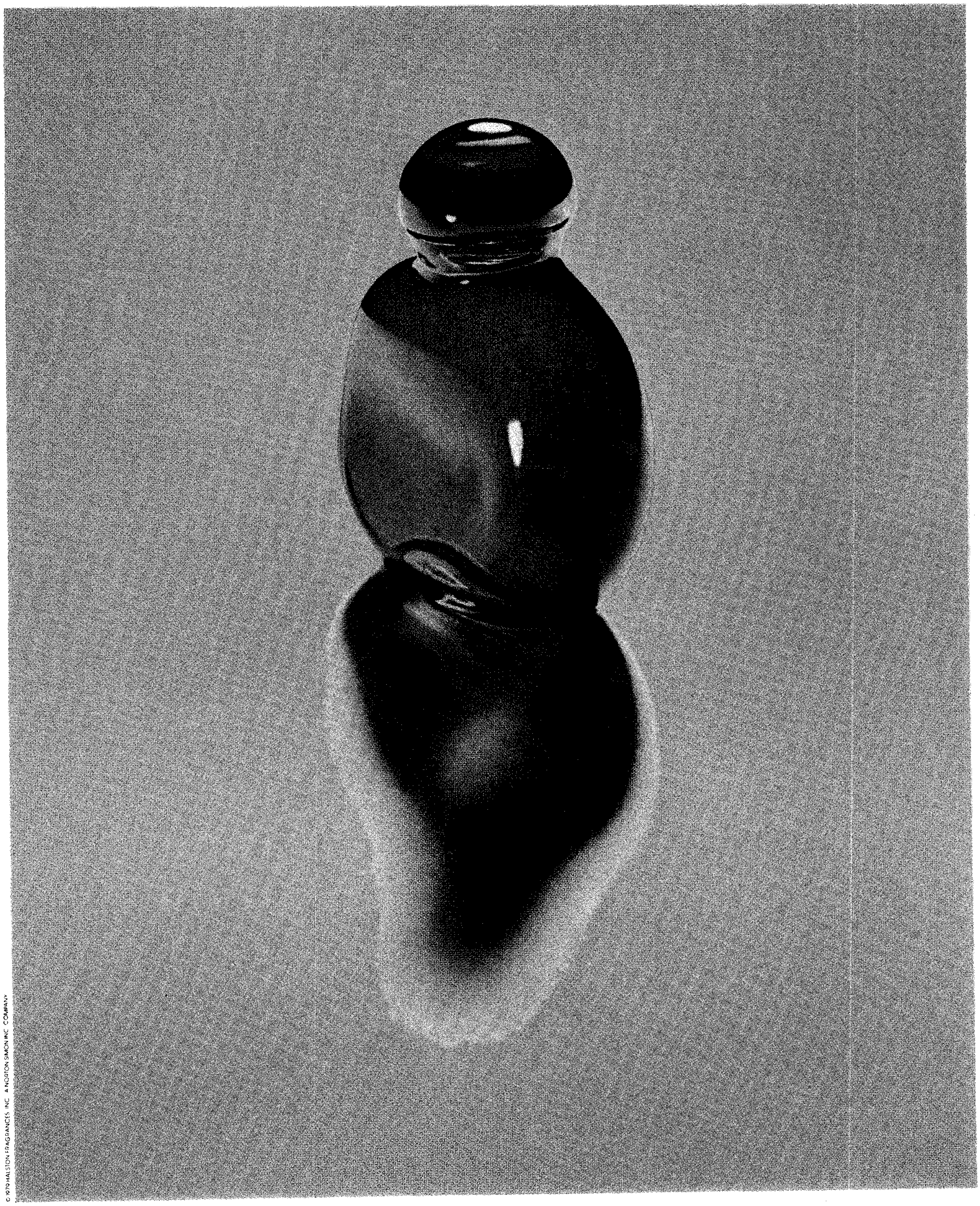

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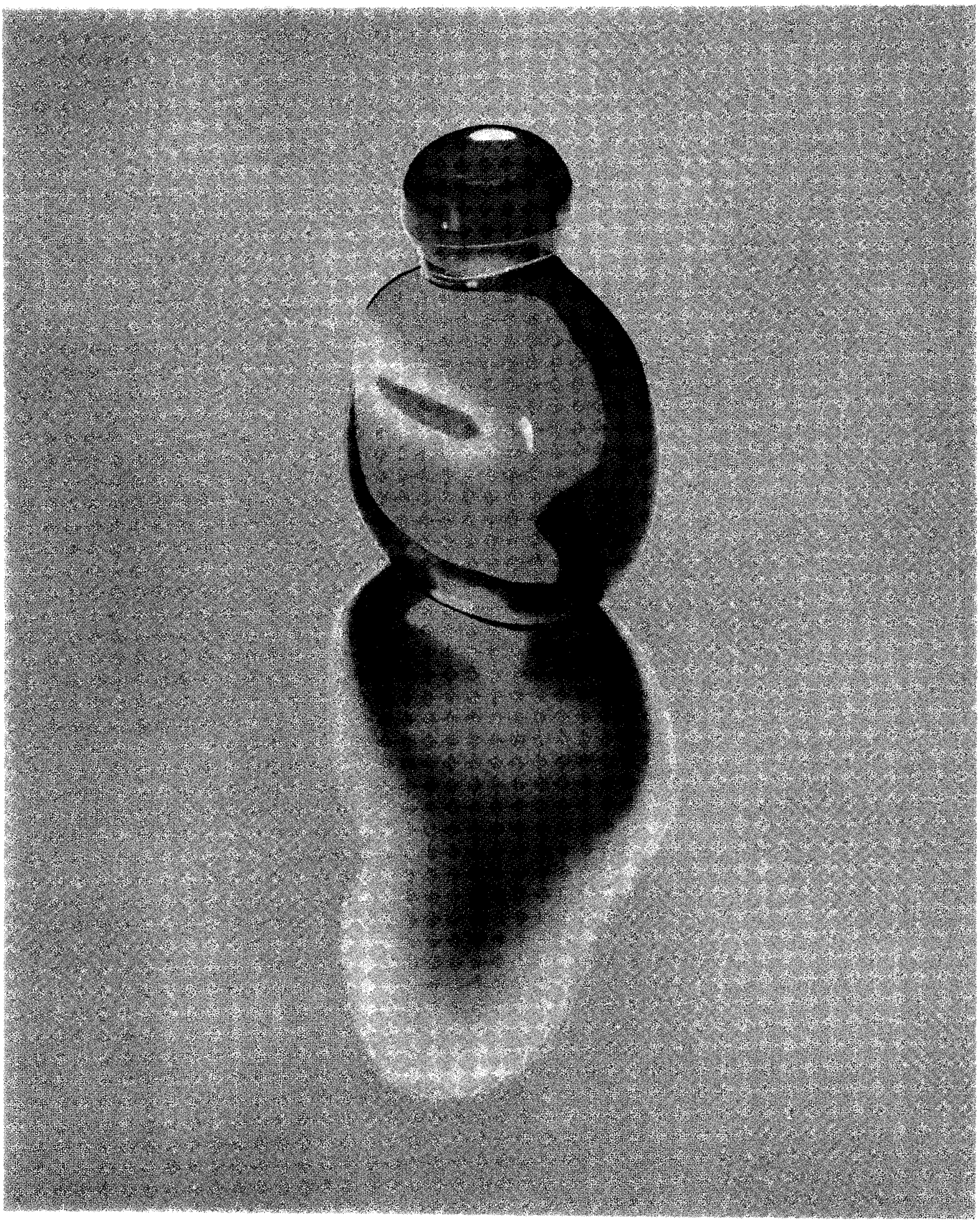

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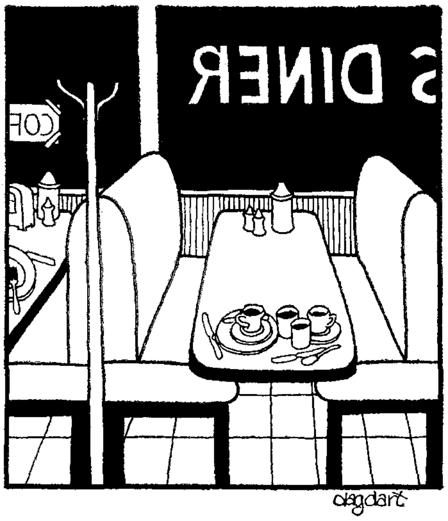
the power facility was restored only after eighteen months. Still, there were no serious injuries; there was no meltdown of the cores; and there was no release of radioactivity.

Clearly, no one ever wants a repetition of the Browns Ferry accident. But, just as clearly, it was as instructive an accident in terms of reactor safety as one could imagine. The material now used for cable insulation is unquestionably nonflammable, and it is a rule that all power reactors must have two different systems to supply electricity to the reactor safety equipment. And no one will ever again use an open flame to test for air leaks in a reactor plant.

The Browns Ferry accident is an illustration of the ability of human operators to prevent what might have been an extremely serious, possibly catastrophic incident. The Three Mile Island accident appears to be an illustration of nearly the opposite. If human operators had not intervened, this grave incident would probably have been a relatively minor one. In the normal operation of a pressurized-water power reactor, the primary cooling water flows into the reactor core through stainless-steel pipes. The same water is pumped continuously through the system, absorbing heat in the reactor and giving it up again in the steam generators. This water becomes slightly radioactive, because the neutrons passing through it will react with the oxygen or any possible impurities in the water. The water in the secondary loops—which enters the generators, turns to steam to drive the electric turbines, and condenses—does not come in contact with either the reactor core or the radioactive water. The two systems flow alongside each other in the steam generators, and the cooler secondary water absorbs the heat of the primary water, which is transferred through the pipes. No radioactive water is turned to steam. To maintain the required degree of coolness in the reactor core, the secondary loops must constantly draw the heat away; otherwise, the primary water would get constantly hotter and would eventually evaporate, leaving the core exposed.

At 4 A.M. on Wednesday, March 28th, a series of pumps that were circulating water in the secondary system at Unit 2 of the Three Mile Island nuclear power station—one of the plant's two reactor units—broke down. This meant that the unit's two steam generators dried out and the primary water rapidly heated up. After about two minutes, both steam generators were completely dry. In such a case, they were supposed to have been supplied with water by emergency backup systems, but these systems were closed—a fact that was not discovered until eight minutes into the accident. Meanwhile, the increasing temperature of the primary water had caused the pressure in that system to build up. Actually, the buildup had taken place in a few seconds, and a relief valve in a pressurizer tank had opened automatically, reducing the pressure in the primary water system to its normal level by releasing some of the radioactive water into a drain tank on the floor of the containment building. The valve should then have closed, but it did not. Consequently, water—mostly in the form of steam—was continuing to flow out through it, and the pressure within the system was continuing to drop. The drop in pressure automatically activated the emergency core-cooling system, which began pumping water into the primary system to replace the water being lost. It was at that point that the reactor operators made a serious error. They shut off the emergency water. Their reason for doing so seems to have been a misinterpretation of various confusing signals from the reactor. There was an indicator that showed the water level rising in the pressurizer tank. The operators assumed that the rise in the water level meant that the emergency water had overfilled the primary system and thus that the core was safely under water. In reality, the relief valve was still open, and the water from the emergency core-cooling system was escaping through it. When the system was turned off, the water pressure dropped again. After five and a half minutes, what was circulating in the primary system was a mixture of water and steam, and the core was on the way to becoming uncovered.

The water that escaped through the relief valve overflowed the drain tank on the floor of the containment building. The core became so hot that the fuel rods cracked and fission fragments escaped, and so this water contained considerably more radioactivity than normal. The radioactive overflow was pumped into tanks in an auxiliary building which were not designed to hold high pressures, and some of the radioactive steam from this water was released into the atmosphere through the building's ventilation system. Most of the radioactivity that escaped from the Three Mile Island reactor did so in this fashion. At 6:22 A.M., the operators, having finally realized that the relief valve on the pressurizer tank might be stuck open, closed a backup valve to seal the primary coolant system. At 7:45 A.M., the Nuclear Regulatory Commission was notified that something was wrong at Three Mile Island. By about 9 A.M., the President had been informed, and the first news of the incident had reached the public.



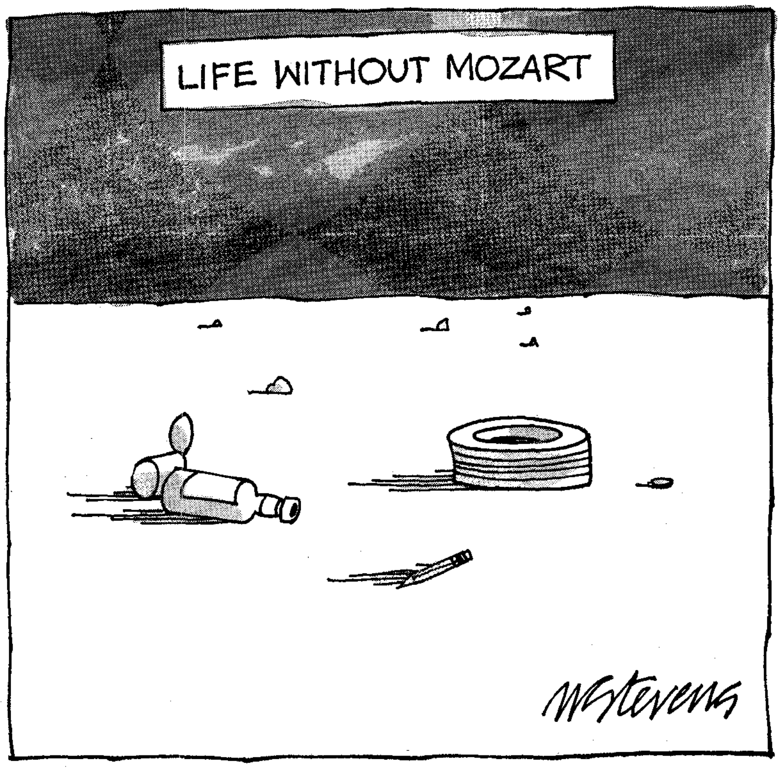
In the meantime, a chemical reaction was taking place within the reactor. The top part of the reactor core, which was no longer covered with water, reached a temperature perhaps as high as four thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and the zirconium in which the fuel rods were encased reacted with water to produce zirconium oxide and free hydrogen. The hydrogen began to accumulate as a bubble at the top of the reactor vessel. On Friday afternoon, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission dispatched a dozen technical experts to Three Mile Island, and these people realized that, for two reasons, the expanding hydrogen bubble was a potential cause of alarm. In the first place, the bubble, as it expanded, could force down the level of the water cooling the core, and thus expose the core to even more extreme temperatures. (Even though the chain reaction in the reactor had been stopped by the control rods almost at once, the fission products continued to generate heat.) In the second place, hydrogen and oxygen are an explosive mixture when the oxygen reaches a certain concentration. (Hydrogen and oxygen, in combining to form water molecules, release a great deal of energy.) It was assumed—wrongly—that because oxygen might be accumulating from the breakup of water molecules, such a mixture might be building up in the reactor vessel, and there was concern that it might explode and possibly rip open the containment building, with a huge release of radioactivity. On Friday evening, Harold Denton, director of the N.R.C.'s Office of Nuclear Reactor Regulation, briefed Richard Thornburgh, the governor of Pennsylvania, about the gas bubble. Governor Thornburgh had already issued an advisory that pregnant women and young children keep more than five miles away from the plant. It was recognized that in the atmosphere of crisis so many conflicting theories had been generated that making coherent plans was all but impossible. Indeed, the chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Joseph M. Hendrie, said at the time that he and the Governor were being forced to operate "almost totally in the blind," and added, "His information is ambiguous, mine is nonexistent, and—I don't know, it's like a couple of blind men staggering around making decisions." In retrospect, it is clear that there was never any real danger of a chemical explosion—and this is something that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission must have realized by the following Sunday, at the latest. Zirconium is known for an exceptional readiness to combine with free oxygen. Thus, any oxygen generated by the reaction with water was aborted by the zirconium, and so the bubble never contained any significant amount of oxygen. This fact was never explained to the public, and until the next week, at least, the general feeling was that we were all living on the edge of catastrophe. Only on Tuesday, April 10th, in testimony before a congressional subcommittee, did Hendrie state that an explosion could not have taken place, since "little, if any, oxygen" was present in the bubble.

Before discussing the implications of this accident for the future of nuclear power, I asked Bethe what the worst possible case at Three Mile Island might have been.

"People are always fascinated by the worst possible case, without clearly understanding that these worst cases are wildly improbable," Bethe said. "This emphasis on the worst possible case can do positive harm. In fact, the President's Commission investigating the Three Mile Island accident pointed out forcibly that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has devoted far too much effort to examining major potential accidents such as large breaks in pipes carrying the coolant, and that it should, rather, have instructed the utilities how to prevent and deal with lesser accidents, such as the series of mishaps that led to the situation at Three Mile Island. The member of the President's Commission living closest to Three Mile Island, Anne D. Trunk, noted in a supplemental view to the commission's report that during the accident the news coverage—especially the evening national-news reports by the major networks—emphasized too much the 'what if' rather than the 'what is,' and said, 'As a result, the public was pulled into a state of terror, of psychological stress.' Three Mile Island did not even come close to a meltdown, and even a meltdown would not necessarily mean a major hazard to the public. Let us suppose that in a future accident, in spite of all safety devices, a meltdown actually takes place. Then the fission products that are normally contained within the fuel rods can escape, and can move around freely inside the reactor vessel. It will take somewhere between a half hour and an hour for the molten fuel to melt the steel wall of the reactor vessel itself. During this time, many of the fission products decay. There is much less radioactivity at the end of that time than there was at the beginning. So this time lapse is very important.

"Once the steel has melted, the fission products—a molten pool—would spread over the floor of the containment building. Inside the containment building, there are auxiliary safety systems. In particular, there is a spray system that is designed to cool the atmosphere in the building. Activating the spray system will reduce the pressure in the building, and at the same time it will condense some of the fission products that have been released as gases. Fission products run throughout the periodic table, and some of them can be condensed by cooling the atmosphere and some cannot. Xenon and krypton cannot be condensed, but if they are released into the atmosphere they are relatively harmless, because they just pass over as a cloud, and don't make fallout. Iodine does not condense easily at high temperatures, but if it is released into the colder outside air it can produce fallout, and this would constitute the main hazard. Most of the strontium would be condensed within the containment building, and as for the plutonium, only a minute fraction of it will evaporate in the first place. The radioactive gases that do not condense are confined within the containment building. In fact, because the containment building is designed to withstand very high pressures, in the vast majority of these hypothetical accidents the radioactivity will be confined within the containment building itself. There is, of course, the China syndrome—that is, the molten fuel melting the floor of the reactor building and passing into the earth underneath. But there it will be well confined, and will not get into the atmosphere. A difficult but feasible mining operation could probably remove it."

Bethe paused, and then said, "Danger to the public comes only when, after a meltdown, a break occurs in the containment building. It is clear that many unfortunate events have to occur in succession before this happens, and so it must be a rare event. If it ever does happen, then the radioactive materials that are still gases will be released into the atmosphere. Even then, however, the effects on the public will not really be as catastrophic as they are pictured in many popular accounts. It is just impossible that an area the size of Pennsylvania—some forty-five thousand square miles—will be made uninhabitable. In a really bad accident, the area that might become unusable is on the order of twenty to two hun-



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IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A. ©1977 dred square miles. Perhaps an area ten times as large will have to be decontaminated by removing radioactive cesium and strontium from houses, streets, and so on. It has been predicted that unless the accident occurs at a time of unusually bad weather, no member of the public will die of radiation sickness within weeks. However, the radioactive fallout may cause delayed cancers. In estimating the number of such cancers that may be expected, one commonly uses the method put forth in the early seventies by the Committee on Biological Effects of Ionizing Radiation of the National Academy of Sciences—the so-called linear hypothesis, according to which a given amount of radiation causes the same number of cancers whether it is distributed over a thousand or a million people. With this hypothesis, it has been estimated that the delayed cancers caused by a bad accident in average weather conditions may be about a thousand in the course of thirty years. More recent detailed biological evidence indicates that small doses of gamma rays are considerably less dangerous in causing cancers than the linear hypothesis predicts, so the estimate is probably too high. In any case, since in the population affected by the fallout there will develop over the same thirty years about three hundred thousand cancers from other causes, it will be nearly impossible to tell whether the fallout has increased the cancer incidence, even statistically.

"But much more important than speculating on the worst possible case is to see what we can learn from the Three Mile Island accident. One of my friends said, 'After this accident, reactors will be much safer than they were before.' He is right. Regrettable as Three Mile Island was, it has taught us a lot about how to improve reactor safety. Probably the most important change will be to display much clearer signals to the operators concerning the condition of the reactor. For instance, it would be easy to have a signal indicating that the water cooling the reactor will begin to boil unless the pressure is increased—which can be done through the emergency core-cooling system. There should also be a signal indicating that the relief valve on the pressurizer tank is open when it should be closed. At present, it seems, the operators get too many signals, so the important ones do not stand out. Edward Teller has suggested going further. Many data are constantly measured in the reactor, but it is difficult for an operator to put them together and draw the right conclusion quickly enough, so Teller suggests that this be done by a computer. The operator could ask the computer 'What is going to happen if I turn Valve No. 13?' and the computer would give the answer. The judgment would be left to the operator, but the time-consuming analysis of the state of the reactor would be done by the computer.

"The sequence of events that led to the Three Mile Island accident was listed as one of about seventy sequences in the 1975 Rasmussen report on reactor safety. That list should be used in the training of all operators; they should be trained to respond quickly to any sequence. Since Three Mile Island, better instructions have already been given to operators. Generally, not only should the training of operators be improved but it should be recognized that operators have a great responsibility, similar to that of airplane pilots. The dignity of the profession should be raised, and the pay made commensurate with the responsibility. Technical help was apparently made available to Three Mile Island quickly, but the provision of such help could be planned ahead of time. An important requirement is to have the best technical competence available in the Nuclear Regulatory Commission."

Bethe made this analysis before the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island, headed by John G. Kemeny, the president of Dartmouth, issued its report. The technical analysis of the accident given in the report is essentially the same as Bethe's. The commission emphasized the need for better training of reactor operators as well as for improvement in the way signals are displayed on the control panels. Concerning the severity of the accident itself, the report notes:

> Based on our investigation of the health effects of the accident, we conclude that in spite of serious damage to the plant, most of the radiation was contained and the actual release will have a negligible effect on the physical health of individuals. The major health effect of the accident was found to be mental stress.

It then goes on:

> Our calculations show that even if a meltdown occurred, there is a high probability that the containment building and the hard rock on which the TMI-2 containment building is built would have been able to prevent the escape of a large amount of radioactivity. These results derive from very careful calculations, which hold only insofar as our assumptions are valid. We cannot be absolutely certain of these results.

The commission was also highly critical of the N.R.C., especially of its licensing procedures and of its approach to reactor safety. It called for a complete revision of the N.R.C.'s procedures and attitudes, and even of its basic structure. The report emphasized that the licensing of nuclear reactors should be contingent on "the competency of the prospective operating licensee to manage the plant and the adequacy of its training program for operating personnel." In addition, licensing should be contingent upon "review and approval of the state and local emergency plans." As the commission emphasized, if nuclear power is to have a future in this country it must become clear to the public that the Three Mile Island accident has provoked a real change—and not a cosmetic one—in attitude toward nuclear safety on the part of all concerned.

When I discussed the Kemeny report with Bethe, he said that he agreed with its recommendations. He added that it was essential to have procedures that would guarantee that the people making decisions in the event of an accident had accurate information—which was not the case at Three Mile Island. An accident does not necessarily constitute an emergency, and even in an emergency the response, in the words of the Kemeny report, "may range from evacuation of an area near the plant, to the distribution of potassium iodide to protect the thyroid gland from radioactive iodine, to a simple instruction to people several miles from the plant to stay indoors for a specified period of time."

What effect has the Three Mile Island accident had on the nuclear power programs of other countries? So far, it appears to have had very little. France and the Soviet Union are continuing the development of nuclear power as rapidly as possible. The French have little choice if they are to maintain their present standard of living, for France has essentially nothing in the way of alternative energy sources. Still, like the Soviet Union, it does have a large pool of technological skills to draw on. Whatever other lessons Three Mile Island teaches, it has shown that having such technology available is an absolute necessity in any emergency situation. Though the local power company that operated the Three Mile Island plant—Metropolitan Edison—simply did not have the personnel to deal with the crisis it found itself in, people who could deal with it were available elsewhere in the country, and could be brought in to help control a rapidly deteriorating and extremely dangerous situation.

But what about Third World countries? In a recently published article in *Nature*, Anil Agarwal concludes:

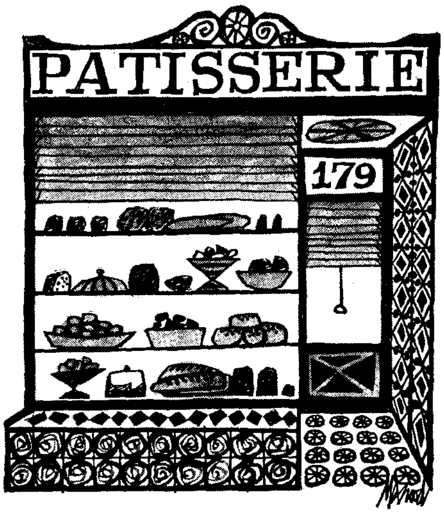
> From all present indications, it seems that the incident of Three Mile Island has scarcely sent a ripple through those Third World countries which are keen to buy and build as many nuclear reactors as they can. Part of the reason for this behavior is that nuclear programs have come to be associated by developing countries with enormous political prestige. The efforts of Western governments to control the spread of nuclear technologies are seen by many Third World governments as a crude attempt to monopolize a technology that is of considerable importance to the world. These discriminatory Western pressures have helped to make nuclear power, as a senior IAEA [International Atomic Energy Agency] official recently put it, "an immensely patriotic issue" in many developing countries and even in some developed ones like Japan. Under these circumstances, nuclear authorities in Third World countries will move very cautiously to accept safety-related arguments against nuclear power.

Beyond the matter of national prestige, there is enormous economic pressure in these countries to keep power reactors running, even when they do not meet proper safety standards. The closing of a reactor could mean the loss of a significant percentage of the country's electric power. Agarwal gives an example. Much of the electric power for the city of Bombay is supplied by the Tarapur Atomic Power Station, known as TAPS. It was built in 1969 by General Electric, and was the first nuclear power station to go into operation in the Third World. It now appears that it has for some time been using defective fuel bundles, with the result that the amount of radioactivity in the plant during normal operation is well above acceptable safety levels. Agarwal quotes from the journal *Business India:* "TAPS is so heavily contaminated . . . that it is impossible for maintenance jobs to be performed without the maintenance personnel exceeding the fortnightly dose of 400 millirem in a matter of minutes. Thus the maintenance worker—who is often not an employee of TAPS—holding a spanner in one hand and a pencil dosimeter in the other, turning a nut two, three rotations and rushing out of the work area is a common phenomenon in TAPS." When a TAPS engineer was asked why the plant was not shut down for decontamination, he replied, Agarwal says, "Ideally, that should have been done in 1974 or earlier, but there is such great pressure from the Department of Atomic Energy on us to produce power that we cannot shut down." Even so, India at least has a large pool of trained nuclear engineers, whereas many of the other Third World countries have neither trained personnel nor a body that, like the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, has the authority to oversee the safety of nuclear plants. The I.A.E.A. is planning to organize an emergency-assistance program to fly experts from one country to another in case of an accident. But the accidents at Browns Ferry and Three Mile Island illustrate how vital it is to be able to take effective action in a matter of minutes. What is needed if Third World plants are going to be kept running at an acceptable level of safety is internationally recognized standards, and also clearly defined and accepted guidelines for the number of operators and the level of their training. Similar international standards seem to be accepted by the aviation industry, and surely they are as urgently needed in the nuclear power industry.

Without a supply of uranium that is guaranteed to last for some time, no utility company will invest in a billion-dollar plant designed to use that fuel. A systems engineer for one of the largest Midwestern utility companies said to me recently, "No utility company wants to be in the position of having ordered the *last* of the nuclear power stations. It would be like buying the last gasoline-burning automobile." For this reason—and because of safety and economics—orders for new nuclear-plant construction have come to almost a dead stop in this country, and the technicians who work on the plants are beginning to be laid off.

IN addition to apprehensions about the safety and the environmental impact of nuclear power, there is deep concern over the possibility that the proliferation of nuclear reactors will lead to a proliferation of nuclear weapons—some of which, it is feared, may fall into the hands of irresponsible governments or of terrorist groups. This fear certainly appears to be a significant factor in the policies of the Carter Administration toward nuclear energy—policies that, intentionally or not, may bring our development of nuclear power to an end. The heart of the matter is whether and in what way the development of large numbers of nuclear power stations can increase the availability of plutonium and whether this plutonium can be obtained by governments or individuals who should not have it. As we have seen, nuclear fuel does not initially contain plutonium but consists of a nonexplosive mixture of U-235 and U-238; plutonium does not occur naturally but is made in a reactor. For making a bomb, the necessary isotope of plutonium is Pu-239. In a power reactor, Pu-239 is produced in three stages. First, a neutron is captured by a U-238 nucleus to produce U-239. This is an unstable isotope, and it decays, by the emission of an electron, into an isotope of neptunium, Np-239, which, in turn, decays by electron emission into Pu-239. Another isotope of plutonium, Pu-240, is also produced. Pu-240 is not suitable for making a bomb, because it emits neutrons spontaneously and copiously, and these may ignite the bomb material prematurely and produce a greatly reduced explosion—a fizzle. The plutonium that is produced in a power reactor is therefore not ideal for making nuclear weapons. Indeed, when India made its nuclear device, what the scientists used for making plutonium was not a power reactor but a specially designed research reactor, which made sizable quantities of Pu-239 and very little Pu-240.

Nonetheless, in a year a power reactor produces about a hundred and thirty kilograms of Pu-239, which remains in the fuel rods. The "reprocessing" of nuclear waste involves the separation of this isotope of plutonium from the fission fragments and the uranium also remaining in the rods. When the rods are removed from a working reactor, they still contain about a third as much fissionable material as they did when they went into the reactor. Since this is valuable, no power company simply wants to throw it away by burying it in a hole two thousand feet deep. In any event, no such hole currently exists, so—temporarily, at least—the rods are sitting at the bottom of the specially designed pools of water. Anyone who tried to steal either the stored rods or the rods in a working reactor would be mad—suicidal. The rods are



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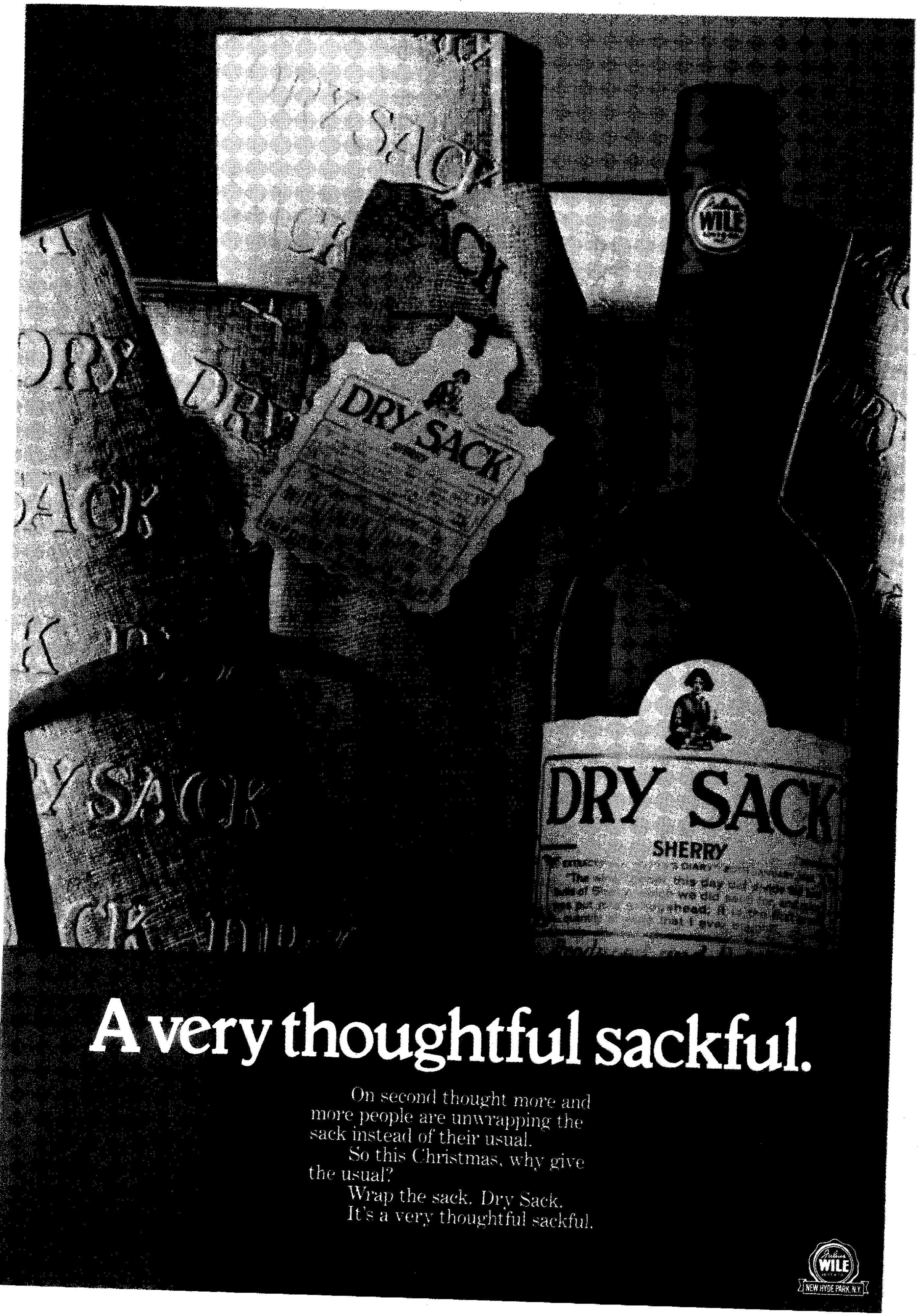
so hot, in both their actual temperature and their radioactivity, that to steal one would mean certain and rapid death.

The serious problem is the availability of plutonium if the partly spent fuel elements are reprocessed. The idea is to split the fuel elements by chemical means. The fission fragments are separated from the uranium and plutonium, and these two elements are then separated from each other. The fission fragments are considered waste, and are safely disposed of accordingly. The uranium may be returned to an isotope-separation plant to be re-enriched, or it may be used in making new fuel elements. The plutonium could be either added to the fuel for the present generation of reactors or saved for future use in breeders. The concern is that if this scheme were followed, the plutonium might be stolen and used for the illicit manufacture of atomic bombs, and very careful measures would have to be taken to prevent such thefts. This is, in Bethe's view, a valid reason for the Carter Administration to have been adamant about not selling reprocessing plants abroad. But in addition President Carter has stopped the development of reprocessing plants here. In this way, he hoped to set a moral example for the other nuclear nations. In the main, however, this has not been very successful. It has had some benefit, in that it has discouraged, at least temporarily, the Germans and the French from selling reprocessing plants abroad. But many of the nuclear countries (including the Soviet Union) are either reprocessing now or tooling up to do it. Their uranium economy just will not function otherwise. So these countries are not making the slightest effort to follow our "example," and probably consider it merely confirmation of their notion that our energy policy borders on the irrational.

IF our nuclear-fission program were in fact now coming to an end, what would that mean? This is a question that I explored in detail with Bethe. One can suppose, for argument's sake, that our energy consumption will remain fixed at its present level. If one allows for growth, the numbers will look a lot worse; if one assumes that we will conserve radically, the numbers will look somewhat better. But suppose that we want to live exactly as we do today—to use the same number of kilowatt-hours from year to year. Physicists distinguish between two types of kilowatts—thermal kilowatts, which indicate the rate at which fuel energy is released by burning; and electrical kilowatts, which are what we use when we turn on a light switch. In burning fuel to make electricity, there is an inevitable loss of energy, owing to the Second Law of Thermodynamics. The Second Law puts a powerful constraint on the efficiency with which thermal energy can be turned into electrical energy. Though engineers have been working hard to cut this loss to a minimum, it is unlikely that it can be reduced below a half. With the present machinery for going from thermal kilowatts to electrical kilowatts, there is a loss of about two-thirds; that is to say, one-third of the thermal energy is converted into electrical energy.

If we express all our energy needs in terms of electrical units, whether or not the energy is used as electricity or in other forms, the United States uses about seven and a half trillion kilowatt-hours each year. Of this energy, natural gas gives us two trillion two hundred billion kilowatt-hours. Domestic oil, foreign oil, and coal give about one and a half trillion kilowatt-hours each. An additional amount of about six hundred billion kilowatt-hours of electrical energy is supplied by hydroelectric and nuclear power. Hydroelectric power, which, as has been noted, we are already using to essentially the fullest extent possible, is highly efficient: nearly all the kinetic energy of the water can be converted into electricity. A nuclear power plant, as plants are now designed, has only about a thirty-three-per-cent efficiency.

According to the best estimates, our known domestic supply of natural gas will be used up in about a decade. If the unproved reserves are as large as some estimates suggest, the supply might be prolonged until perhaps the year 2020. By that time, our known reserves of domestic oil will also have run out. This means that just to maintain our present total energy consumption we will have to find another source to produce more than three and a half trillion kilowatt-hours of energy. In the absence of nuclear energy, the only real alternative is coal. This means that in the year 2020 we will have to mine at least four times as much coal as we are mining now; in other words, we will have to mine some two and a half billion tons of coal a year. Most of the new coal will have to come from strip mining in the Western states; Eastern coal mines are, in general, old mines, and most of the coal that it is practi-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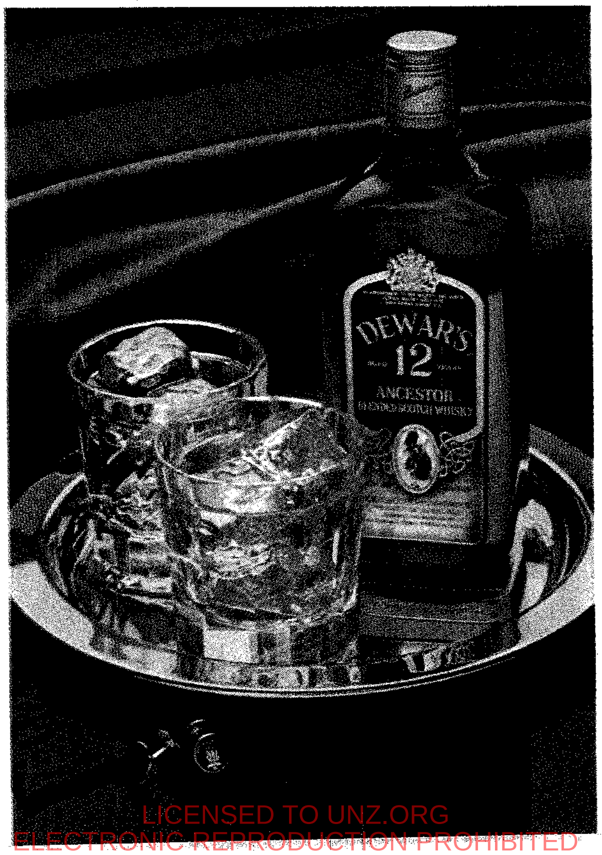
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cal to mine in the East is being mined. This means that the coal will have to be shipped, on the average, something like a thousand miles to where it is to be used. The present total railroad capacity of the United States is about a trillion ton-miles a year. But if we have to rely on coal, our railroad capacity will have to be about two trillion four hundred billion ton-miles in the year 2020 just to ship coal; that is, even if we want to ship only coal, and nothing else, on the railroads we must at least double their capacity in the next forty years. Yet at present our railroad system is in a state of decay. Moreover, the environmental impact of quadrupling coal production and burning so much coal must be considered, and so must the consequences of having our entire energy production in the hands of one industry—the coal industry.

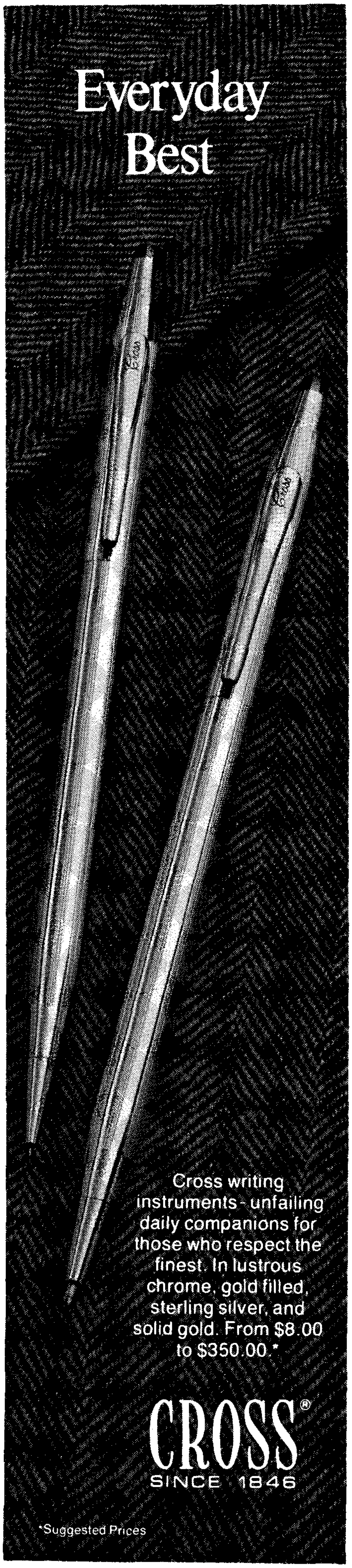
Even if we do manage to replace our depleted domestic oil and natural-gas supplies with coal, we will still be running short of energy raw material. We cannot assume that we will be able to continue to import foreign oil in the present quantities, since that oil is also running out. So a large part of this gap will also have to be filled with coal. It has frequently been suggested that we should fill some of the gap by using biomass—animal and human wastes and such agricultural waste as cornstalks. This material burns only about half as efficiently as coal. It is also widely dispersed, so its collection would require a great deal of transportation—which would require more energy. If all the biomass produced in the United States in one year were burned, it would be the equivalent of a billion tons of coal, or about half of our projected needs in forty years. This could make a dent in the energy problem, but the cost of transportation and of construction of the facilities needed to convert biomass into fuel has to be taken into account, as does the additional energy needed for the transportation, construction, and conversion.

Of course, some of the energy that must be replaced could come from nuclear sources. But unless there is a change in attitude toward nuclear energy in this country, that will soon cease to be an option. In 1978, the American utilities industry cancelled the construction of ten nuclear power stations, for reasons having to do with the present complicated licensing procedures, the failure of the federal government to provide a long-term waste-disposal site, and the uncertainty of the uranium supplies, as well as with the public view of the safety and environmental problems presented by nuclear plants. Another important reason is that the growth in demand for electricity has slowed since 1973. In the very near future, our country must make a clear-cut decision about nuclear power. The present unsettled situation simply delays the decision to the point where events will decide things for us. The rest of the technologically developed world has already made its decision, and—on a governmental level, at least—has proceeded with nuclear technology, to the point where American technology has fallen behind. And this gap continues to widen.

In other industrialized countries, the research and development of nuclear technology are focussed on the preservation and manufacture of nuclear fuel. In any such schemes, reprocessing of the fuel elements plays a crucial role. The United States may shortly be the only nuclear country that does not reprocess. (The British government has just approved the construction of the largest reprocessing facility in the world, at Windscale, in northwest England.) We are at present using uranium in our nuclear power program in about the most wasteful way imaginable.

Most of the nuclear power stations under construction here are gigawatt stations, one gigawatt being a million kilowatts. It would take about four hundred gigawatt stations to produce the electricity now being produced by fossil fuels, and using such stations would free the fossil fuels for things that other energy sources cannot be used for—transportation and petrochemicals among them.

But a gigawatt light-water reactor consumes about a ton of U-235 in a year. It returns about two hundred and fifty kilograms of plutonium. At any given time, it contains about ninety tons of U-238, which cannot be used as fuel in such reactors, because thermal neutrons will not fission U-238. In other words, these reactors extract about six-tenths of one per cent of the potential energy content of the uranium. Yet we can extend our uranium supply by about forty per cent even if we continue to use light-water reactors simply by reprocessing the partly spent fuel elements. Beyond that, we can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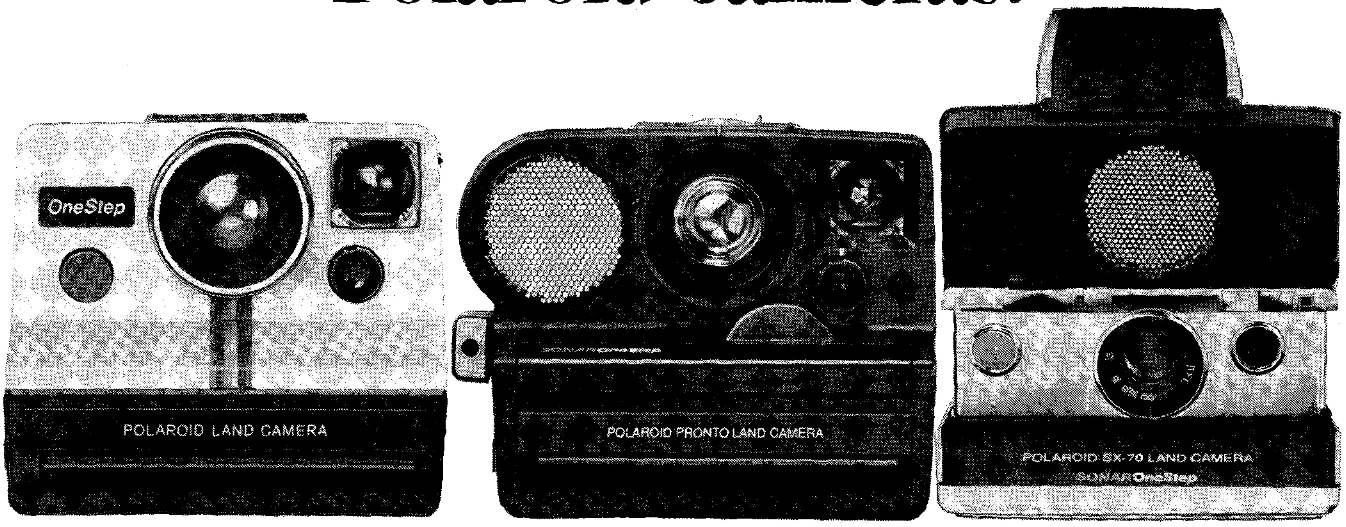
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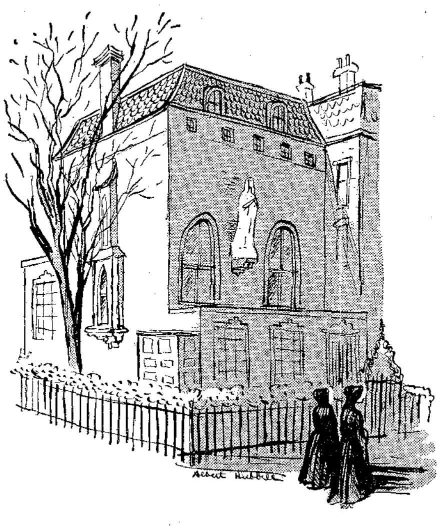
make enormously impressive qualitative changes in the fuel situation by upgrading reactor technology. These are not futuristic ideas; prototype models are now in active use abroad.

Light water is not an especially good moderator. The reason is an interesting bit of nuclear physics. A water molecule consists of two protons and an oxygen nucleus, along with a cloud of electrons that don't play any role in the nuclear physics, since they are far away from the nucleus. When a fast neutron is produced in a fission, it escapes from the fuel element and enters the moderator—in this case, water. It now begins to collide with the protons and the oxygen nuclei in the water molecules. Some of the collisions are elastic; that is, the neutron simply bounces off one of these particles. After about twenty such collisions, the neutron is slowed down enough—has lost enough energy—so that it can cause further fissions of the U-235 or the Pu-239. Elastic collisions are not the only thing that can happen to the neutron, however. It can be absorbed by the water. Or it can be captured by the uranium without fission—another source of neutron loss. A neutron and a proton can collide and combine to form a nucleus of heavy hydrogen—a deuteron, which consists of one neutron and one proton. When that happens, the fission neutron is removed from the fuel cycle. It turns out that the neutron capture by protons is a fairly likely process. This is the reason a light-water reactor will work only with fuel that has been enriched with U-235 or Pu-239; in a light-water reactor using natural uranium, too many neutrons are absorbed by the moderator and by the U-238.

If instead of using ordinary water as the moderator, however, one uses heavy water, the situation changes. The molecule of heavy water consists of two deuterons and an oxygen nucleus, and neutron capture by a deuteron is only about five ten-thousandths as likely as capture by the proton alone, the reason being the neutron in the deuteron nucleus. Since an oxygen nucleus captures very few neutrons, heavy water is such a good moderator that heavy-water reactors can be fuelled by natural uranium, with no enriching admixture of U-235. This is a great economy factor, because isotope separation is a difficult and costly business. Heavy-water power reactors are now in use in Ontario and Quebec, and these, which are known as CANDU (Canadian Deuterium Uranium) reactors, have been exported to Pakistan, India, Korea, and Argentina. Bethe called the CANDU a "technical wonder," and told me, "Not only is it very conservative in fuel but it works with a regularity and reliability that are absolutely fantastic. The reactor seems to be practically always available. Our reactors, because of the need to replace spent fuel rods and to do other maintenance work, are available only seventy to eighty per cent of the time, but the CANDU, because it can refuel without shutting down, is available ninety per cent of the time." The drawback is the price. It is expensive to separate heavy water from ordinary water, and, besides, additional plumbing must be designed to insure that none of the water gets lost in the working cycle of the reactor. This and other design features add about twenty-five per cent to the cost of building such a power station, but the countries that have invested in reactors of the CANDU type have decided that this extra cost is compensated for by the economies that such a reactor makes possible.

With the help of reprocessing and the use of slightly enriched fuel, Bethe pointed out to me, the CANDU would be able to do so well in preserving nuclear fuel that it would look at first sight as if it did not use up any fuel at all. To understand this, one must trace the route of the fission neutrons in this type of reactor. When the U-235 fissions, something over two neutrons—on the average—are released. One of these neutrons goes on to make the next fission, which sustains the chain reaction. In a light-water reactor, the other neutron tends to get absorbed by the structure of the reactor itself, by the fission fragments, or, most frequently, by the water moderator. In the heavy-water reactor, this last source of absorption is essentially eliminated, so the extra neutrons reënter the uranium fuel—mostly U-238—often enough to cause a conversion of a U-238 nucleus



into plutonium, which is as good as the original U-235 for the chain reaction. Thus, ideally, in a heavy-water reactor there is for each U-235 nucleus split a Pu-239 nucleus created, and no loss of fuel. However, neutrons do still get absorbed by fission fragments and the reactor structure, so the conversion is not complete. To increase the efficiency even of a heavy-water reactor, fission fragments must be separated from the uranium every two or three years—and that once again raises the issue of reprocessing.

Bethe told me that an even better arrangement for a CANDU type of reactor would be to use U-235 mixed with thorium—an element more plentiful than uranium. If thorium is used, the extra neutrons will convert the thorium not into plutonium but into U-233, a lighter isotope of uranium, which is extremely rare in concentrations of natural uranium. As a fissionable material, U-233 is more efficient than either plutonium or U-235, and by using it one could reproduce, with reprocessing, well over ninety per cent of the fissionable material that was originally put into such a reactor. One would have to supply only the remainder.

There is a reactor now being developed abroad that produces more fuel than it consumes. This is the so-called breeder. The notion of making a reactor that produces more fuel than it consumes goes back to the beginning of reactor technology. Bethe recalled a lecture that Fermi gave at Los Alamos just after the Second World War in which he said, perhaps overoptimistically, that the country that learned to build a breeder reactor would have solved its energy problems forever. (Bethe himself began working on the breeder concept, with emphasis on its safety aspects, in the late nineteen-forties.) In fact, the first reactor ever to produce electricity was a breeder—a so-called fast breeder—designed by Fermi with the physicist Walter Zinn; it was built in Idaho by the Argonne National Laboratory, and went into operation in 1951. It is likely that similar fast breeders will serve as the prototypes for the next generation of power reactors. However, because the Carter Administration has indicated opposition to the development of breeder reactors the field has been taken over by other countries—most notably France and the Soviet Union.

The essential feature of these reactors is that the neutrons in them are moderated as little as possible. The neutrons from a given fission remain

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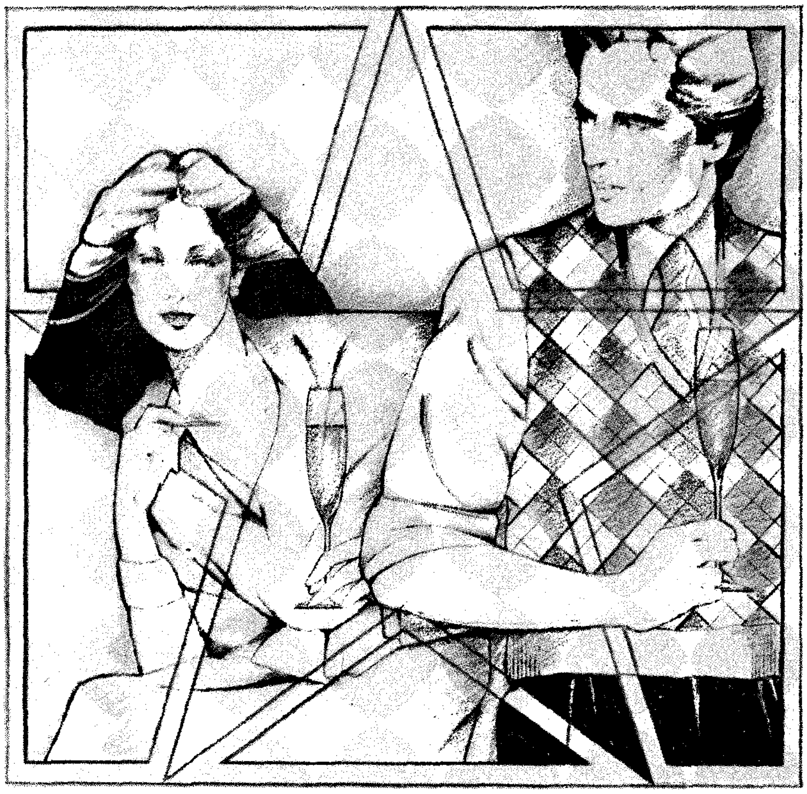

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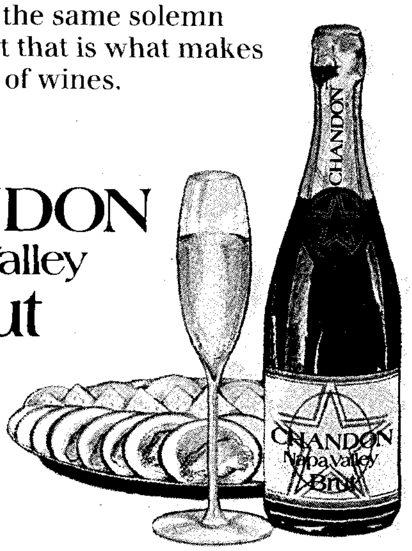

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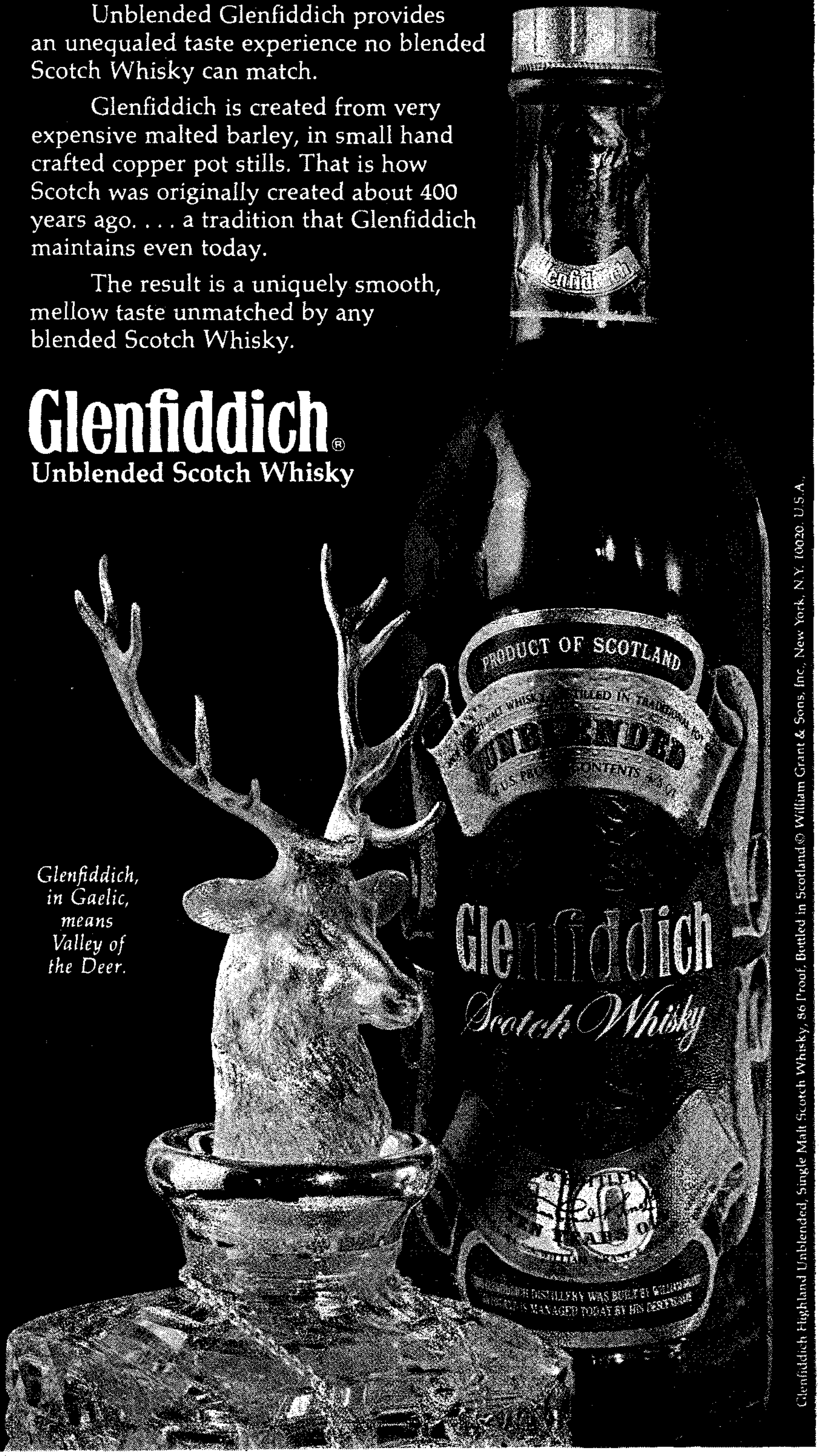
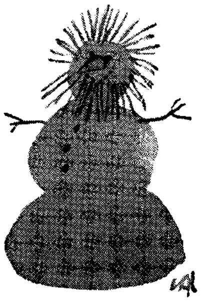


"fast." Since fast neutrons fission even the common isotopes of uranium and thorium, these can now act in part as fuels. The main working fuel, however, is plutonium, which has particularly favorable properties when it is used with fast neutrons. In fact, breeder reactors, when they are developed, may provide an excellent way of "burning" excess plutonium and so reducing the amount of it available for potential use in nuclear weapons; the breeder can be made to consume rather than produce plutonium. Today, however, in the Phénix reactor, which went into operation in Marcoule, France, in 1973, the fuel consists of about eighty per cent U-238 and about twenty per cent plutonium. Its mixed-fuel rods form the interior of the core, and there is also a blanket of uranium rods surrounding the core. The breeding is done in this uranium blanket. It comes about because when fast neutrons fission Pu-239 about three neutrons are released. If none of the three are absorbed elsewhere, one is available for the next fission to keep the chain reaction going, and the two others can convert U-238 nuclei into plutonium. Ideally, then, two plutonium nuclei are created for each one that is split. In practice, there is parasitic neutron absorption, but, even so, the breeder will produce more plutonium than it consumes. (There has also been research on so-called slow breeders, which would use slow neutrons to convert thorium into U-233, but this technology has not advanced to the prototype stage.) The entire core is immersed in a pool of liquefied sodium, which serves to cool it. Water is not used because it slows down the neutrons. One advantage of these reactors is that the sodium coolant is at atmospheric pressure within the reactor, and this arrangement eliminates some of the problems associated with those reactors whose coolants have to be kept under high pressure.

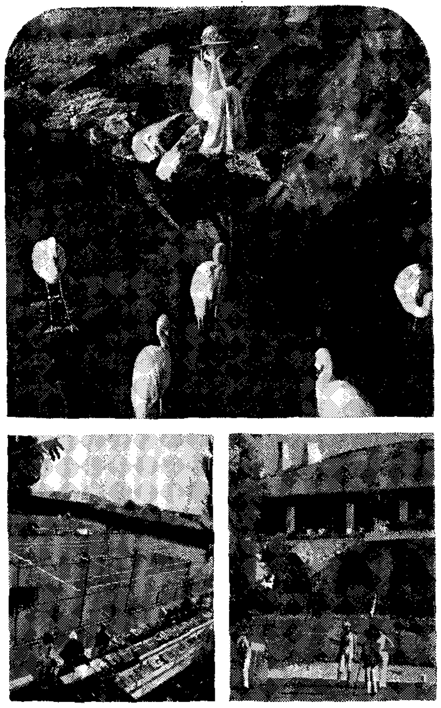
The Phénix is basically a prototype and does not really breed significant amounts of plutonium, but now France, in collaboration with West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Britain, is constructing a Super-Phénix, at Creys-Malville, about thirty miles east of Lyons, which is designed to produce over a gigawatt of power and which will breed. In such a breeder, about two hundred and fifty kilograms of excess plutonium will be produced in a year, and it appears to be this fact—not only the safety aspects of the reactor—that caused the Carter Administration's reluctance to develop a breeder. The basic argument in favor of the breeder is that any country with a breeder reactor has nuclear independence. Any country that relies on a light-water reactor and does not have its own supplies of enriched uranium is forced to call upon a supplier country when it runs out of fuel, so the supplier can exert some control over how the consumer country uses the plutonium it manufactures in its reactors. If the consumer country is diverting plutonium to make weapons, the supplier country can simply withhold new fuel supplies—as we recently withheld them from India for a time. To this extent, Bethe agrees with President Carter's policy of not exporting either breeders or reprocessing facilities to nonnuclear nations, but he strongly disagrees with the corollary that President Carter appears to have decided on; namely, that in order to set an example for the other nuclear nations we should not have a breeder, either. It is partly for this reason that the Administration has requested the cancellation of funds for our large breeder prototype on the Clinch River, in Tennessee. Bethe feels that we should develop a prototype—not necessarily of the Clinch River design—in case we want to use breeders someday, especially since, whatever we may do, the other nuclear nations are building breeders, for the simple reason that they recognize their resources of coal and oil and uranium to be limited.



THE reactors now in use produce energy by nuclear fission. It is also possible to build a reactor that produces power by nuclear fusion, but a working prototype of a fusion power plant does not currently exist anywhere in the world. The nearest place to find one is the sun. Indeed, the whole idea of fusion is to reproduce some of the characteristics of the sun's interior. The controlled-fusion research enterprise is nearly thirty years old, and at present the mood of the scientists engaged in it is generally hopeful. Bethe, for one, thinks that some form of crude power-producing fusion reactor may be realized in the mid-nineteen-eighties, and that in the next century fusion may be one of the common ways of achieving power production.

The interior temperature of the sun is estimated to be fourteen million degrees Celsius. Matter at such temperatures is in the form of a plasma gas that consists of free nuclei—mostly protons and helium—and the electrons that have been stripped from the corresponding atoms. This gas would simply fly apart under its own pressure if it were not that there is so much of it that the gravitational forces keep the sun's mass in equilibrium against this pressure. If any significant number of fusions are to be produced on earth, there must be a plasma kept at a working temperature of many millions of degrees, and some force must keep the plasma from flying apart. In a laboratory, the latter objective is achieved by the use of high magnetic fields. A charged particle in a magnetic field will tend to move along the lines of that field, executing spirals around them. In fusion research, therefore, a magnetic field is designed in such a way as to confine the plasma within a limited space. Such a magnetic-field configuration is often referred to as a magnetic bottle. At each end of the bottle, the field lines converge, so that, ideally, a charged particle will spiral to the end and reverse itself, and continue to spiral back and forth indefinitely. In reality, the plasma, for various reasons, tends to develop instabilities, and these instabilities cause kinks—sharp bends—in the field lines, which make the bottle leak. For years, workers in the field of plasma physics were plagued by discoveries of new and unexpected ways in which instabilities developed, and it began to look as if no practical way would ever be found to confine a plasma magnetically. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, however, a group of Russian physicists hit upon a design that they called a TOKAMAK—an acronym for the Russian words meaning "toroidal magnetic chamber." It appears to offer great promise. In the area of magnetic-field confinement, most of the present fusion research, both here and abroad, is done on TOKAMAKs, and several experimental models have been built.

The TOKAMAK looks like a large, fat metal doughnut—a torus—made of stainless steel. One of the largest such reactors in the world is now under construction at the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory. The outer circumference of the torus is seventy-five feet; the doughnut itself is six feet thick. A high vacuum is maintained inside a TOKAMAK. Electrical wire is wrapped around the outside, and this produces magnetic fields to guide the charged plasma particles introduced into the vessel. Some of the wire is wrapped the long way around the doughnut, and some is wrapped in loops around the



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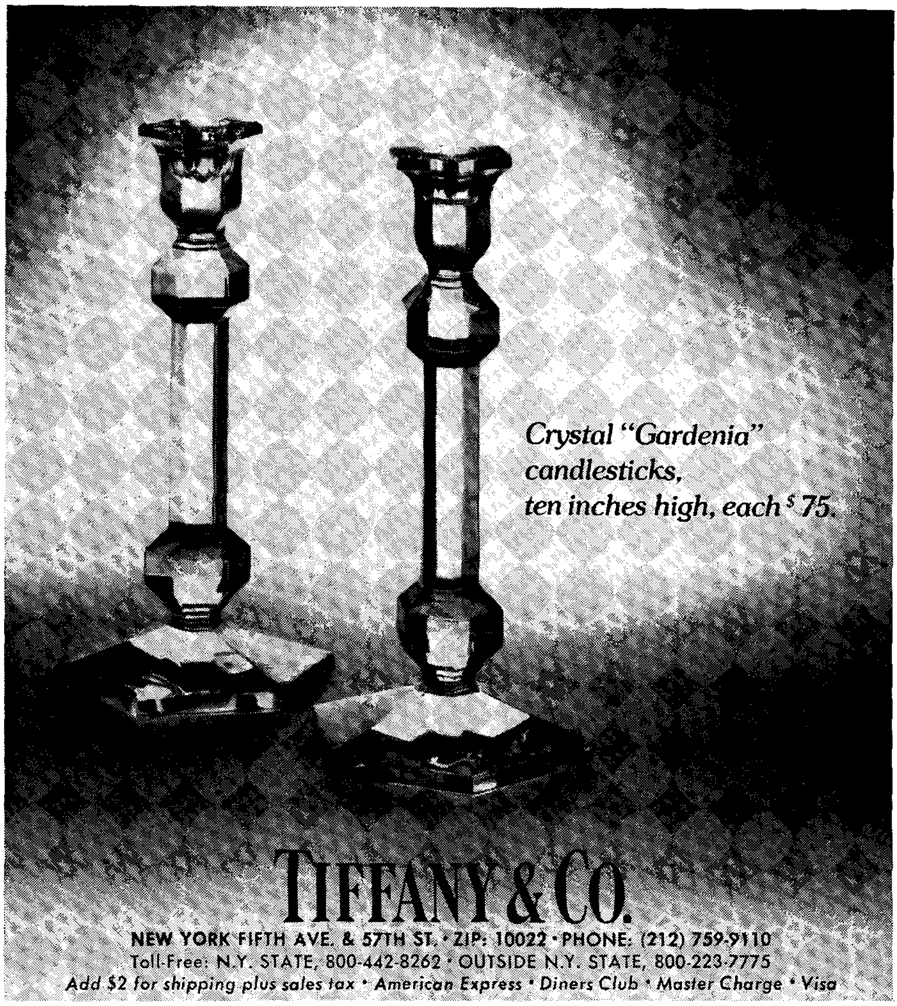

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short way. By adjusting the strength of the magnetic fields produced by these separate windings, one can force a charged particle to move in orbits inside the torus. Experimental results showing that there is a reasonably stable confinement of the plasma in such machines have led to the present optimism over the future of the program. Moreover, the "confinement times" have increased from only 10^{-5} seconds in the magnetic bottles designed in 1955 to as much as a tenth of a second in the modern TOKAMAKs.

To make a TOKAMAK like the one being built at Princeton produce power, a mixture of deuterium and tritium will be injected into the vacuum vessel. (Tritium is another isotope of hydrogen—one whose mass is three times that of ordinary hydrogen.) This mixture will be heated electrically to a temperature of a hundred million degrees Celsius—a process that, of course, consumes energy. But as the mixture is heated and the electrons are stripped off by collisions, the nuclei, being confined by the magnetic fields to a region where they encounter one another, and not the walls of the torus, themselves will begin to collide. Energy is produced when a deuteron (consisting of a proton and a neutron) and a triton (consisting of two neutrons and a proton) collide, and fuse into a helium nucleus (consisting of two protons and two neutrons), with the release of an energetic neutron. (This reaction releases seventeen and a half million electron volts of energy, most of which is taken off by the released neutron. A fission reaction releases about two hundred million electron volts of energy, so fission is a much more energy-productive process.) In a future TOKAMAK power reactor, the vacuum vessel containing the plasma will be surrounded by a blanket of materials that absorb the neutrons, which emerge from the plasma at high speed. The kinetic energy of the neutrons will heat the blanket; the blanket is to be provided with pipes containing a cooling fluid to carry the heat away; and this heat will generate the steam to produce electricity.

One thing that is surprising about these machines is how little matter there actually is in the working plasma—the heated gas. Typically, there are about 10^{14} particles per cubic centimetre of the plasma, whereas in a solid the density is a billion times as great. This helps to explain why a fusion machine cannot explode like a hydrogen bomb, which also works by fusing deuterons and tritons. In a hydrogen bomb, the mixture is contained in a lithium-hydride solid and is

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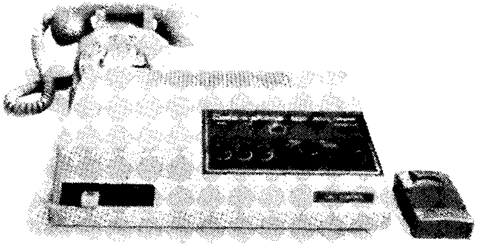

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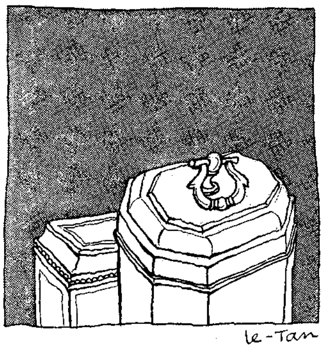
heated in a few billionths of a second by the explosion of an atomic bomb. All the fusion energy is released in another few billionths of a second, and the mixture explodes. In a fusion machine, the energy release is, relatively speaking, very slow—so slow that no explosion can take place. The plasma is heated fairly slowly by electric power, and then it must be held together for at least a second by the magnetic fields so that the fusion energy will compensate for the energy that has gone into heating the plasma. In the sun, gravity holds the plasma together for billions of years, and therefore weak processes like the fusion of two protons to make a deuteron, a positron, and a neutrino produce energy, but these processes are too slow to be of any use in producing energy in an apparatus like a TOKAMAK.

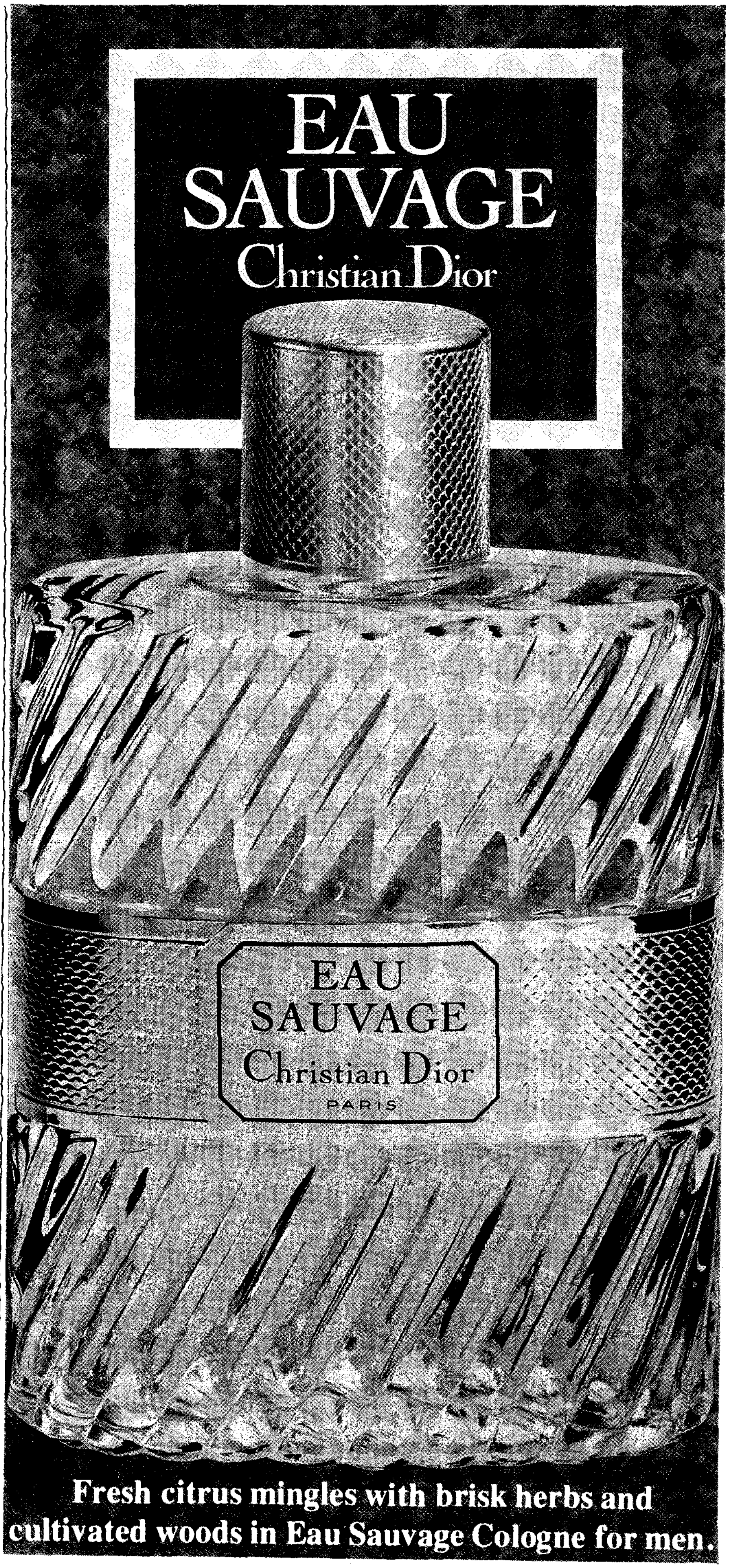
The deuteron-triton plasma that future fusion power reactors will require as fuel poses a problem. The triton is unstable, having a half-life of twelve and a half years. Thus, it occurs as a natural isotope only in very minute quantities, and must be manufactured. The manufacturing will be done by bombarding lithium with neutrons, to produce a triton and a helium nucleus. If part of the blanket in a future TOKAMAK power reactor is made of lithium, tritons will be manufactured as the machine operates; like a breeder, it will produce fuel as it goes along. It would therefore be much better to use pure deuterium as the fuel, for deuterium can be extracted from seawater; it is not radioactive and so is simpler to handle; and there is enough in the sea to supply our needs for the next ten billion years. The trouble is that this pure-deuteron plasma does not "ignite" until it reaches a temperature of about three hundred million degrees, compared to a hundred million for the deuteron-triton mixture, so it may be that it will come into use only after scientists have learned to make a fusion machine that produces power with the deuteron-triton mixture. While fusion does take place in the present generation of experimental machines, all of them consume much more power than they produce. It is hoped that the next generation of machines will begin to break even in power, and that fusion power will eventually become a practical possibility. With all the ancillary equipment, the new experimental machines now cost hundreds of millions of dollars, but that investment will pay off handsomely if we can learn to make electrical power from seawater. It may also be possible to use these machines to breed new fissionable material by surrounding them with blankets of thorium, which the escaping energetic neutrons can convert into U-233. Hopeful as some people may be about the prospects for fusion, however, it cannot be counted on to make a contribution to our energy problem within the next few decades.



A NUMBER of people who have pondered the energy question feel that solar energy may help solve our energy problem in the near future. In Bethe's view, solar energy may help to some extent by the year 2000, but even then its contribution will be relatively small. Wishful thinking about solar energy, he feels, should not be allowed to dominate our consideration of the energy problem to the extent that we fail to develop those sources of energy which *can* make a decisive contribution. "The best way to use sunlight is the way that mankind has used it for ten thousand years; namely, to grow grains and forests, and to use the grains to feed ourselves and our animals, and to use the forests for building, paper, and the rest," Bethe told me. "But that is not what people have in mind when they talk about solar energy. They have in mind two things. One is its use for heating houses and for heating water, and the other is its use in the production of electricity. I have looked into both of them quite closely, and I am sorry but I am quite negative about them. I like the sun—after all, I found out how the sun works. But after looking at the available evidence I do not believe that the sun will solve our problems—certainly not in the twentieth century. Maybe in the twenty-first. That I just don't know."

Bethe paused for a few moments, and then said, "The heating of water by solar radiation *is* a perfectly feasible procedure. It would be economical in many parts of this country, and it is practiced in many places in Europe. The reason that heating water is more important than heating space is that one needs hot water all year; one can make use of solar heat in the summer, when there is lots of sunlight everywhere. Space heating by sunlight is economical today only under certain circumstances and in certain parts of the country. The first question is, how expensive are the solar panels? Currently, they cost something like fifteen dollars a square foot. It is possible that with mass production the cost could be brought down to something like seven dollars a square foot, but what really costs a lot of money is the rest of the system—the pipes going through the house, and the hot-water-storage facility one needs because the amount of sunlight is variable. Today may be a sunny day, but tomorrow may be terrible. In fact, the storage of heat is the main problem with the use of solar energy. If one wants to go completely solar, then the heat must be stored for a long time. Otherwise, the solar installation has to be supplemented by a conventional source, such as gas. Most solar-heating systems have a two-day or three-day storage capacity, and after that one has to fall back on the gas company. Generally, the solar people agree that a reasonable strategy would be to get half the heat from the sun and half from natural gas or some similar source. If one does this, and if one can get the panels and the ancillary equipment down to about seven dollars a square foot, then in some parts of this country solar heating will be dollar competitive with the *future* price of gas, natural or synthetic. Almost nowhere is it competitive with the present average price of natural gas, which costs the consumer three to four dollars per thousand cubic feet. This price probably won't last very long, and if we have to use synthetic gas—made from coal—rather than natural gas, it is likely to double, at least. If it does, there will be some parts of the country where solar heating will be economically advantageous. These are not the places one might expect. They are the Rocky Mountain area from New Mexico to Montana, and the coast of California. The reason is that these places get a lot of sunshine in the winter, when homes have to be heated. If one goes to Texas or Florida, one also has lots of sunshine in the winter, but one's home hardly ever needs heating. It should also be realized that the energy consumed in the manufacturing of solar installations is considerable, because all of them are rather bulky."

After another pause, Bethe said, "I have made a little calculation of what a private individual might do about solar heating. Others have made similar calculations, but mine may be somewhat simpler. A private individual has some-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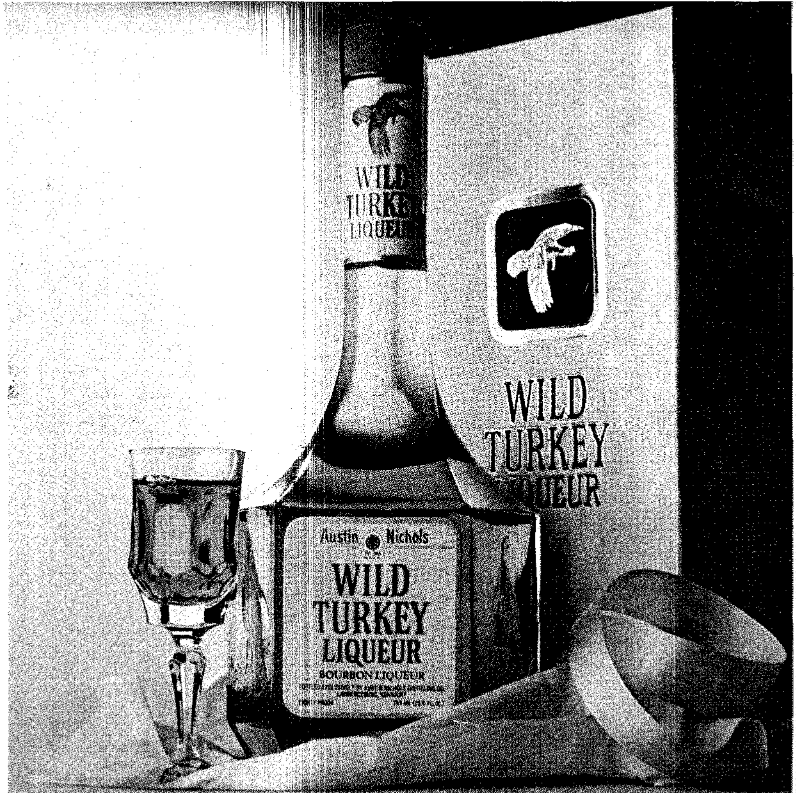
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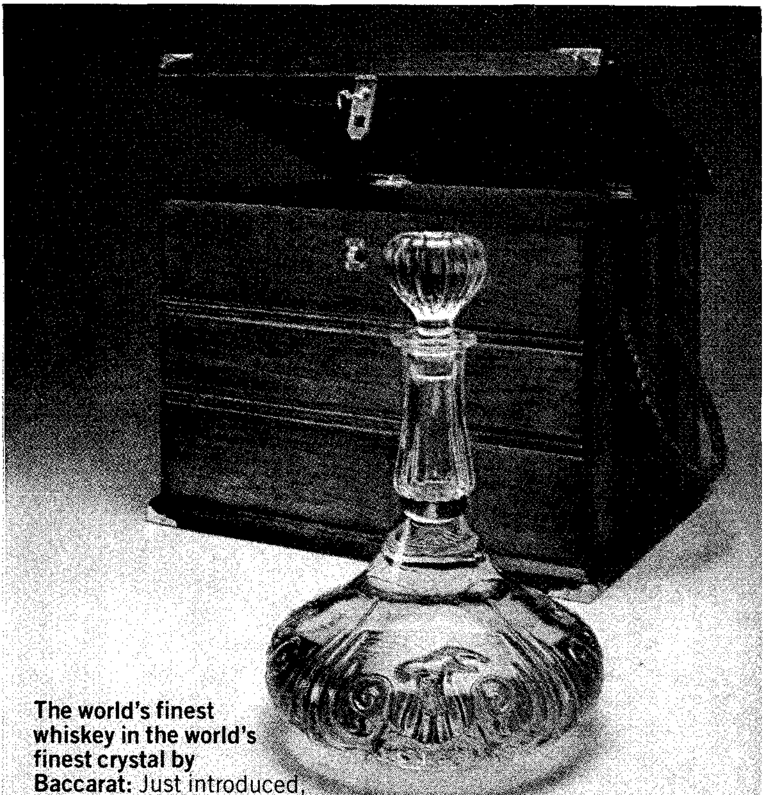

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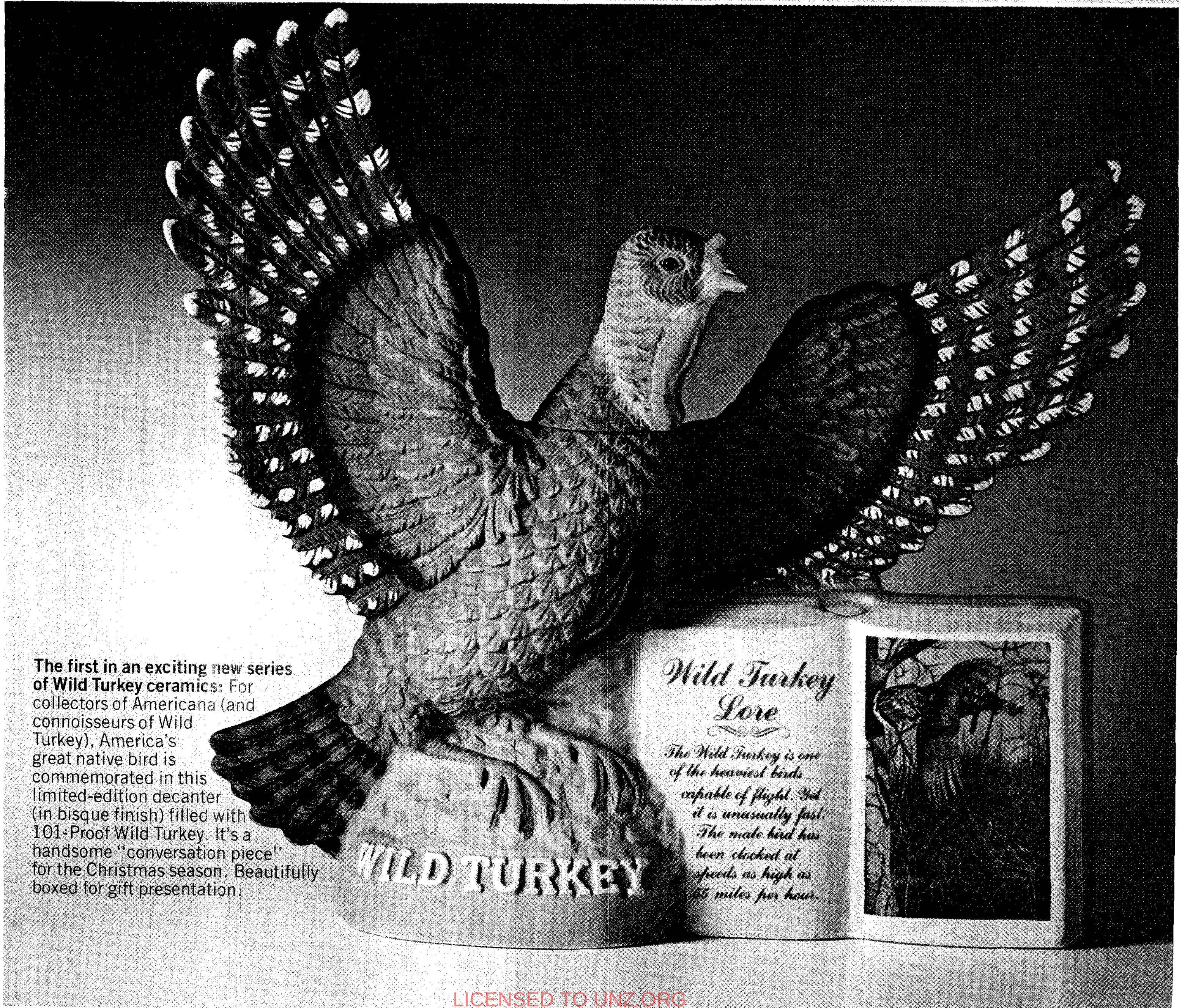
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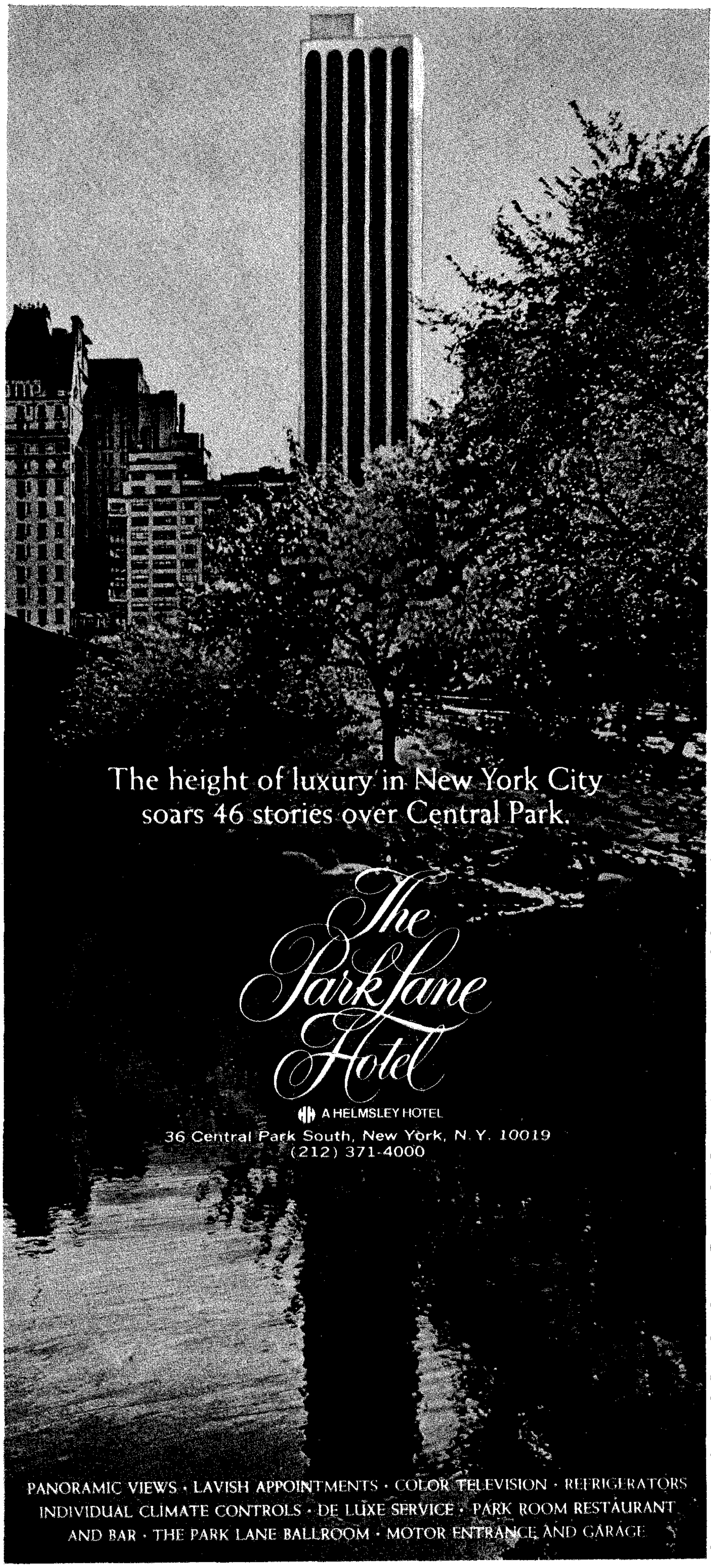
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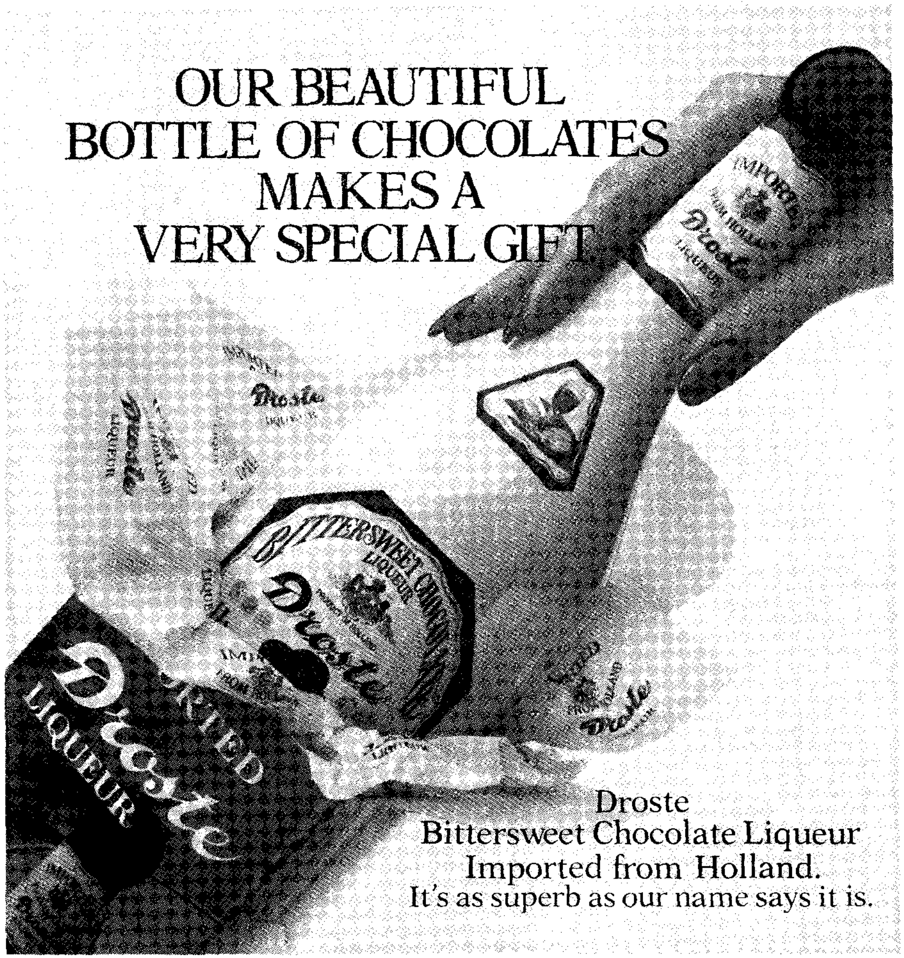
thing else to worry about, and that is inflation. A private individual has no good way to protect himself against inflation, and in my calculation I take this fact into account. It turns out that if a person in one of the regions of the country that are favorable for solar heating buys one of the cheaper solar-heating units and it lasts for twenty years, he will be better off than if he puts the same amount of money in a savings account and then uses the interest to pay his heating-gas bill in the future. In making this calculation, I have assumed that the price of gas will increase at ten per cent a year in real dollars until it reaches an average of seven dollars a thousand cubic feet. On this assumption, solar heating is a good investment. I do not think that the same thing applies to apartment houses or office buildings, because in these one does not have a large enough surface area to trap the required solar heat. But one must always keep in mind that at present only about ten per cent of our energy consumption goes into the heating of private homes. Even if all the new houses that are going to be built between now and the year 2000 were equipped with solar heating, it would account for only about two per cent of our energy consumption in that year. Still, a two-per-cent saving of energy is worthwhile, because it is two per cent of an enormous number. Though it will not solve our energy problem, it can contribute to a solution, and I am glad that so many people are working on it."

Bethe went on, "By the way, Theodore Taylor, the Princeton physicist, has come up with a nice idea that might, in the future, help quite a lot in solar heating. This has to do with heating not individual houses but a complex of, say, a hundred houses. His notion is to take advantage of seasonal heat storage. He would construct enormous pools of water, about a hundred metres on a side and ten metres deep—pools that are exposed to the sun's heat during the summer. One would cover these pools with plastic, so that the stored heat would not be lost by either evaporation or radiation. In the winter, one could use this heat by piping the water into the complex of houses. The idea appeals to me, and I hope it works. But one must keep in mind that it is at present untested and that it would apply, in its present form, only to places where the population density is rather small. One must set aside an area about the size of a small park just for a pool. It would take some time to install these facilities, but if enough space is available one might be able to make communal solar-heating facilities at prices competitive with the present price of natural gas.

"This is about the best idea I have heard of for using solar energy on a large scale. When it comes to the prospects for making electricity from solar heat—either for a small community or for a large central power station—things look a great deal worse. The development that I have studied is the one that is now going on in Barstow, California. Four teams are participating. Each team consists of a big industrial firm, an architect-engineering firm, a research group, and a utility. They are constructing what is known as a power tower. This is the cheapest way that has so far been proposed to produce electricity from solar radiation. It consists of one tower—perhaps a hundred metres high—surrounded by a field of about eighteen hundred heliostats, or movable mirrors. Each mirror is a square six and a half metres on a side. The mirrors are individually directed by a computer during the day so that they continuously reflect the maximum solar radiation on the central tower. This heats water in the tower, and the boiling water is fed into a standard electricity generator. It is estimated that with the current technology the power tower can produce electricity at a price of about fifteen hundred dollars per installed kilowatt—about twice the present price of nuclear power. In this price estimate, all the savings on mass production of the mirrors have been figured in. Moreover, the kilowatts are available only in the daytime and possibly a few hours afterward—with suitable heat storage—while nuclear power is available twenty-four hours a day. A system like that is practical only in a desert, because the areas involved are very large—about eight square miles to produce as much power (one gigawatt) as the standard nuclear or coal-fired plant—and one would not want to divert such areas from agricultural production. If one wanted to supply all our electrical power this way, one would need about eighty million mirrors, covering an area of almost five thousand square miles. Such an array could be accommodated in our Western deserts and also in many tropical countries, but it would be difficult to find similar areas in Europe or Japan, even if reliable sunshine were available there. The environmental effects have not yet been assessed. At the estimated mass-production prices, five thousand square miles of mirrors and their gen-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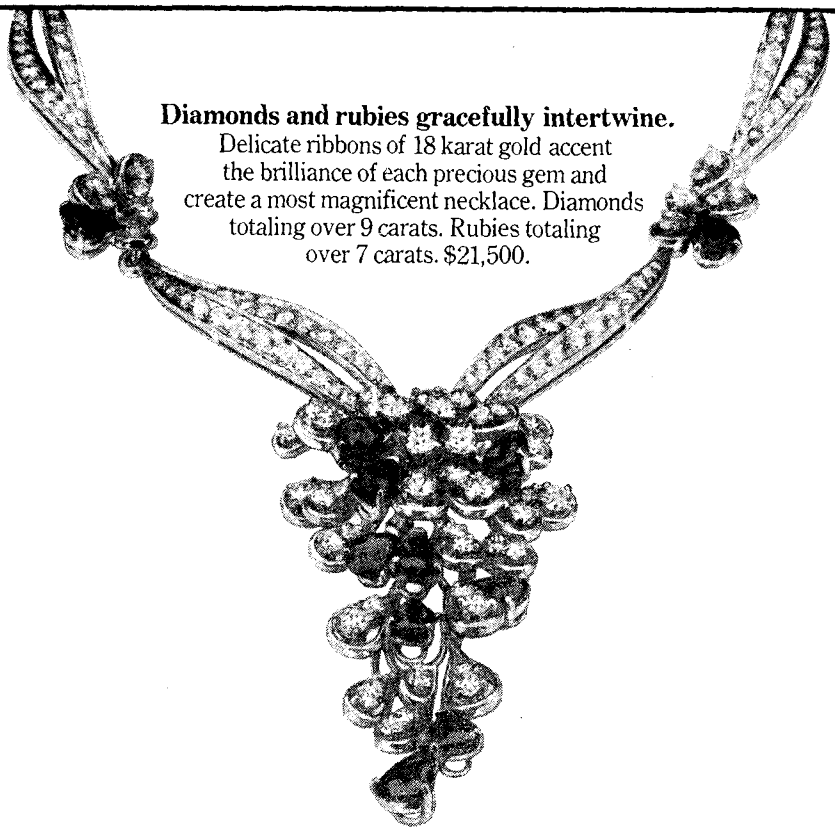
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erating stations would represent an investment of nine hundred billion dollars. Our present rate of investment in power stations is about twenty billion dollars a year, and at that rate it would take forty years to install enough solar power stations to supply even our present needs—and, of course, the first station would have broken down before the last one was built."

Much of the interest in the use of solar energy is centered on what are known as photovoltaic devices, or solar cells. These have been used to provide electric power for spacecraft. In the space program, economics was not a consideration, whereas economics is the primary consideration in large-scale terrestrial applications. First, how do these devices work? When light of sufficient energy illuminates a material like silicon or germanium, the electrons that are always present in the material can be promoted, energetically, into what is known as the conduction band. These electrons can then flow, and the resulting current is available for useful work. It turns out that only a relatively narrow part of the solar spectrum is useful for exciting the electrons. When the sunlight is below a minimum energy, the electrons cannot be induced to flow, and above a certain energy a significant portion of the light energy is dissipated in useless heat. This limits the theoretical efficiency of the cells. A silicon cell has a maximum theoretical efficiency of about twenty-nine per cent, while a gallium arsenide cell has about a thirty-six-per-cent efficiency. A recent study on solar-photovoltaic energy by the American Physical Society notes that ingenious combinations of materials might produce a maximal efficiency greater than fifty per cent; but the more complex the arrangement, the more it will cost to make. In practice, the limitations on the working efficiency of the cells are considerably below the theoretical maximum, because of imperfections in the cells. Present-day cells convert sunlight into electricity with an over-all efficiency of about ten per cent.

What, then, would the cost of photovoltaic electricity have to be in order to be competitive with, say, coal-generated electricity in the year 2000? The American Physical Society study concluded that, so far as cost was concerned, it did not matter significantly whether the cells were used in a central power station or whether they were deployed residentially. In either case, to be competitive their price would have to be between ten and forty cents (in 1975 dollars) per generated watt. (The analysis is done for peak watt-

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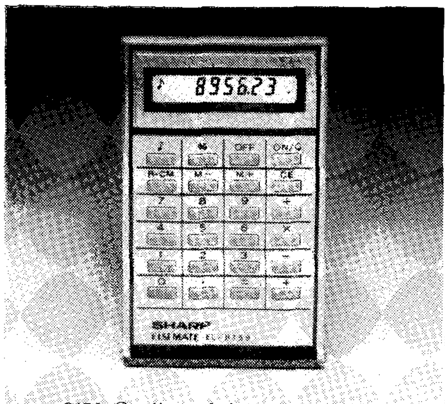

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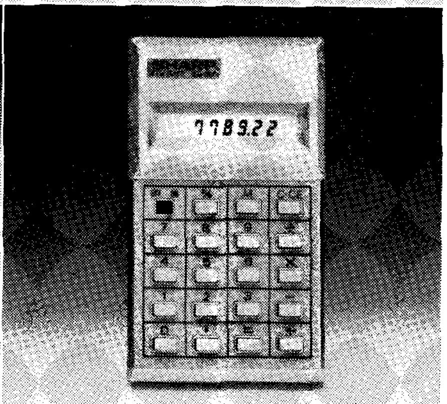

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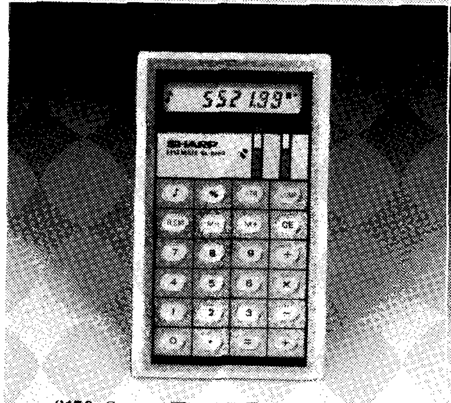

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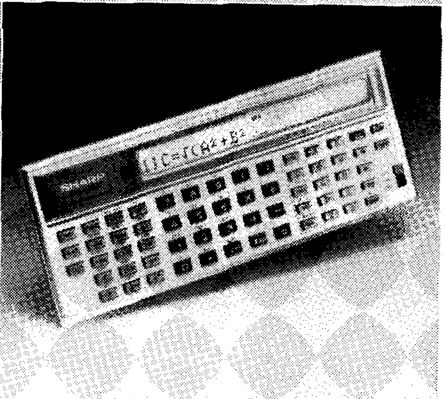

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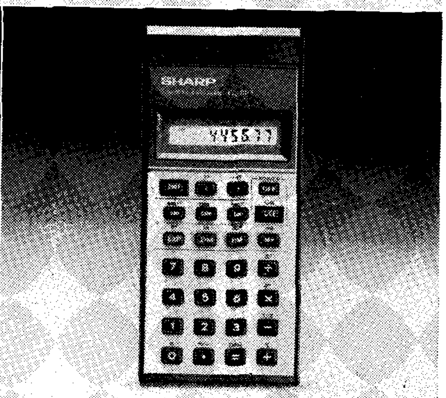

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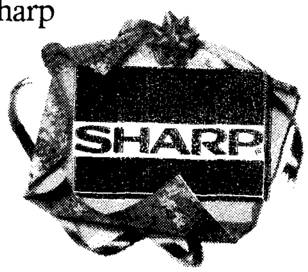

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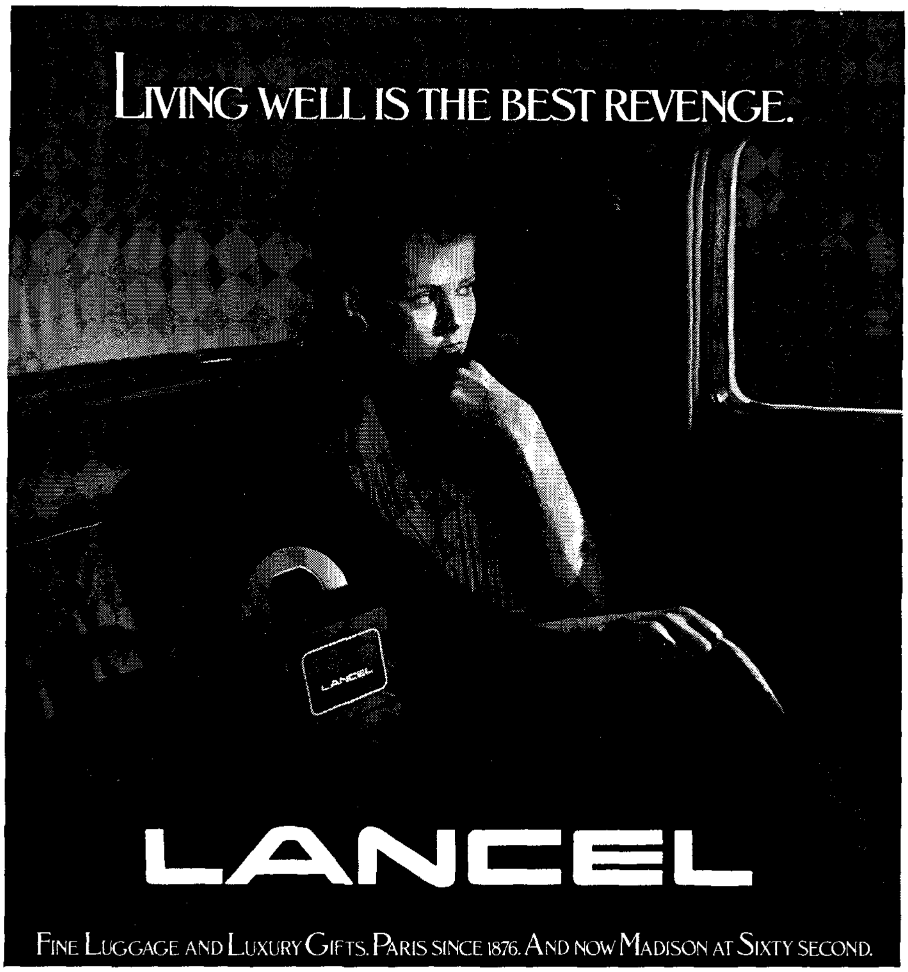
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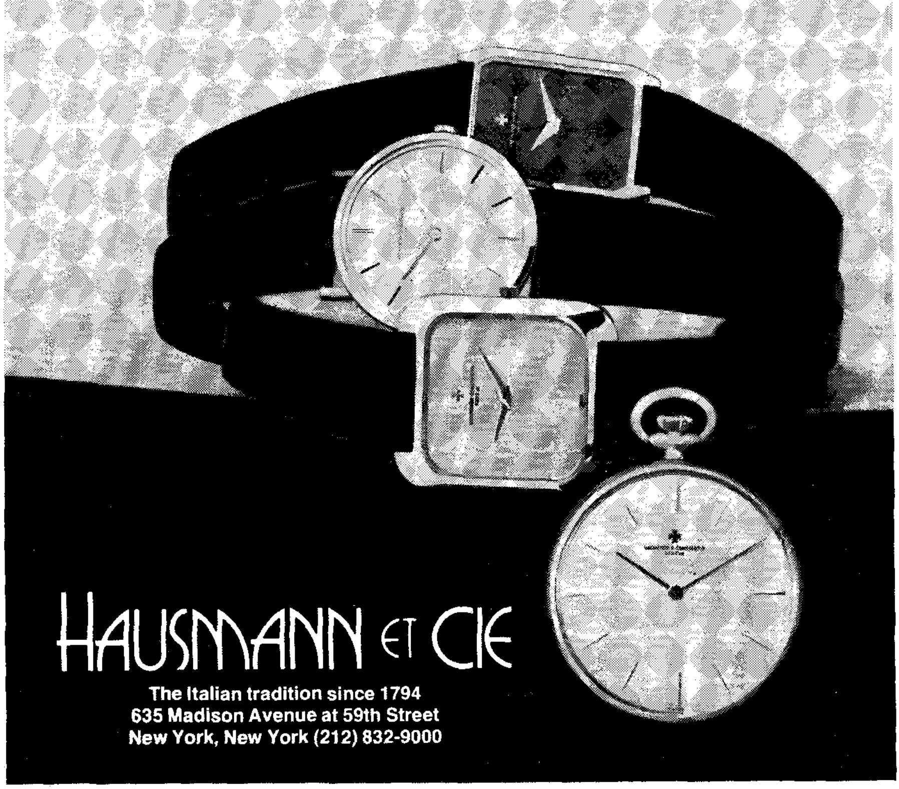

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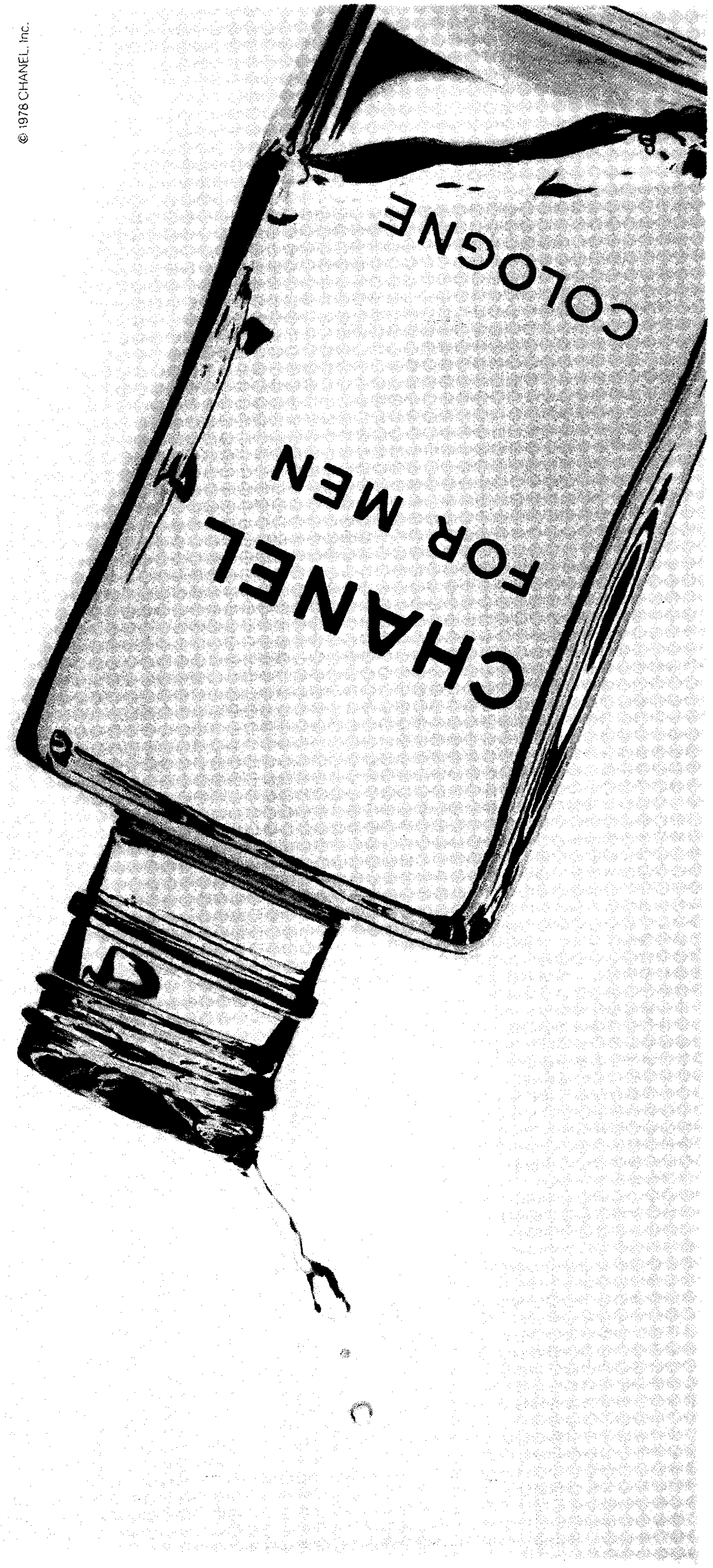
age—when the sun is shining at its brightest. Evidently, the cells will generate no electricity when the sun is not shining.) In other words, the price would have to come down by a factor of about twenty. In a discussion of the study, published in *Physics Today*, Henry Ehrenreich, the study group's chairman, and his colleague John Martin note, "This requirement is sufficiently stringent as to require major technical advances, if not breakthroughs, before extensive deployment can become a reasonable course of action." They worry that "a premature entry into large-scale U.S. deployment before the technology has reached fruition might lock us into an overly costly technology. Indeed, the national interest may well be served optimally by an emphasis on research and development accompanied by measured and technologically appropriate progress in government-assisted commercialization." They conclude that it will be "some thirty years or more" before photovoltaics can make a real dent in our energy problems.

When I discussed this with Bethe recently, he commented, "Photovoltaic devices, which convert solar radiation directly into electric current, have become much cheaper in the last few years, and a lot of research is going on in this field, but they are still at least three times the price of the power tower. Perhaps their price will come down in the future, but we cannot count on that. The use of satellites for collecting solar energy and beaming it down by microwaves to earth is, as far as I can see, far more expensive still, because of the cost of transporting all the materials up into space. Windmills have been proposed as an indirect way of harnessing the sun's energy; they may have their uses in certain regions, where winds are strong and steady, especially if the regions are also very remote—such as the Aleutian Islands, where it is costly to bring in conventional energy sources. But on the whole wind-generated power is high-cost power compared to conventional sources, and, in any case, it is not very reliable."

Bethe went on, "As you can see, I have been rather negative about solar energy in this discussion. That does not mean that I am against using solar energy—on the contrary. Wherever it is economically reasonable, it is a very good thing to use. The trouble that I have with proposals to use solar energy is that so many people promise that it will by itself solve our energy problem. It won't—or, at least, there is nothing now in sight to indicate that it will. It will contribute here and there to the heating of water, to the heating of houses, possibly to some industrial heating. But our need for energy is much too great to be satisfied this way, and the production of solar electricity on a large scale is as yet nowhere in sight. Therefore, what I am troubled about with solar energy is that people use it as an excuse, a reason for not developing other sources of energy—primarily nuclear and coal—which we know how to use, and which, in combination, could satisfy our energy needs. To postpone and slow down the use of these important sources of energy because of some distant future in which solar energy may become very important seems to me a dangerous thing for our country and for the world. I am not against solar energy. Let us do all the research we can on it. Let us use it in every way that is economically feasible. But let us not use it as an argument against taking energy measures that are more immediate and necessary."

IN the light of Bethe's over-all analysis, I asked him what he felt the country should be doing to deal with the energy problem. What specific steps should we be taking now?

"First of all, the country has to realize that the energy problem is terribly serious and is likely to be permanent," he answered. "Next, it must recognize that there are really two problems: one is to provide enough *total* energy, and the other is to provide fluid fuels of all types—mainly oil and gas. But for the next twenty years, at least, I believe that the mainstays will have to be coal and nuclear power—that we will need more of both of them. Much more. We should make every effort to get more coal, not only from our Eastern mines but also from our Western mines. I do not think that this is a time when we should favor one kind of mine over the other. We will need them all, and we will need to open Western mines, in particular, rather quickly. We will have to rebuild our railroads so that in the future we can transport coal from our Western mines. We should replace oil with coal in the production of electric power as soon as possible. The use of so much coal will require us to adopt a more flexible attitude toward the pollution problems that coal produces. For example, Western coal is largely free of sulphur, so power plants that use it should not need the elaborate scrubbers required for plants that use Eastern



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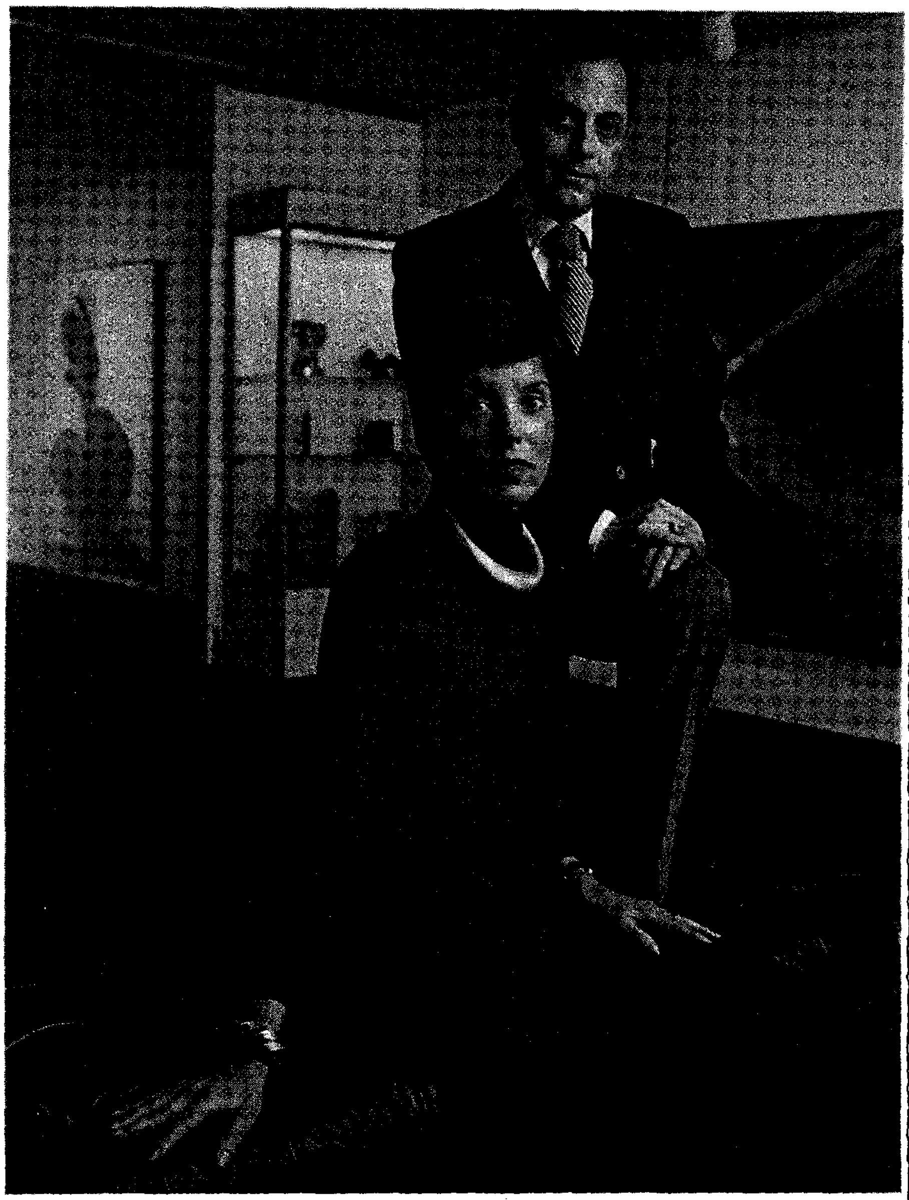

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coal. These scrubbers, which remove the sulphur from the smoke, add about a hundred million dollars to the cost of a coal-burning power plant. There will have to be some give-and-take between the obvious need to prevent air pollution and the equally obvious need to conserve oil. Coal should be substituted for oil wherever possible in electric power plants and in industrial heating. Coal can also serve as a raw material for solving the second problem, that of providing fluid fuels—synthetic gas and oil. It is believed that synthetic gas can be made for about five dollars per thousand cubic feet—a price that is equivalent in heating value to a price of about thirty dollars for a barrel of oil, which is not very far from the present world-market oil price. Synthetic oil from coal would be more expensive. Luckily, for this purpose we have an alternative—shale oil, which can be distilled from certain rocks. We have a great deal of oil shale, especially in Colorado and Utah, and we should begin to exploit these deposits.

"The prospects for synthetic gas and oil look rather hopeful. Both the President and Congress want to sponsor an effort to develop synthetic-fuel plants, both from coal and from oil shale. The plan is similar to one that was proposed in 1975 by Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller; namely, to set up a special energy fund for lending money for such investments. We have lost four precious years, but now that the urgency is more obvious I hope this plan will materialize quickly. The oil will be needed to replace natural petroleum for running cars, trucks, diesel locomotives, and airplanes, and both oil and gas are essential for making the petrochemicals that are basic for so many of our industrial products.

"We clearly need to improve the safety of our nuclear reactors. One of the lessons that Three Mile Island taught us was that the signals on the control panel of a reactor must be improved so as to give the operators a clear picture of the state of the reactor at all times. Reactor operators must be better trained and better paid, and the weaknesses in some of the specific reactor designs must be corrected. The accident also appears to have convinced the nuclear industry to take some strong new steps to improve reactor safety. It is not just a matter of improving the industry's public image. The financial losses in an accident like that at Three Mile Island, even when there is no substantial effect on the health of individuals, are enormous. In every way, the industry simply cannot afford to have accidents like that. There are three major new programs—the Nuclear Safety Analysis Center, the Institute for Nuclear Power Operations, and a mutual-insurance program to help individual electric utilities in case there is an accident. In my view, the most important of the new entities is the Institute for Nuclear Power Operations. In addition to setting educational and training requirements for nuclear-power-plant operators, it will also conduct independent evaluations to assist utilities in meeting the standards it sets. Very likely, participation in this program will be a condition for inclusion in the mutual-insurance program. So there will be strong incentives for individual utilities to meet high standards of safety and excellence in reactor operation. I feel sure that through the joint efforts of industry and government nuclear safety in the future will be much greater than it has been and that the probability of a major accident can be reduced to a very low level indeed—much lower still than the estimates in the Rasmussen report."

Summing up, Bethe said, "Aside from improving nuclear safety, we must also start serious efforts toward the disposal of nuclear wastes. In particular, we must make a systematic geological study of places that might be suitable for waste disposal. Large amounts of nuclear waste exist now, and it will not go away by wishful thinking. We must also understand that uranium, like oil, is a vanishing resource. Hence, we should develop reactors like the CANDU, which use less uranium for the generation of a given amount of power than our present power plants do. I think that—for the next few decades, at least—nuclear power is essential for our energy needs. But it is not enough to solve our energy problems. We need a determined conservation effort, especially in transportation and in the insulation of houses. We must start to conserve now. We need a vigorous program to make synthetic fuels, and it now seems that the government will inaugurate such a program. Research and development of solar energy should be encouraged, although I do not believe it will make a substantial impact in the next twenty years or so. No one of these programs by itself will solve our energy problems, but all of them together have a good chance of succeeding."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the last part of a three-part Profile.*)

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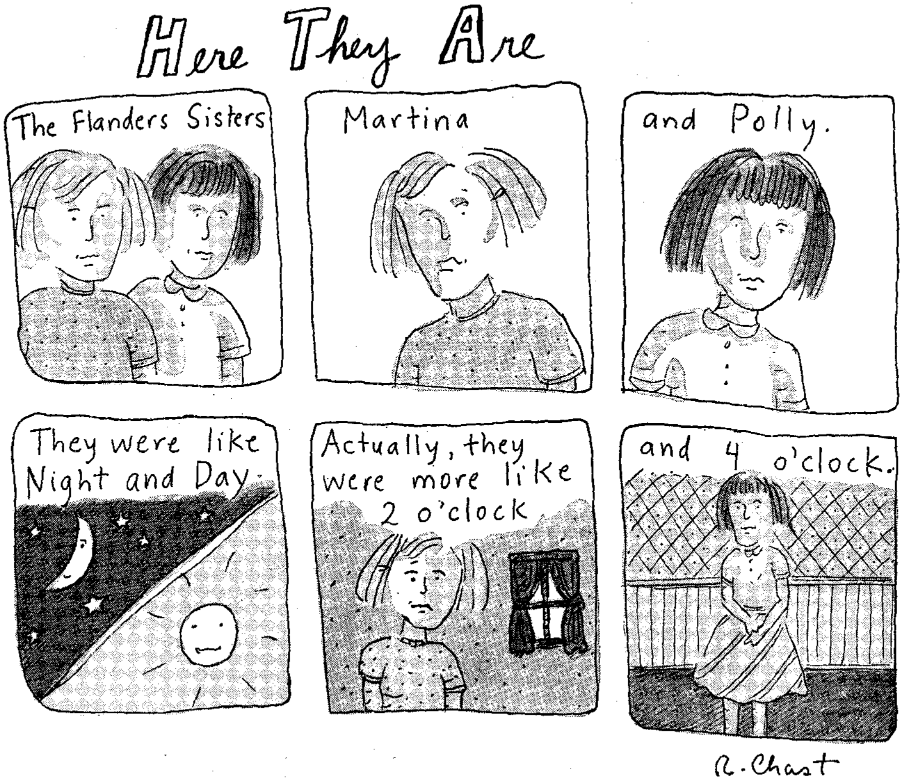
TO be overly ambitious is a good failing in a young and gifted playwright, and I am quick to forgive Martin Sherman for most of the flaws in “Bent” (at the New Apollo), a play that is well worth our serious attention. Mr. Sherman has tried to tell two or three stories at once, and sometimes the working out of their plots leads not to enlightenment but to collision, and yet what passionate, blood-drenched theatre he offers us along the way! Beaumont and Fletcher in Heaven must be gnashing their teeth with envy. “Bent”’s curtain rises on a flaw: in what comes close to being a mere prank, the playwright seeks to conceal from us that the opening scene—a homosexual household on the morning after a night of drunken partygoing—though it appears at first to be laid in the present, in a flat that might well be in Greenwich Village, is in fact laid in Berlin in the early nineteen-thirties. The play’s hero, Max, is stumbling about in the grip of a prodigious hangover, while his lover, Rudy, solicitously feeds him breakfast. Soon it turns out that Max has brought home a conquest, who emerges from a sleeping alcove Adam-naked, and a few minutes later is unceremoniously done to death by uniformed thugs—Storm Troopers purging their ranks of homosexuals. No doubt Sherman hoped that this introductory juggling with place and time would serve to indicate the universality and duration of the homosexual “problem,” but it gets the play off to a false start; looking back, we feel an irritated sense of having been gratuitously trifled with.

“Bent” has two main themes: homosexual love and the nature of survival. Max is an incessant flirt, who finds himself incapable of love and who affects to believe that love is beyond all homosexuals; he fails, in the celebrated phrase of E. M. Forster, to connect. Fearing for their lives, he and Rudy escape from Berlin, but are tracked down, arrested, and put on a train that is to carry them to the Nazi concentration camp at Dachau, where Hitler is engaged in providing a final solution for homosexuals as well as for Jews. To his horror, Max finds himself being made to act as the not altogether unwilling instrument of Rudy’s death; subsequently, hoping to be imprisoned as a Jew rather than as a homosexual, he convinces his captors of his masculinity by performing (mercifully for us, offstage) a grotesque act of sexual intercourse. Nothing matters to him so much as the brute need to survive. In the grim isolation of Dachau, he chooses a new lover, Horst, whose amorous advances he then for a while rejects. Both men suffer horrifying fates as the play ends, but the message of the play isn’t a despairing one: Max finally elects not to survive, because he perceives that he has become capable of love. His death is a form of connection.



After the bustling, highly colored melodrama of the first act of “Bent,” we are confronted in the second act with a gray aridity of word and gesture that puts us in mind of Beckett. The disparity is less troubling than one might fear, thanks to a first-rate cast and the bold chance-taking of the director, Robert Allan Ackerman. Richard Gere, David Dukes, and David Marshall Grant play, respectively, Max, Horst, and Rudy; they are all very fine indeed, as are George Hall, in a small role as an aging “fluff,” and Michael Gross, as a heterosexual female impersonator. The settings are by Santo Loquasto, the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut, and the costumes are by Robert Wojewodski.

“Bette! Divine Madness” is the silly title of the musical show that Bette Midler has brought to the Majestic, but Miss Midler is far from being a silly woman. What she lacks in talent she makes up for with courage and energy; she will do *anything* to please an audience, whether it be telling dirty jokes and displaying a bosom that, in the words of T. S. Eliot, gives “promise of pneumatic bliss” or simply and bizarrely crawling about the stage on her hands and knees. She sings in a voice that has been amplified over sixteen speakers and is as deafening and unmusical as Victoria Falls; in lieu of dancing, she struts, and from first to last she takes care to smile, smile, smile, smile, smile. I am always mindless and happy in her presence. Miss Midler is accompanied by three female singers (Franny Eisenberg, Linda Hart, and Paulette McWilliams) and a male dancer who calls himself Shabba-Doo, and who, being tall, slender, black, graceful, and highly skilled, makes an admirable foil for her. The musical direction of the show is by Tony Berg and Randy Kerber, the choreography is by Marla Blakey, and the lighting is by Chipmonck.

“The Art of Dining,” by Tina Howe, closed at the Public Theatre on Sunday after a brief run (and will be turning up soon at the Kennedy Center, in Washington). It’s a delightful little comedy, about a couple of young people who have just opened

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SPEAKING of that roof, I ought to mention that it also shelters Joseph Chaikin, who in the space known as the Other Stage is giving a one-man show entitled "Tongues." Billed as a collaboration between Sam Shepard and Mr. Chaikin, it has a musical accompaniment written by Skip LaPlante, Harry Mann, and Sam Shepard and played by Skip LaPlante and Harry Mann. Chaikin is one of the most beguiling and resourceful actors alive, and I enjoyed listening to the many odd scraps of musings out of which "Tongues" has been accumulated, but I couldn't resist striving to make conventional sense of them. This was obviously not what the authors wished me to do; I ought to have relaxed and let the words drizzle down over me like a light spring rain, but no such luck—I remained alert and uneasy, and left the performance marvelling at Chaikin and longing to sample again the sturdy pleasures of coherent speech. . . . The latest play to be given by the Women's Project at the American Place Theatre is called "Holy Places." An attractive title, and I'm sorry to say that nothing else about the play deserves that adjective. The author is Gail Kriegel Mallin. . . . Charles Ludlam is giving his version of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" down at the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's subterranean headquarters, on Sheridan Square. Mr. Ludlam mostly lets Dickens have his extravagant way, and he himself makes an ideal Scrooge. Something to take the children to.

—BRENDAN GILL

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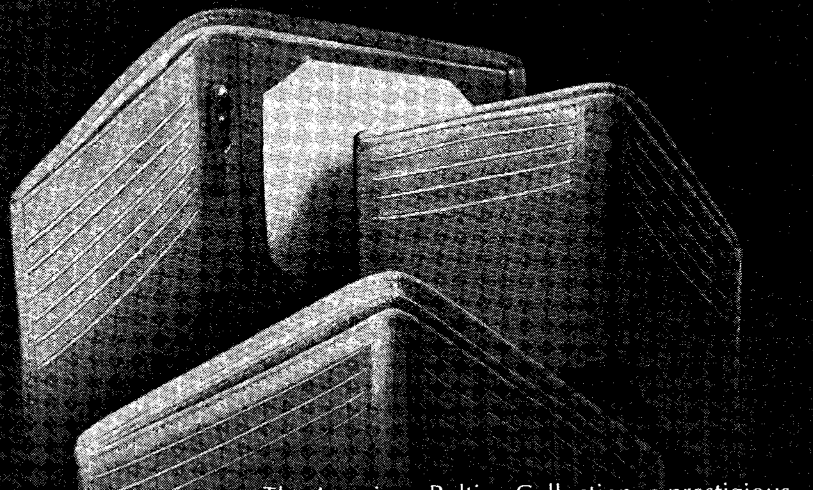

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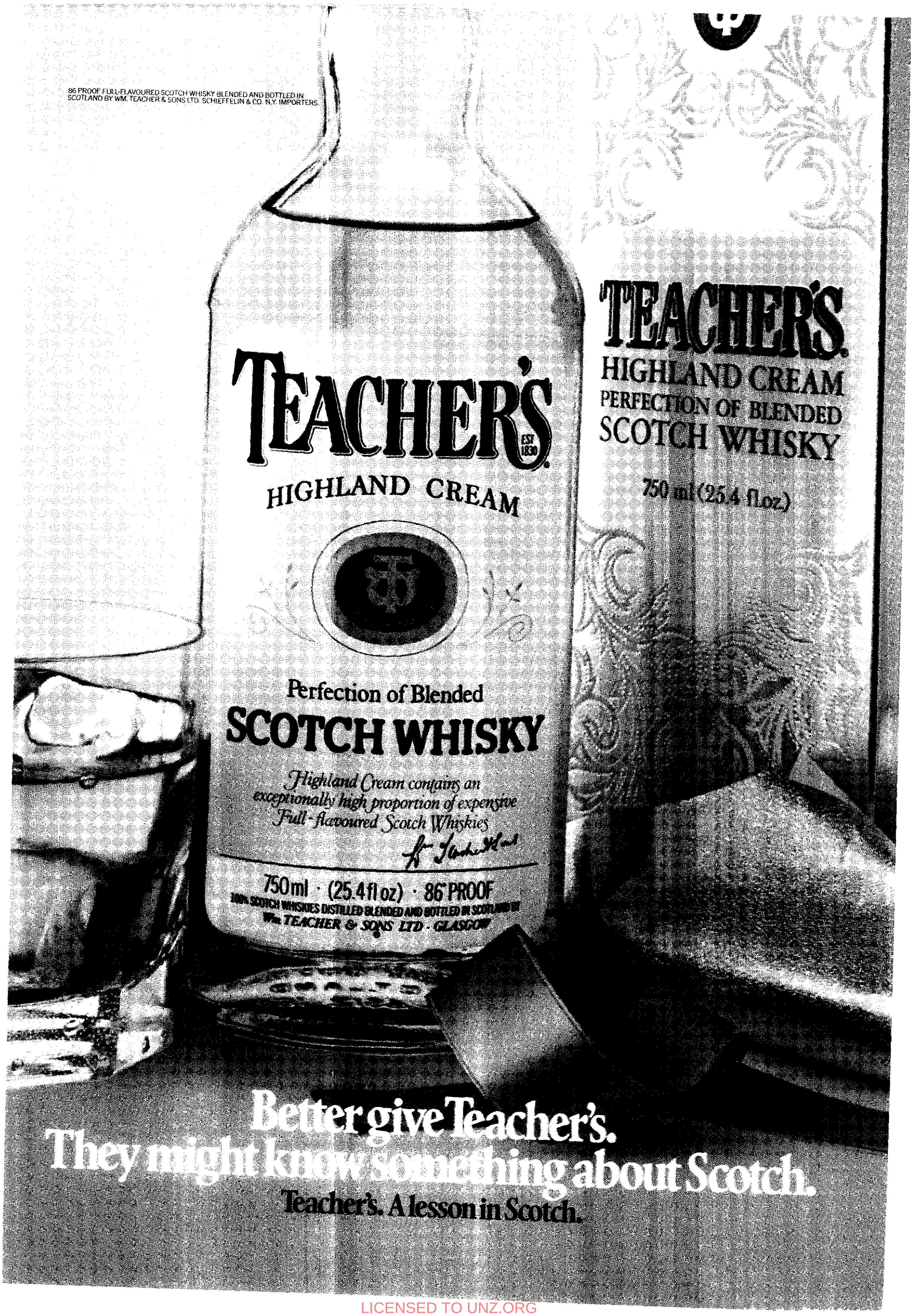
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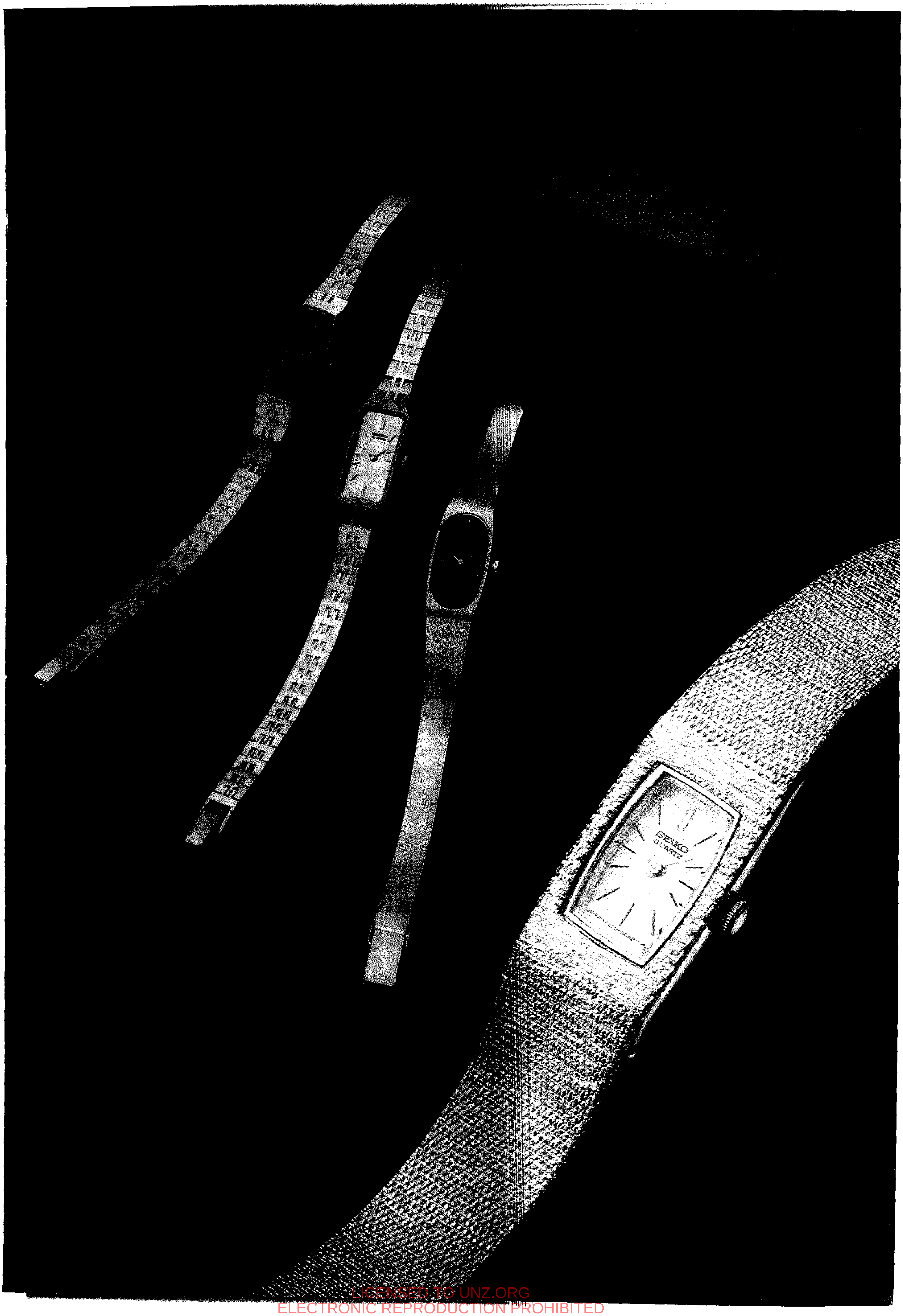
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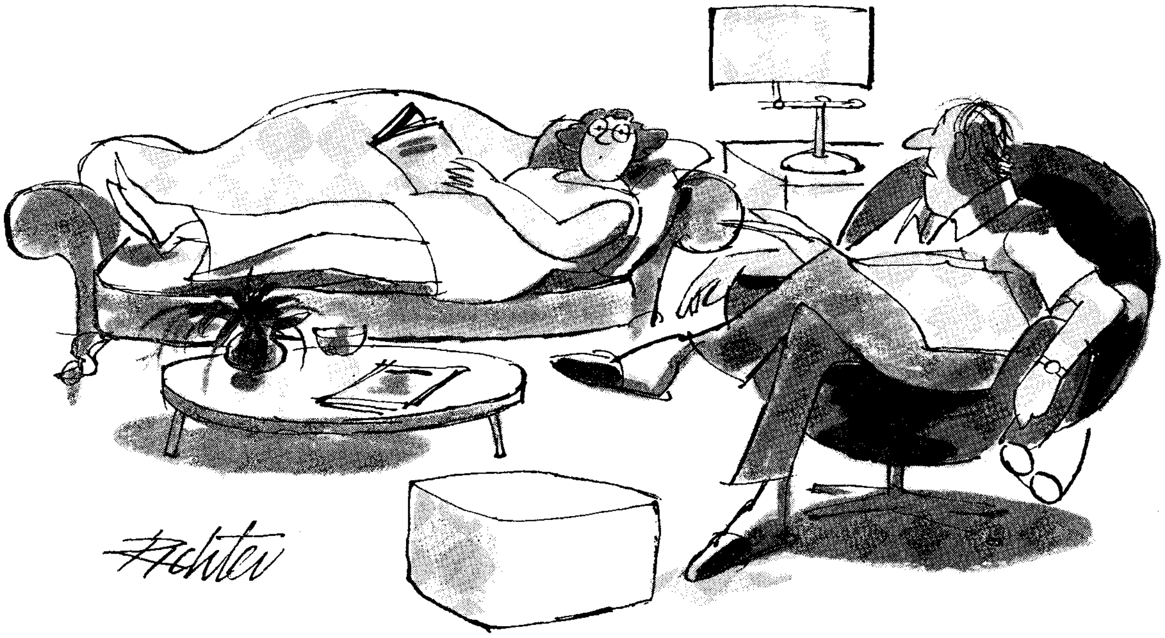
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

THE sale of food in New York is reaching epidemic proportions. Every thirty-eight seconds, another cheese store opens in Manhattan. Chocolate-chip venders are seen soliciting in broad daylight in midtown. Croissants, pâtés, fresh pasta, imported preserves and biscuits are as ubiquitous as cat food; arugula, raspberries, chives, and mint never go out of season. The days when we innocently spoke of "gourmet food" seem as distant as the days of "casseroles." There is scarcely a child left in town who doesn't know how to eat an artichoke or wield his little snail tongs, or an adult who can't handle phyllo-pastry sheets and eviscerate squid. Where will it all end? The day may not be too far off when civic measures will have to be taken against the gourmandise threatening to disfigure us all. Fun City will become Fat Farm. The Board of Health will close down bakeries on grounds of girth; the vice squad will rush bowls of gruel to the victims of Brie and *triple crème;* vegetarian vigilantes will patrol the side streets for sneak *charcutiers*, while brown-rice nuts pick off pastry chefs on the avenues; the Mayor will hold food-free press breakfasts; mineral-water tastings will take place on the Mall; cautionary side-view photographs of the portly will be hung in supermarkets; youths loitering about in alleys passing Godiva chocolates will be hassled.

Without a doubt, the most dangerous food shop in the city—surely the first to be put down when the day of retrenchment comes—is Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, near Wooster. Here, in an enormous white space formerly occupied by a sign-maker, the greatest profusion of delicacies probably ever to be assembled anywhere is on tantalizing display: cheeses, pâtés, cold meats, fruits, vegetables, nuts, oils, vinegars, breads, pastries, teas, coffees, honeys, preserves, olives, candies, cookies beckon to the visitor as no mere things to eat have ever beckoned before. The Horn of Plenty is like the inside of a fashion model's refrigerator compared to this Valhalla of comestibles. On a central butcher-block counter, which spans nearly the length of the store (it stops short of a housewares section in the rear) and turns on itself to form a long, narrow loop, bunches of grapes, baskets of shallots, bowls of olives, straw mats of cheeses, jars of dried mushrooms, bundles of leeks, handfuls of pears, apples, and figs are strewn about with artful carelessness, looking not like things for sale in a shop but like glimpses into some mythic European country kitchen where preparations are under way for an outdoor artists' lunch. During a visit in October, as we stood talking to one of the owners, the lovely aroma of basil signalled the arrival of a wooden crate filled with large, bedewed bunches of the herb. As our interlocutor extolled the virtues of a bag of prunes he was holding up, we watched a young clerk approach the crate, seize a handful of basil, regard it speculatively, then densely fill a large white earthenware bowl with bunches of the stuff, edge it with a border of two kinds of parsley, and set it down on the counter, together with a card offering the basil at $1 a bunch. Other memorable still-lifes, seen on other visits, included a gray stoneware bowl encircled by a blue-glaze band holding bouquets of dill, chives, mint, and purple basil; a large straw garden basket with an arching handle full of cauliflower, purple-tinged broccoli, and artichokes; an enormous white earthenware bowl in which cranberries simply and beautifully reposed; bundles of asparagus, ginger roots, green peppers, and heads of garlic lying about in guileless copiousness; a cream earthenware bowl in which black Greek olives, glistening with oil and specked with leaves of dried rosemary, were mingled with cloves and whole heads of garlic; a stuffed suckling pig with an apple in his mouth, parked on his platter so casually—like yesterday's roast left out for the children's supper—that the price ($16.50 a pound or $160 whole) came as a mild shock.

Of all the things we have sampled from Dean & DeLuca, one item lingers beyond all others in our recollection. This is the Balsamic vinegar from Modena, Italy, priced (and we think not overpriced) at $3.50 a pint. After tasting it, we realized that we had left the Platonic cave of shadowy simulacrums and finally had a vinegar. Other vinegars pale before the vivid reality of this one; they seem weak, thin, insubstantial, sour, watery, unserious. Balsamic's dark, opaque, almost soy-sauce color is an accurate visual representation of its rich, resonant pungency. Salad dressings made with ordinary earthly vinegars require the addition of mustard, garlic, and herbs for virtue, but a dressing made with Balsamic needs only oil, salt, and pepper—and



"We've been married for over thirty years, Margaret. Just what are we trying to prove?"

the quality of the oil isn't as important here as it is with lesser vinegars; engine oil would probably do. Balsamic is also for sale at the five Pasta & Cheese stores, at the uptown price of $5 a pint—to the chagrin of Giorgio DeLuca, who was the first to bring the vinegar to this country but is not enjoying the prerogatives of a discoverer, often having to wait for a shipment while the latecomers are served.

A discovery of DeLuca's that is so far unique to the SoHo store is the prunes that Mr. DeLuca was urging on us in vain as we gaped at the basil; had we known whereof he spoke, we would have paid more attention, for these are no mere prunes. They derive from Mirabelle plums grown in a small orchard in Lorraine that belongs to a maker of *eau-de-vie;* in exchange for certain favors regarding the marketing of the *eau-de-vie,* he lets Dean & DeLuca have a few precious bagfuls of prunes. The small, wizened, black dried fruits, no larger than large olives, have a delicate, sweet plum taste rather than the assertive, almost medicinal, possibly punitive taste of regular prunes. They are a rare delicacy, and the price is $6.75 a pound.

We were astonished by the fresh, mild taste of a goat cheese called La Pointe de Bique, which is flown in weekly from France. It is made in half-pound lumpish pyramids whose surface is mottled with gray specks of ash, and is so subtly caprine that it may even seem a little insipid to the lover of a good, strong goat cheese, though it didn't to us. The pleasure of La Pointe de Bique depends on its absolute freshness, and the day we ate it, it was just off the plane, with the bloom still on. Price $6 apiece. However, another fine cheese—Ermitage Muenster, from Alsace, at $6 a pound—had ripened to an inedible rankness in its stay on the counter; we would advise buyers of cheese here to admire the displays on the counter but to buy only out of the refrigerated cases. We enjoyed Dean & DeLuca's Crotton Poivre, from the Loire Valley, a hard yellowish cheese irregularly studded with peppercorns, which resonate throughout the strong, warm taste; $5.25 a pound. An excellent Cantal is sold here for $4.75; it's a sharp, unpretending cheese with the texture of cheddar but the flavor of—Cantal. Dutch Roomkaas ($3.60 a pound) has a smooth, mellow flavorfulness, is in the family of Gouda, and is good with a cracker and a cold, hard apple.

Dean & DeLuca sells a sensational homemade mayonnaise, better than we have tasted in any home. It has a delicate, trembling texture, and its undercurrent flavor of vinegar and garlic is unctuously melded to the oil-and-egg base; $2.50 a pint. The store's smoked chicken breasts are an excellent vehicle for the mayonnaise (as is a spoon), being mildly cured and of a firm, dense, smooth texture; $5 a pound. Corncob-smoked ham from Vermont is sweetly delicious and as soft as a worn baby blanket; $7.50 a pound. Nitrite-free ham is, alas, less delicious, and its texture is somewhat rubbery; $6 a pound.

From the anthology of works by local hands, professional and amateur, that forms the Dean & DeLuca pastry department, we sampled the following: crisp, light-textured, lemon-permeated two-inch squares heavily dusted with powdered sugar (seventy cents each); chocolate cubes made up of thick layers of dense chocolate cream alternating with layers of dense chocolate cake ($1.15 each); a tea cake made in a Bundt mold, friable, lemon-flavored, and speckled throughout with poppy seeds, of which it slightly tastes ($5.75 a pound); and a nut-and-raisin-studded carrot cake with a white icing, the best of its genre we know of ($3.25 a pound).

We talked with Joel Dean, a stubby, sandy-haired man of forty-eight, and Giorgio DeLuca, a wiry, dark-haired man of thirty-five, in Dean's loft, a block away, which looks nothing like the shop, being a cool, studied, architectural space furnished only with white sofas, settees, and beds; plants; a wall of books; single strange lilies in vases; and a number of large paintings by Jack Ceglic, with whom Dean lives and who also designed the store. The handsomely austere kitchen area had not a trace of food in it, we noticed. Dean & DeLuca opened two years ago, we learned from the partners, growing out of a small cheese store, at 120 Prince Street, that DeLuca had opened two years earlier, after an unhappy year of teaching history at Haaren High School to students he found disrespectful. Meanwhile, his friend Dean was growing restive in his job in the business department of Simon & Schuster, and was thinking of opening a housewares store; when the signmaker moved out and 121 Prince Street became available, the two men decided to go into business together and try to fill the vast space with food and housewares—reversing the usual procedure of finding a space to fit the business, and living not to rue their unorthodoxy.

An even more unbuttoned attitude toward the vicissitudes of New York real estate was recently exhibited by a young entrepreneur named David Liederman. Seeking to rent space in a new building for a small shop to house his chocolate-chip-cookie business, he was informed that he would also have to lease an adjoining space, big enough for a restaurant. This would have sent most cookie-makers scurrying to other sites, but not Liederman, who accepted the deal and coolly opened a restaurant to go with his cookie bakery and store. The six-month-old enterprise, called David's Cookie Kitchen, at 1018 Second Avenue (54th), is enjoying an enormous, deserved success—lines extending into the street at lunch hour, desperate wretches pounding on the door at opening time, and two replicas of the bakery at Macy's. Liederman says that he worked for two years on the basic cookie recipe, making more than two hundred batches before he was satisfied. He had previously practiced law (for eight months) and then served as a *saucier* at the Troisgros restaurant in Roanne. According to a framed, notarized letter from his mother, which is on view in the shop, his first word, at the age of eleven months, was "cookie." The basic Liederman chocolate-chip cookie has large, irregular hunks of bittersweet chocolate embedded in a dough that strikes a nice balance between pliancy and crispness. The primary ingredients are displayed in the shop: Land O'Lakes sweet butter, Lindt bittersweet chocolate, and Hecker's unbleached flour. Cookie variations are offered, which add pecans, walnuts, or espresso coffee to the basic item, and there is an all-chocolate version, too. There is also an independent honey-and-oatmeal cookie, which Liederman concedes isn't very good, but which has such a large following that when he took it off the list complaints were unceasing until he put it back on. Liederman has been approached by other entrepreneurs who would like to sell his cookies in their own stores, but he always refuses, since he feels that the freshness of the cookies—they come out of the oven all day, and it is rare to buy one that is more

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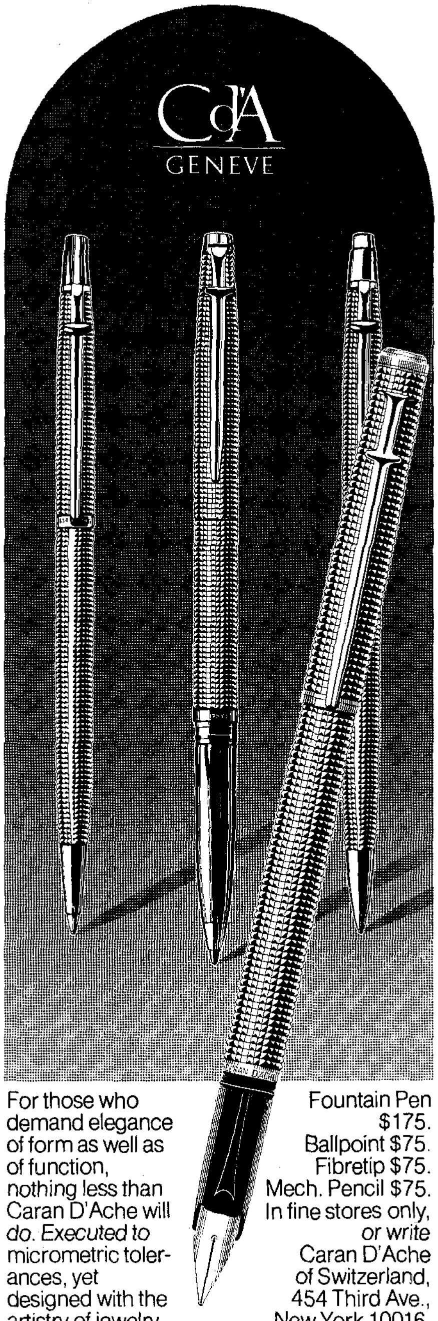

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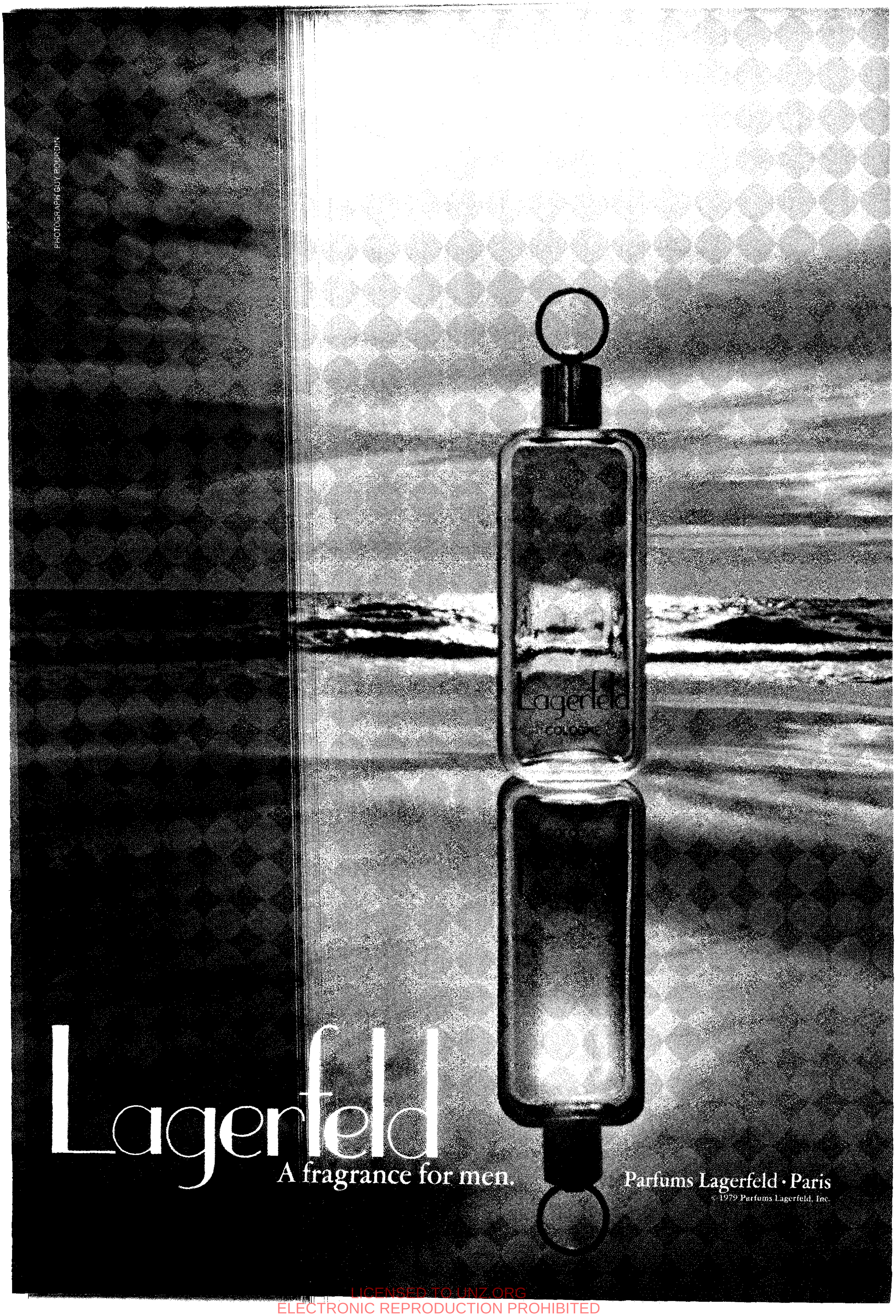
than twenty minutes old—is intrinsic to their merit. All of Liederman's cookies are $5 a pound. A very rich, delicious kosher milk from New Jersey is also offered, in small and large containers, for forty and seventy-five cents, along with an excellent long, thin French bread made in the bakery of the mandatory restaurant next door; eighty cents a loaf.

WE paid an early-November call on the new Creative Director of Bloomingdale's food department—Pamela Krausmann, formerly of Bendel's—a very thin young woman who told us that her job was to "educate the public about food" (which should take some doing, since, apparently, "people come in here who don't even know what walnut oil is") and to dispense advice about gifts and entertainment in her office, by appointment. Pamela (we take the liberty of calling her that, since she looks *barely old enough to vote*) had just got back from a trip to France and Italy, unearthing rare delicacies for Bloomingdale's in obscure villages—things like a very special cold-pressed olive oil made by one Roger Michel, "who lives just down the hill from Julia Child" in the South of France, and an exquisite small peach, which grows between rows of grapes in the Mionnay neighborhood of Alain Chapel (another "heavy person in the European food Establishment"), and which M. Chapel has obligingly agreed to make into a jam for Bloomingdale's. Pamela gave us a newsletter that she had just finished writing, and in it we read of such exotica as white truffles, bottled girolle mushrooms, preserved melon, jars of sorrel, and "a small supply of honey produced by a young man in France," for which lucky Bloomingdale's had got the contract. However, none of these treats would be in the shop before Thanksgiving, since, as Pamela patiently explained, the fruit was still being harvested by peasants, the oil being pressed, the sorrel chopped, as truffle hogs strained at their leashes and the young Frenchman improved his shining hours. In that case, we asked, was there something currently available in the delicacy department that might be worth mentioning in our report? Pamela looked dubiously around the department, and then shook her head and said no, there wasn't.

"I'M a proletarian. I don't like to eat. Food isn't important to me. I don't eat the food here, or taste for the store. For breakfast, I have coffee and a piece of cheese. For lunch, I have an apple and a piece of cheese. At night, I eat a regular Jewish dinner." The speaker was Murray Klein, one of the three owners of Zabar's, who recently guided us around the celebrated upper West Side housewares-and-delicacies emporium, at 2245 Broadway (80th). The forty-three-year-old firm was originally a Jewish delicatessen and grocery, owned by the late Louis Zabar. Fifteen years ago, the store (which had by then passed into the hands of Stanley and Saul Zabar and Mr. Klein) began expanding into imports, and today ninety-five per cent of its delicacies are from abroad. "We do everything big," Mr. Klein told us. "Everything we have, we have more of it than any other place. Look at all the tea in our tea department. Look at all our coffees. We've got real Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee. Look at our cheese department. We fly in cheeses from France weekly. We have an agent in Paris. Why do we pre-cut the cheese and sell it wrapped and weighed and priced? Because we couldn't handle the trade otherwise. Don't worry about the condition of the cheese. Everything you see here we sell today. It will all be gone by evening. Do you want to taste our Normandy butter?" We said we did, and were instantly transported to the kitchen of the rented house in Normandy where we had spent a summer eating bread and butter. The Normandy butter at Zabar's (sold in chunks from a tub, at $3.50 a pound, or in one-pound and half-pound packages, at $3.75 and $1.89) has the taste of grass in it that instantly identifies Normandy butter (and that takes a little getting used to and may not be immediately pleasing to the palate accustomed to American sweet butter). "Here is our Scotch salmon flown in from Scotland," Mr. Klein said at the smoked-fish counter. "Don't eat it with cream cheese. We also have Nova and lox. Over there are our smoked and roasted meats. We have our own smoker-roaster ovens, from Texas. No one else does their own smoking. Everything here is cooked on the premises. Do you want to see our espresso bar?" Mr. Klein escorted us two doors down the avenue to a shop where Délices la Côte Basque pastries are sold and where a girl minds a couple of electric espresso machines. Mr. Klein directed the girl to draw us a demitasse. "Do you like it?" he asked. We said we didn't. Mr. Klein snatched our cup from us, looked into it, and said, "You're right; it's no good." He went over to the espresso machine and fussed with it. Another cup of coffee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was produced—hotter and frothier. But Mr. Klein was still not satisfied. "Wait!" he said. "I'll make another." He got into a trance of coffeemaking, producing cup after cup. We finally left the espresso bar—Mr. Klein having given the girl a fatherly lecture on the workings of the machine—and returned to the main store, where Mr. Klein presented us with an enormous bagful of samples of things to eat. The Normandy butter remains the most memorable, but we were also impressed by the Scotch salmon ($5.98 for a quarter of a pound); the Nova (a dollar or so less), which has a stronger and different but no less wonderful taste, in our opinion; a delicately barbecued and lovely pink-hued center of loin of pork ($5.99); some subtly smoked brisket of beef ($5.99); and a barbecued shell steak ($7.99). We were depressed by a vegetable pâté of sweetish inedibility; this is a doomed genre, like soyburgers. In parting, Mr. Klein said, "You should try the cheeses we have coming in next week from France. We'll send some over to you," and a week later enough cheese arrived at our house for us to open a cheese store of our own. We sampled what we could of Mr. Klein's largesse—a largesse more commonly associated with imposers of third helpings of matzoh balls than with importers of Pont l'Évêque and St. André—and cite the following: Gaperon d'Auvergne, a cheese flavored with garlic and pepper (the latter is only slightly perceptible), of a delicately flaky texture and a delicious fresh flavor that is more reminiscent of wild onions than of garlic; it comes in the form of a fifteen-ounce ball with a cantaloupe-like rind and costs $3.98. Carolle, whose white unripened center and mildly ripened Brie-ish surroundings were in perfect equipoise; price $4.29 a pound. Montrachet goat cheese—an eleven-ounce cylinder sprinkled with black edible ash—which offered a bracing but not sharp flavor and cost $4.59. And, finally, a twelve-ounce Explorateur, in a state of positive grace; $5.98.

ALL cocktail parties begin something like this: At five minutes past the appointed hour, the doorbell rings and a couple arrives—usually people the hosts don't know very well. They all sit down, and fifteen excruciating minutes go by before the doorbell rings again—minutes of desperate, halting, inane conversation, during which the hostess jumps up and down and goes in and out of the kitchen, and the eyes of host and guests are hypnotically drawn to the silent door. It is one of life's bad

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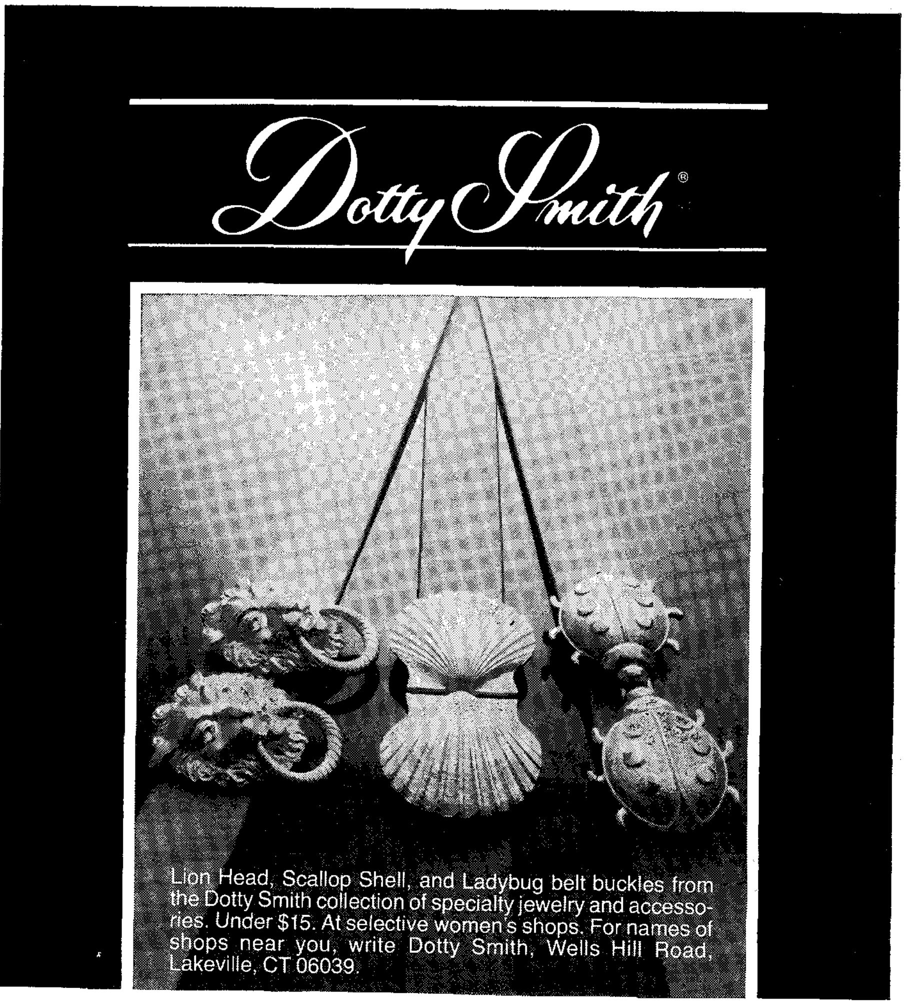

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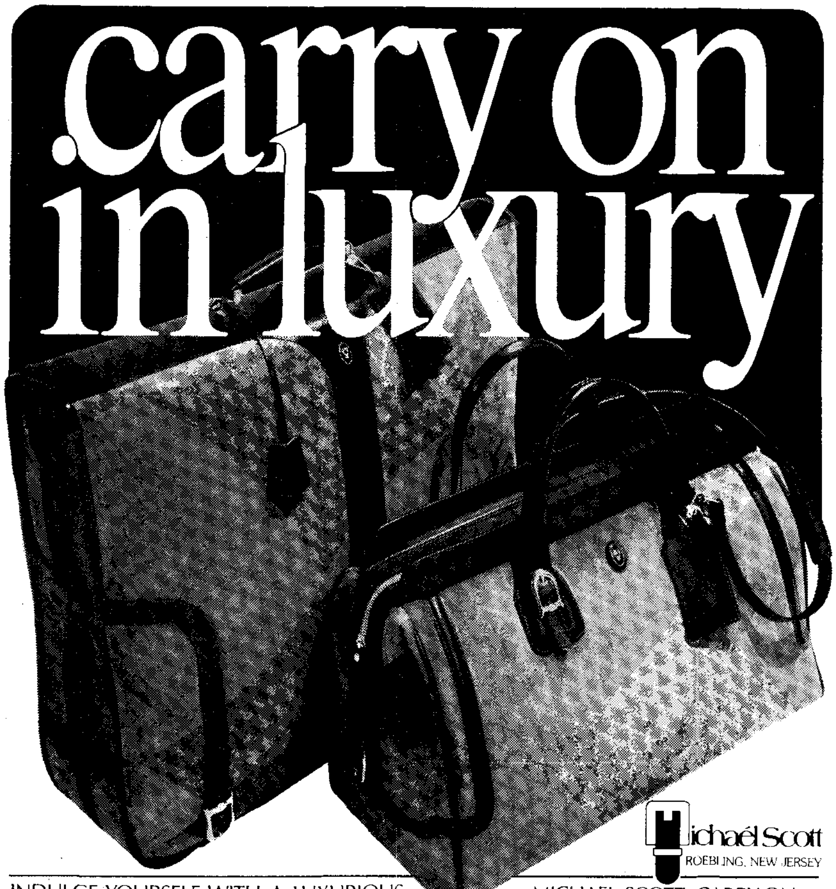

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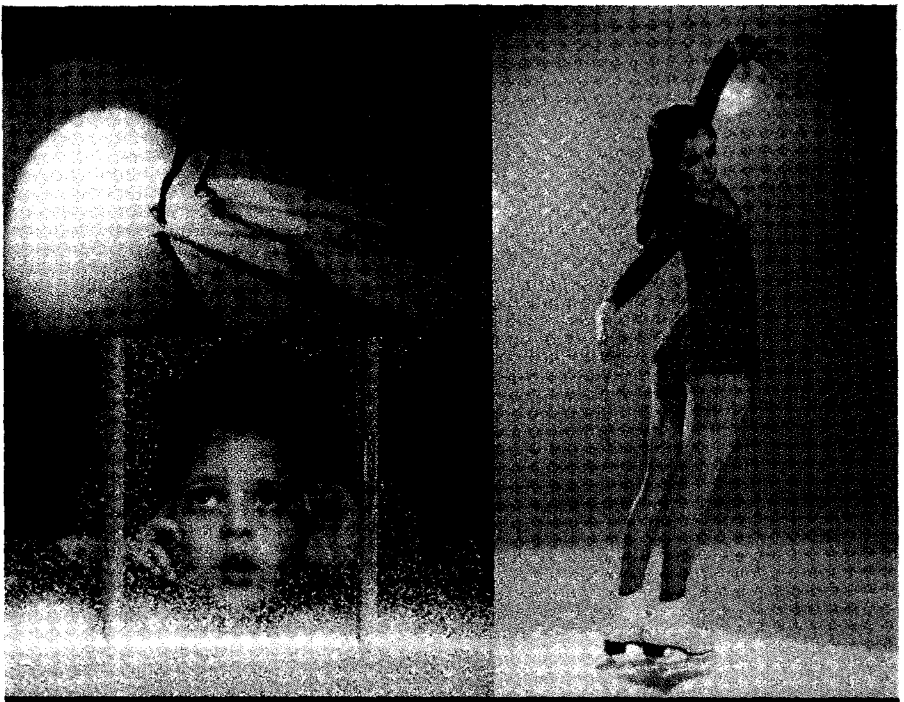
moments, and one in which we recently had occasion to participate—not, however, as suicidal host or appalled guest but as a calm, irresponsible waitress. We had accompanied (and supplemented) the crew of a catering service that had brought the food for, and come to serve at, a small cocktail party on the upper East Side. The caterer was Montana Palace, of which we have previously written (and recall as the small vegetarian restaurant it originated as in 1973), and the crew was a witty, irrepressible young woman named Mary and a tall black young would-be major-league ballplayer named Walter. The expedition had started two hours earlier at the Montana Palace kitchen, on East 9th Street, when platters of hors d'oeuvres prepared earlier in the day were taken out of a walk-in refrigerator and loaded into a delivery van, together with rented glasses, plates, forks, serving vessels, and three uniforms, of ruffled white dress shirt, black bow tie, and red apron. After a stop to make a delivery at Bloomingdale's—one of many places in town where Montana Palace foods are sold—we pulled up at our destination, and while Walter parked the truck we helped Mary drag the stuff up to the apartment. The hostess told us that the party was a gathering of psychoanalysts from here and abroad, and that there would be about forty-five people. As we started setting out glasses and putting some of the hors d'oeuvres in the refrigerator and leaving others out to go in the oven, the phone rang; it was Naomi Sarna, who presides over the Palace, calling in to see how things were going. She said that she is usually at her kitchen to see catered parties off but that this time she had had to put her children on a bus to New Jersey, to go see their father, a rabbi to whom she was once married. We assured her that all was well. The hostess went to get dressed (it was around five, and the party was scheduled for six), and Mary assigned us the amusing task of spearing a pineapple with skewers of marinated chicken and quail eggs, so that it looked like a kind of porcupine when we finished, while she set up the bar and lighted the chafing dish on a buffet table. By the time Walter turned up, the preparations were completed, the hostess was resplendent, the host was checking bottles at the bar, and an atmosphere of pre-party nervousness was beginning to fill the apartment. At five minutes past six, the doorbell rang, and the obligatory deadly first couple arrived; we did what we could to find little things for the hostess to do in the kitchen during her seven or eight visits there. By six-thirty, the living room was filling up with psychoanalysts and their spouses, and while Mary tended bar we helped Walter pass platters of clams in the shell under a black-bean sauce, chicken-liver-mousse canapés, cucumbers filled with tabuli, and hot-from-the-oven coriander rolls and mushroom caps stuffed with a spinach-and-cheese filling. Presently, at what was judged by Mary and Walter to be the right psychological moment, Walter began to serve slices of spinach-and-mushroom roulade from the chafing dish, and we paraded the quail-egg-and-chicken spectacle around the living room. The party was a civilized and peaceful affair, the food being much admired and appreciated for its unusual and surprising appearance and taste. We never quite mastered the technique of handing out cocktail napkins with one hand while proffering hors d'oeuvres with the other—we either thrust the whole pile of napkins into the guest's unwilling grasp or painstakingly peeled a napkin off the pile and helplessly watched it flutter to the floor—and consequently we have no arresting psychoanalytic *mots* to repeat, since our attention was entirely claimed by the hyper-cathected cocktail napkins. By eight, most of the guests had gone, and soon thereafter, as Mary and Walter closed the bar and packed dirty glasses and plates and forks into wooden boxes, we slipped away, too.

A few days later, we stopped in at the Montana Palace kitchen to learn what the party had cost and to taste the food we had not had a chance to sample at the party. Naomi, wearing blue-jeans and a turtleneck shirt, was as boyishly slender and as calmly purposeful as when we had seen her last. Her empire now extends to New Jersey (frequent deliveries are made to a delicacy shop in Hoboken), and a sheet she gave us entitled "Partial Client List" cites, among others, Balducci's, Columbia Law School, Ed Koch, the Nicaraguan Mission to the United Nations, St. Marks Baths, Random House, the Whitney Museum, Stewart Mott, Rex Harrison, King Crab, and Rabbi and Mrs. Sheldon Zimmerman. The cost of the psychoanalysts' party was $743, which broke down into $450 for food, $100 for help (not ours), $138 for equipment rental, and $55 for tax. Naomi brought us a retrospective plate of hors d'oeuvres (and no cocktail napkin), and on it we particularly relished the skewered quail eggs and chicken (delicate texture,



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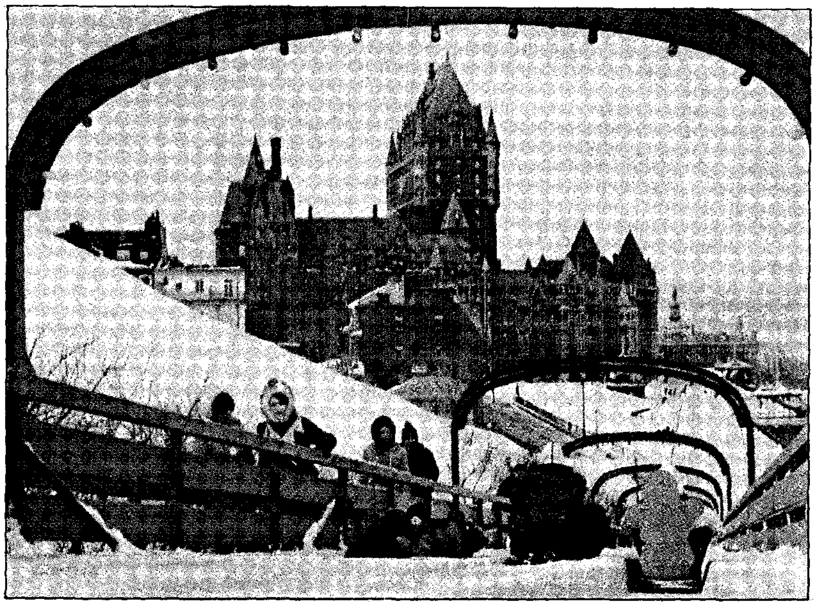

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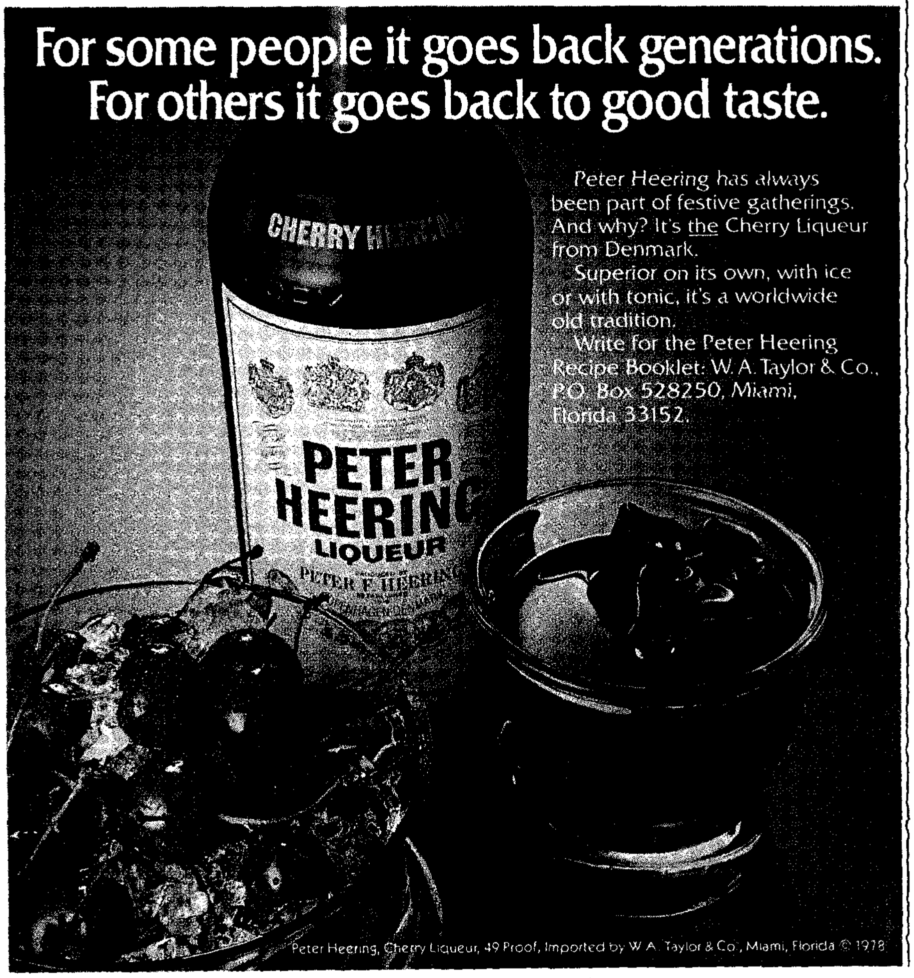

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subtle marinade taste) and the chicken-liver-mousse canapé (chicken livers, butter, heavy cream, and Rémy Martin cognac, spread on rounds of melba toast). From a platter destined for another party Naomi extracted a red Bartlett-pear slice spread with cream cheese and decorated with a few pecans, which we found refreshingly uncomplicated. Next, she showed us a spectacular-looking decorated bird: a chicken that had been roasted with a glaze of curried fruit juices and whose breast had then been covered with a design of thin orange slices speared with litchi nuts on purple-spangled toothpicks—the whole embellished, like a cake, with pastry-tube ruffles of chicken-liver mousse. This almost comically fancy presentation can be ordered a day ahead and costs $8 as a chicken, $4.50 as a quail, and $7 as a Cornish hen. We tasted a piece of breast with a bit of mousse and some of the sweet sauce, and weren't sure but that we preferred plain roast chicken to this Gongoristic medley. And yet we felt that the effort had not been misguided: the sight was stunning, and the taste was certainly interesting.

Naomi is similarly divided about Montana Palace food, it turns out. She rarely eats it herself, and wouldn't recommend that others do so very often. She characterizes it as "festive food," for special, joyful occasions, and her interest is always in making dishes that are unusual and surprising, that express the specialness of the occasion, and that are as different as possible from the ordinary (in Naomi's case, as it happens, pretty Spartan) fare of everyday life. These dishes take shape in a large, utilitarian kitchen that is neither antiseptically clean nor depressingly squalid but simply messy in an appealing home-kitchen way. It is outfitted with banks of wall ovens, huge bins of staples, and numerous butcher-block tables. Naomi showed us around. At the tables, about eight young men and women were working at various tasks, unhurriedly but with an air of knowing what they were about. Here a young woman was smearing a horizontally bisected whole poached salmon with dill sauce before carefully putting the top half back on and giving it all a gorgeous coat of scales formed of thin slices of unpeeled cucumber; there a young man was weighing lumps of dough for piecrusts; just beyond, a young woman was slicing apples, oranges, and pears for a curried fruit salad. "The truck is leaking water!" someone hollered from the doorway. Naomi went to investigate, and we said goodbye as she disappeared under the delivery van.

Rona Deme, another cook not new to these columns, also doesn't eat the food she sells—not, however, because of any inner struggle between the ascetic and the bacchanalian sides of her nature but because she is under doctor's orders to lose weight. We visited her in her handsome new kitchen on the ground floor of a brownstone a block from her shop—Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (93rd)—and found her remarkably cheerful and comfortable and agreeable for someone on a diet of eight hundred and fifty calories a day. Rona had just made a batch of plum puddings and set them out to cool on a rack: twenty small cream-colored earthenware bowls, which the English call pudding basins, with buttered parchment paper stretched over the tops and tied around the rims with orange string. In the pudding are raisins, currants, candied fruit, chopped apples, cider, beef suet, grated kidney fat, flour, eggs, lemon juice, orange rind, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and brandy. (Plums were phased out of plum pudding sometime after the reign of Elizabeth I, according to Rona.) At Christmastime, the pudding should be steamed, then unmolded, doused with more brandy, set alight, borne triumphantly into the dining room, where the lights have been turned off, and served with a hard sauce or a hot brandy sauce. A one-pound pudding costs $10. Rona took us into her walk-in refrigerator, filled with bushel baskets of carrots and zucchini and apples from her upstate farm, among other nice sights, and held up with quiet pride a trayful of grated kidney fat, as if it were a tray of pearls. (It looked, in fact, like grated white cheese.) Rona's son, Peter, was also in the kitchen, making rye bread, and he said that he, too, was on a diet. "I live on tuna fish and yogurt," he told us. We asked him what he had had for lunch that day. He laughed, and said, "Bœuf bourguignon." Peter's rye bread is made in a small round loaf, and is slightly sweet from the molasses in it; it has a pleasing aura of healthfulness, as does Peter's bran bread, made in a small rectangular loaf. The rye bread and the bran bread are $1.25 a loaf, and both gave us the most pleasure as buttered toast. Rona continues to stock the shop with the innocent English tea foods that are her inimitable (in this worldly coffee-drinking city) forte. Her Scotch shortbread is crumbly, buttery, gritty, slightly salty, not

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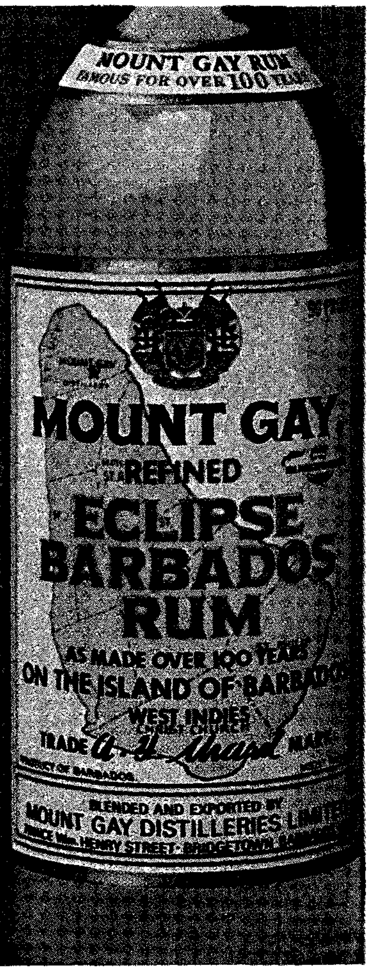

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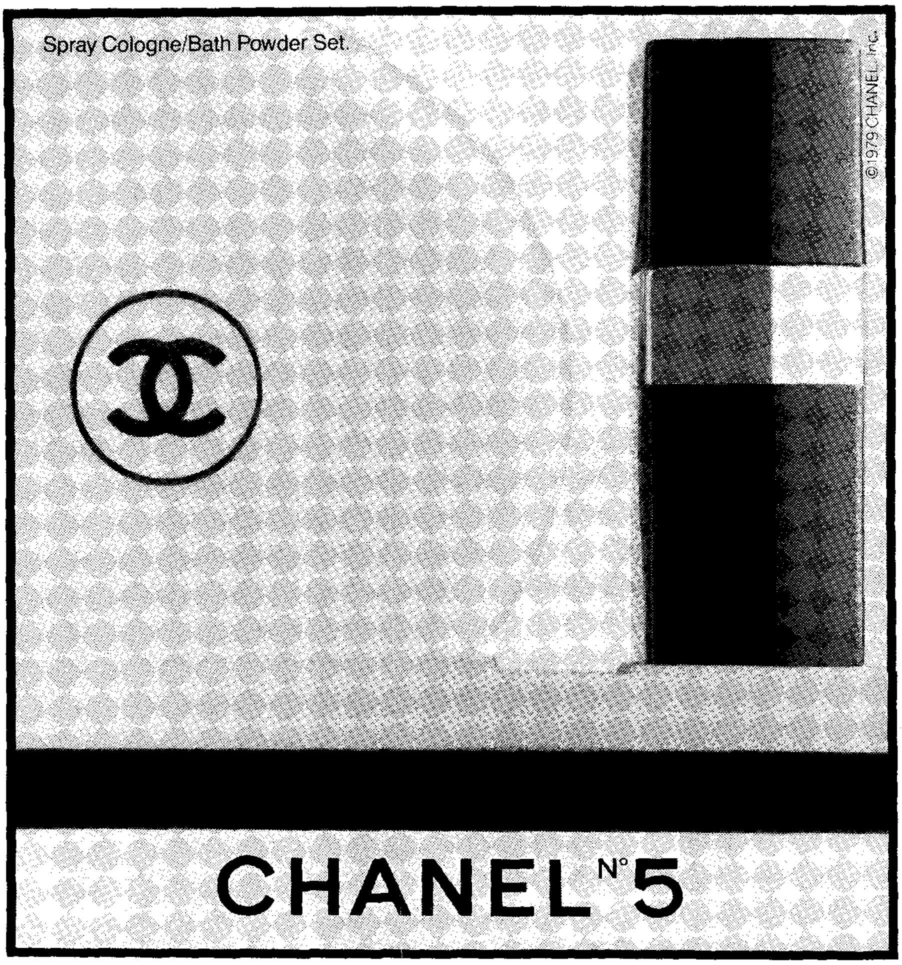
very sweet, and very authentic ($6 a pound); her currant-studded Shrewsbury biscuits are cookies of dense crispness and delicately lemon-permeated sweetness (also $6); her apple cake—a moist, spongy loaf, studded with bits of apple—has the warming taste of cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger (sixty-five cents a two-inch square); her Albert cakes are rectangular sandwiches of flaky, lardy pastry filled with raisins and coated on top with white icing (sixty cents). A good plain baked ham; a simple, delicious chicken-liver pâté; Cornish pasties; crumpets; and scones are other standard items. Rona continues to do all the cooking and baking (excepting the breadmaking) herself, spurning the factory methods that other successful foodmakers have adopted to fill their ever-mounting orders. She takes a Ruskinian view of the importance of handwork, and values the traces of the human touch that are present in home cooking like hers. She feels that if she changed anything in the way she works the character of the food would necessarily and significantly change, too.

We think there is something to this belief. We compared one of Rona's tea breads to a similar one bought at the Well-Bred Loaf, 1742 Second Avenue (90th), and though we will not say that Rona's was better, there was a difference between the two that we think we are not being fanciful in attributing to the different methods of production. Judy and Steve Caccavo, owners of the Well-Bred Loaf, started baking out of their apartment five years ago, but soon were so overwhelmed by orders that they converted to the commercial methods that now make it possible for them to supply shops and cafés all over town (Balducci's, John Wanamaker, Manny Wolf's Gourmet, Slotnick's Daughter, and Pasta & Cheese are among them) with their cookies, cakes, pies, and breads. Steve took us on a tour of the Well-Bred bakery, on East 91st Street—a very clean and wonderfully fragrant place, where only quality ingredients, and no preservatives, are used, and which he and Judy obsessively supervise and thus can fairly characterize as "home baking on a large scale." And yet, and yet. Excellent and uncontaminated as their cookies and bars and pies are, they lack the taste of home that is present in Rona Deme's baked goods. The practical consequence of this subtle absence, it seems to us, is that one becomes replete just a bit sooner with the commercialized product than with the homelike one: the hand that reaches out to cut the fourth self-deceivingly thin slice of Rona's carrot cake will subside after the third slice of the Well-Bred Loaf's. At the small, narrow shop of the Well-Bred Loaf, cozily decorated with Early American artifacts displayed in an old wooden cupboard—muffin tins, graters, baskets, nineteenth-century store cannisters—we deliberated and (as it proved) soundly chose the following: a Blondie, which is chocolate-chip-cookie dough baked in a tin as if it were a Brownie (seventy-five cents for a two-and-a-half-inch square); a Brownie (also seventy-five cents); a chocolate-chip cookie almost the size of a salad plate (same price); a loaf of sour-cream poundcake ($2.15); and Irish soda bread flavored with caraway seed and studded with raisins ($1.49).

THE taste of home is so offhandedly present in the work of Maude Higgins, who bakes pies and tarts and quiches to order in her small apartment in the East Fifties, that one can pass her cooking off as one's own if the occasion demands such subterfuge. Maude, if telephoned (758-1258) before 11 A.M., will deliver a pie that evening which she has baked that afternoon. The pies have good shortening-and-butter crusts, and fillings made of fresh fruit of the season; apple, blueberry, pear, pumpkin, mince, lemon meringue, coconut custard, and strawberry rhubarb are the varieties offered for $6.50, with a pecan pie priced at fifty cents more. An open-face latticework strawberry tart that we recently sampled had an exceptional crumbly sweet-butter crust and a delicious filling of fresh strawberries, over which a strawberry glaze had been poured; $9. (This treat lasts only a day; after that, the crust beneath the strawberries grows soggy.) We also enjoyed Maude's leek quiche ($7) and her fine apple pie.

AN atmosphere different from both the homey English-cottage one of Country Host and the rural-American one of the Well-Bred Loaf pervades the shop known as Betsy's Place, at 144 East 74th Street, on the second floor—an atmosphere of stylish urban well-to-do. The baking, the packaging (in silver tins tied with red and green ribbons, destined for Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf's), and the selling of cakes, cookies, and squares go on in one genteelly pretty room filled with the aroma of chocolate and butter and spices, displays of baked goods, and baskets and cookie jars in which gifts



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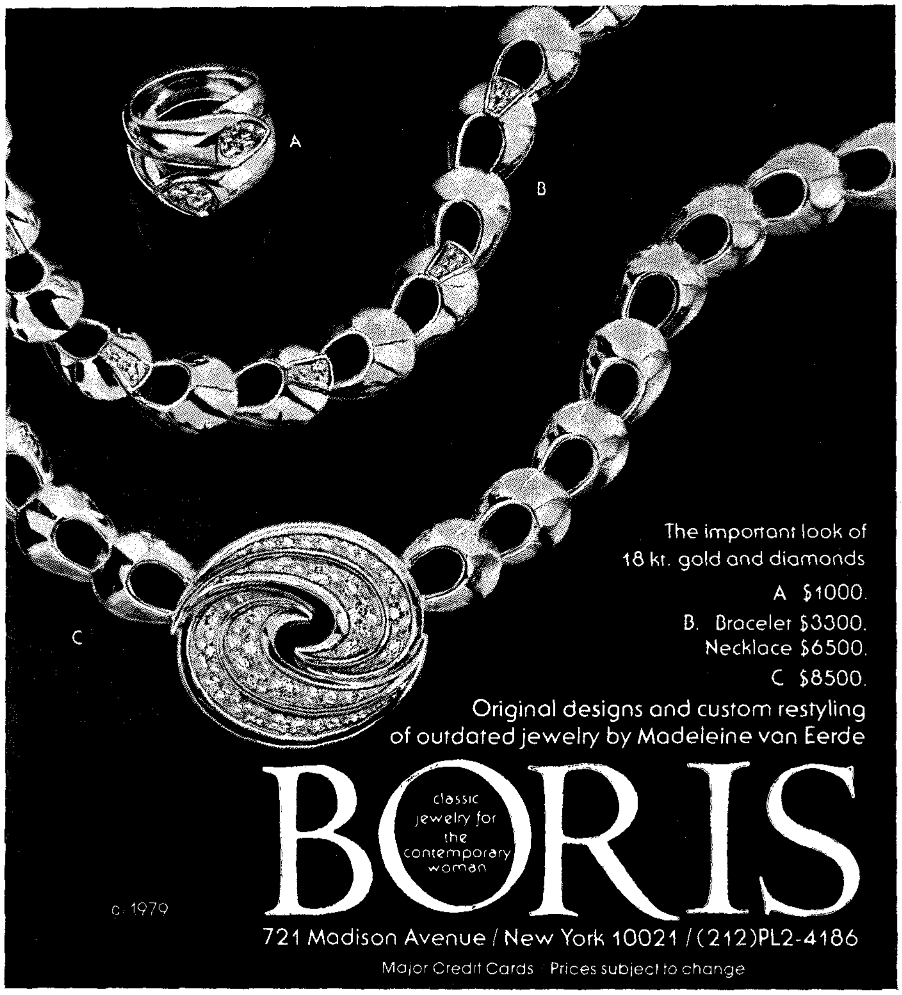

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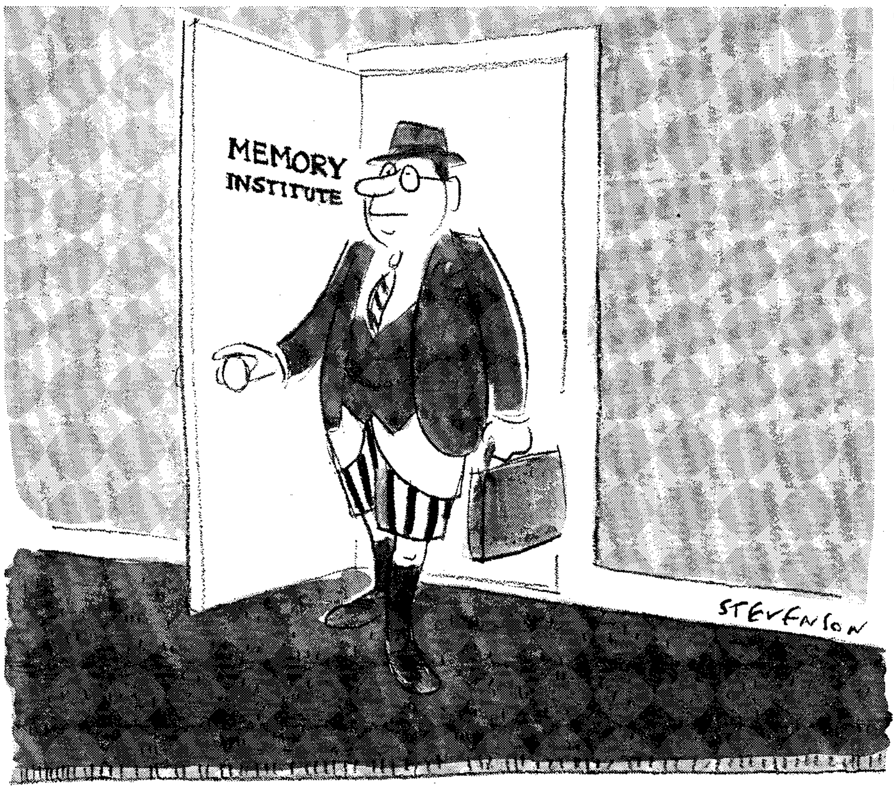

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can be presented. The proprietor, Saralee Singer, who looks more like a benefit-committee chairman than like a baker, told us that she went into the baking business four years ago at the urging of friends who thought her cakes and cookies were good enough to sell. Saks concurred in this opinion, and signed on for an item called Betsy's Loaf—a yoking of walnuts, dates, and candied cherries in the least possible amount of dough, so that the thing is more a sweetmeat than a fruitcake. A pound loaf is $8, and a pound-and-three-quarters loaf is $12; packaged in a silver tin tied with an orange ribbon, they are $12 and $16. A wonderfully light lemon loaf with sugary lemon icing is $3.50; an authoritative carrot-and-nut loaf is the same price; brownies are seventy-five cents each, and rugulach are seventy cents.

AFTER our excesses among these cakes and bars and cookies and pies, it was pleasant to bite into a dour little biscuit packaged by Atkinsons, of Windermere, England, and called the Wholemeal Honey Wheaten Biscuit; according to the label on its tin cannister, it is "a health biscuit made of the finest compost-grown wheat flour & sweetened with honey and Barbados sugar." (Our cat ate this biscuit as avidly as he eats chicken, and with none of his customary air of aggrievement.) The seven-ounce cannister is $2.40 at Macy's and at Dean & DeLuca.

Another commercial cookie of note is made by the English firm of Crabtree & Evelyn in a variety of flavors and packed in attractive tall, thin cylinders papered with old prints relating to the various ingredients. The print for the orange cookies, for example, shows orange trees in ornamental pots in a formal garden tended by gardeners and admired by aristocratic strollers; it is accompanied by the information, given in French as well as English, that "sweet oranges were first sold in England during the 17th century by '*orange women*,'" and that "the most famous was Nell Gwyn, who later became a favourite of Charles II." Cinnamon, coffee, lemon, ginger, and hazelnut are other varieties offered, and of these our favorite is the cinnamon cookie, which contains currants; all, however, are thin, crisp, buttery, round, plain, nice cookies. A seven-ounce tin is $3 at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Dean & DeLuca, and many other places.

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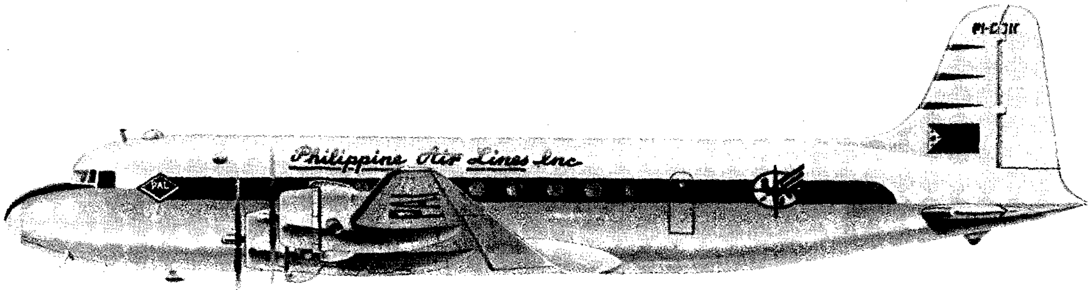

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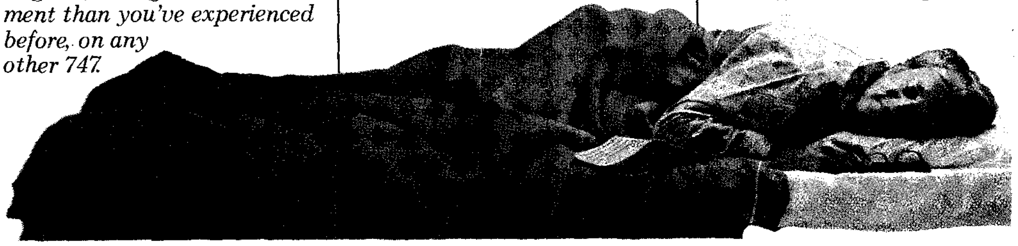

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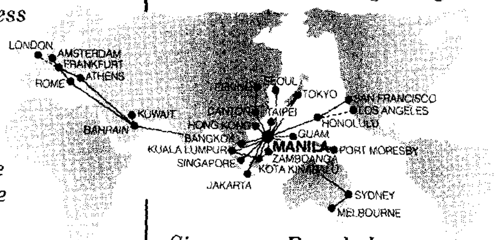
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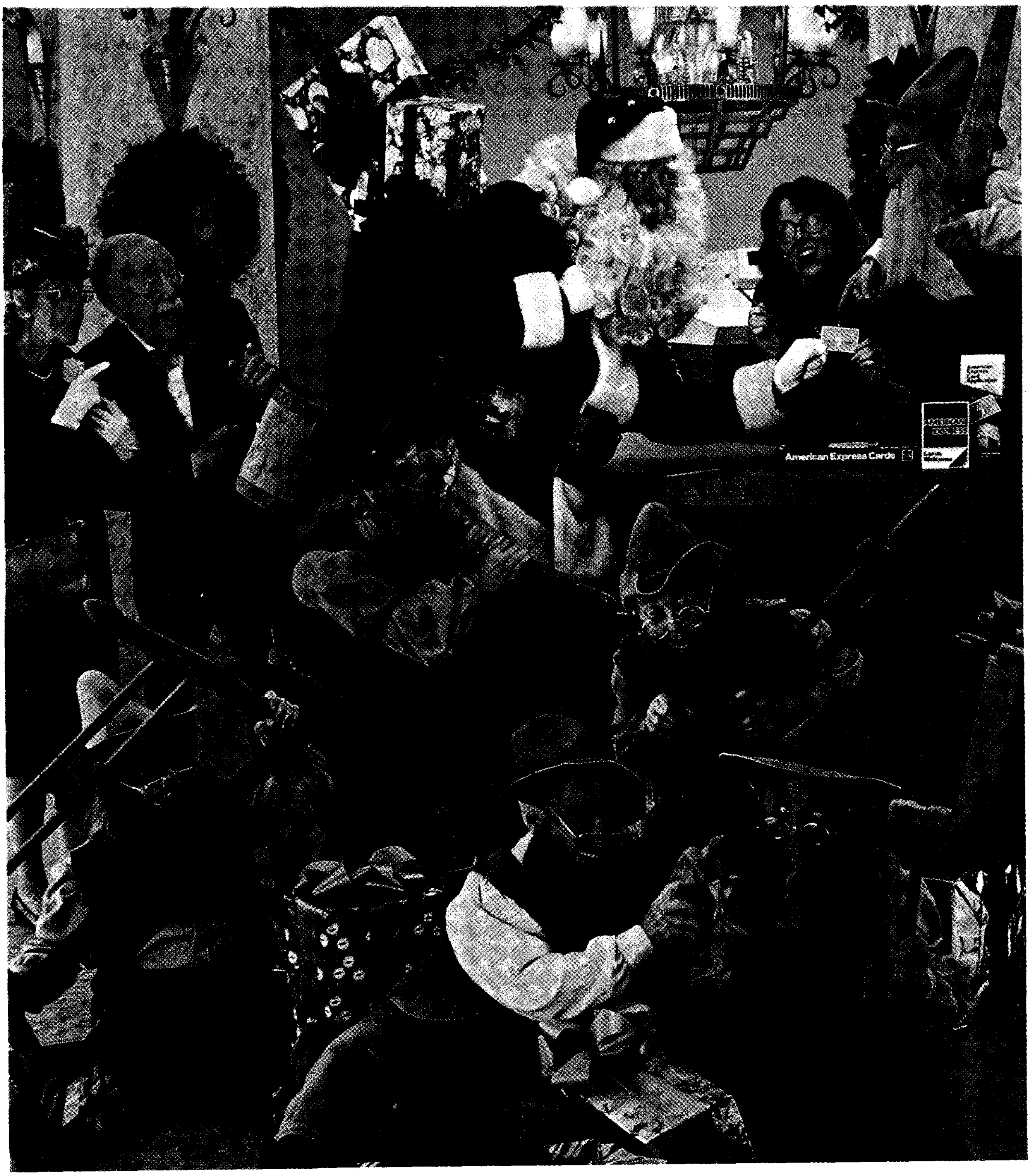
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Scottish Blossom Honey, priced at $8 for eight ounces, comes in a cream-colored earthenware cannister with a picture and a lengthy history of the Hall printed on it in brown. This opens to reveal a disappointing little plastic container—filled, however, with a sublime honey. In the background of its benign sugariness and delicate warmth there is something elusively evocative and familiar, which finally emerges into consciousness as (of course, beeswax!) the smell of church. In contrast to its mild subtlety, other honeys seem rough and crude and assertive. R. W. Lewis's Pure Welsh Honey, priced at $3.50 for a one-pound bottle, has separated into crystallized and oozing parts, and has something wild and interesting in its background; and another honey from Wales, which comes in a little ceramic hive with a bee on top ($6.25 for five ounces) is of a thick, granulated consistency and a pleasing muted sweetness. Miel Villeneuve comes in various flavors in jars whose labels are replicas of scrawled French handwriting (an eight-ounce jar for $2.50); the amber honey we tried—Miel de Montagne—had a taste of evergreens about it.

WE addressed ourselves to the question of whether the Fauchon company's canned French peaches, costing $9.50 for a pound-and-a-half jar at Bloomingdale's, are any better than Del Monte's local variety, costing seventy-nine cents for a twenty-nine-ounce can at the supermarket, by conducting a blindfold test in which eight tasters participated. Each taster was fed a segment of a Del Monte peach and a segment of a Fauchon peach and asked to write down (1) which he believed to be which, and (2) which he liked better. Here are the results: Seven people preferred the Fauchon peach, and one perverse individual said he liked the Del Monte; three chauvinists insisted that the Fauchon peach must be Del Monte's, and the rest correctly identified the peaches. What gives the Fauchon peach its distinction (which may or may not be worth $9.50) is the firm integrity of the fruit and its ingratiatingly sweet flavor, along with that of the syrup; the Del Monte peaches are mushy, a little sour, and imbued with the unmistakable canned-peach taste that is a collective American childhood memory.

Another comparative study we made—this time unassisted—was of three apricot jams of widely disparate prices: (1) French Soleillou preserves, at $9.79 a tall, cork-topped seventeen-and-a-half-ounce jar; (2) Crabtree & Evelyn preserves, at $3.50 a twelve-ounce hexagonal bottle; and (3) Bonne Maman preserves, at $1.49 a thirteen-ounce jar. We must reluctantly give first place to the expensive Soleillou jam, which has an intense apricotness and a warm sweetness reflective of fruit that has come to maturity on a tree in the sun. It has the consistency of sludge in which large pieces of unpeeled fruit are suspended, together with razor-thin slivers of almond, which are a pleasure to encounter, like the mitigating rind in marmalade. Bloomingdale's, Dean & DeLuca, and Balducci's are among the sources of Soleillou products. Bonne Maman is a very close second choice, with an intense apricot flavor, large chunks of fruit, and less sugar than the Soleillou jam; Zabar's, Daitch-Shopwell, and Sloan's are some sources. The Crabtree & Evelyn was a distant third choice: sweetly weak in flavor and gelatinous in consistency.

Mulberry jam from the South of France is for sale at St. Rémy, l'Herbier de Provence, 156 East 64th Street—a recently established franchise store of the French herb-growing company of that name based in St. Rémy. The jam has the wild juiciness and the sort of deadness of flavor that evoke childhood berry-pickings; it is a suspension of seedy, hairy dark-purple berries in a runny, deep-purple sauce, and it costs $7.50 for a one-pound jar. The Herbier's wild-flower honey has a pleasantly gritty consistency and a soft, flowery flavor; $6.75 a one-pound jar. Almond paste is sold here to which various fruit flavorings have been so discreetly added that one senses, rather than tastes, their shy presence; that, at least, was our experience of the lemon-flavored almond paste, at $5.50 a half-pound jar. On the floor of the shop—managed by a beautiful pale woman named Brandi Ball, originally of Berlin—open sacks of dried herbs, flower petals, and spices repose: rosemary, oregano, thyme, basil, marjoram, curry powder, black pepper, paprika, lavender, rose petals, potpourri. We asked Brandi Ball how the herbs can stay fresh when they sit out in the open—aren't they supposed to be kept in closed containers in dark cupboards? She replied, "In large quantities, the herbs support each other. Only in small quantities do they need to be protected from air and light." The herbs we sampled (they are $1.98 an ounce, on the average) were of an extraordinary pungency and seemed

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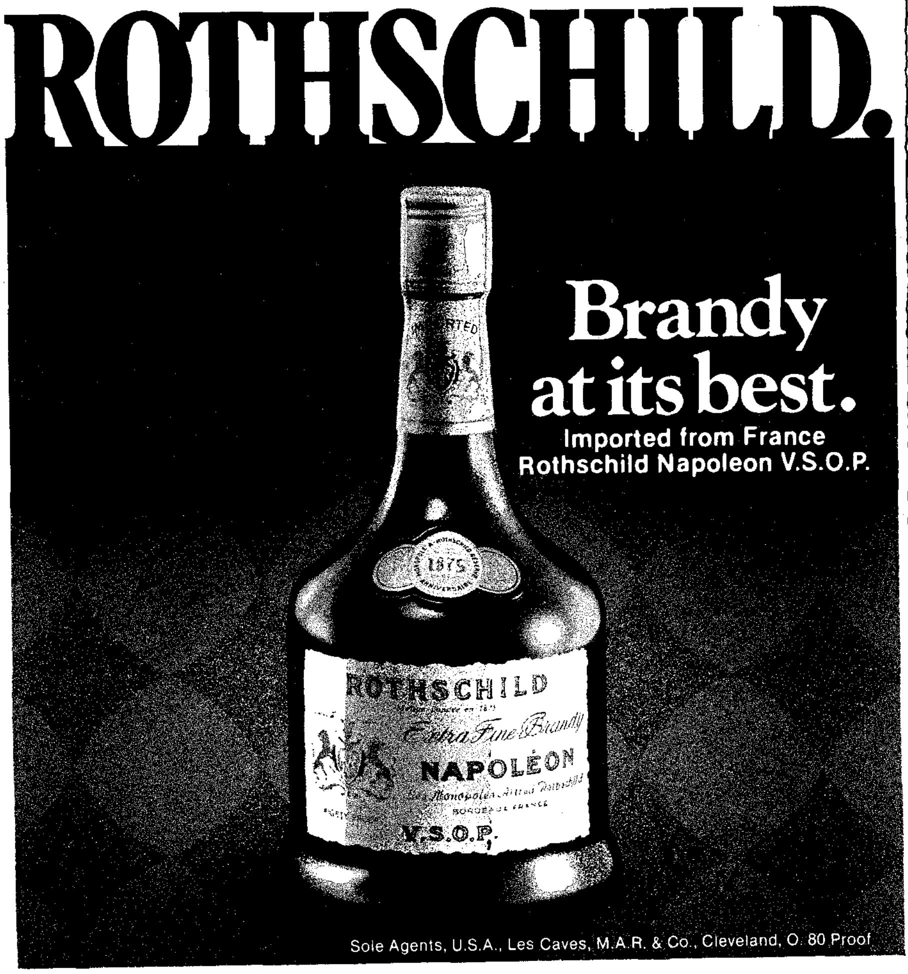
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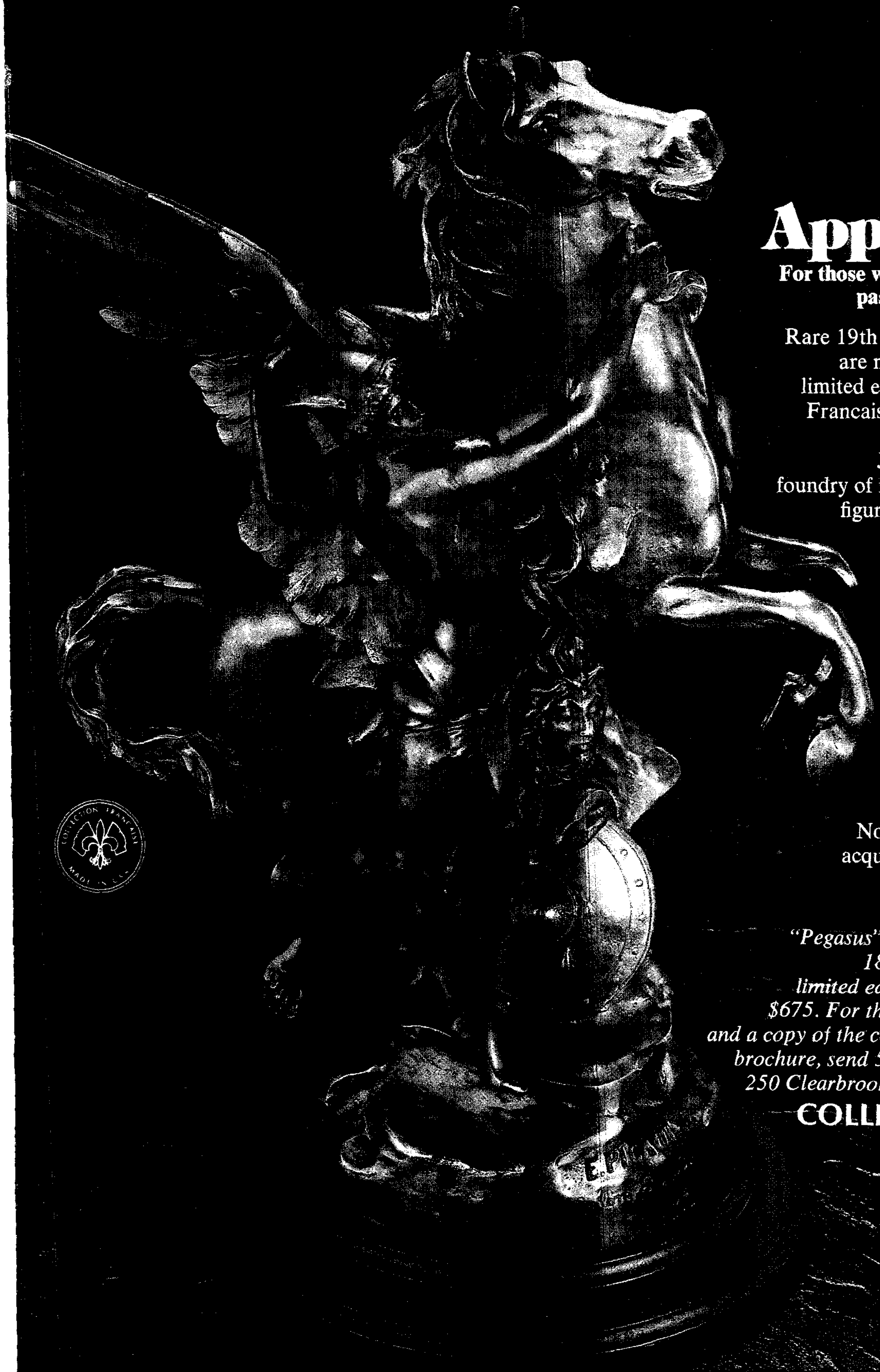
THE penultimate stop of our marketing expedition was the small jewel of a shop named Fierro's, 208 East 54th Street, which brings to mid-Manhattan some of the specialties of Little Italy, along with a choice general selection of imported cheeses. Handmade mozzarella of a lovely delicate freshness arrives daily from the Di Palo Dairy, on Grand Street, where it is made in traditional ways, without additives. It comes in four versions: lightly salted ($3.89 a pound); unsalted, for cooking ($3.89); lightly smoked ($3.99); and interlaced with prosciutto in a roll ($4.99). The excellent prosciutto sold here, at $8.50 a pound, is the Daniele brand, from Rhode Island, cured in the old-fashioned way, without chemicals. (According to Anthony Fierro, the young owner, who set up this business five years ago and whose father was a peddler in Little Italy, all the prosciutto sold in this country is native; Italian prosciutto can't pass our health inspection.) Ricotta is another daily item; also made by Di Palo, it is of a trembling, delicate texture and mild, sweet taste, and costs $2.29 a pound. Sicilian green olives that have been marinated for months in oil, herbs, salt, and pepper, and then cracked, are $3.69 a pound. Fierro's Stilton is always in peak condition ($4.79), as are the Cheshire ($3.99), Italian Fontina ($5.49), and Carolle ($4.89). Large, plump Turkish figs are $3.89 a pound. Loaves of farmer cheese, which arrive twice weekly from Ben's Cheese Shop, on East Houston Street, are $3.69 a pound, and come in plain, blueberry, strawberry, walnut and raisin, and vegetable versions. A cheese ravioli that is delivered daily to Fierro's by a pastamaker named Fortunato Tutta, on Carmine Street, is the best we have ever eaten—of a lightness of dough and a delicate flavorfulness of filling that take it into a sphere far beyond the ken of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee and his like, and that will astonish those who, like us, didn't know that ravioli could be refined. On Anthony's recommendation, we ate it with a tomato sauce (we made the Tomato Sauce I in Marcella Hazan's "Classic Italian Cook Book," using the canned-tomato option), and were immensely pleased; a box of sixteen ravioli—large, bulging rounds—was the right amount for three people; $2.75.

We stopped in at Tutta's small, nondescript shop, at 22 Carmine Street



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(near Bleecker), and found Mrs. Tutta and two of her daughters behind the counter laughing about something. Mrs. Tutta wasn't very secure in her English, and her daughters were too shy to talk to us, but when we pointed to a pasta machine behind her and asked a question about it, she immediately pushed a button, and the machine responded with a horrible grinding and squeaking. Nothing else happened for a while. Then strands of pasta began to snake out of holes in a kind of snout that protruded from the machine, and as they emerged Mrs. Tutta cut them off with scissors, in approximately ten-inch lengths, and threw them away. We asked why. She said, "Too dry," and poured a little water in the machine. After a few more false starts, pasta of the desired consistency emerged, and now, instead of throwing away the ten-inch strands, Mrs. Tutta gently combed them with her fingers, as if they were long hair, tenderly ensconced them in aluminum-foil boxes, and covered them with transparent-plastic domes. Mr. Tutta, a stocky, confident ex-Napolitano, came in and told us that his pasta is made of durum flour, semolina, and eggs, with no salt; it should be cooked, he said, for three minutes. He pointed to a case where pastas of different colors lay in their boxes, and said, "We have spinach, carrot, tomato, artichoke, whole-wheat, and plain-white spaghetti and fettucine—all excellent, all very good." A man with a paunch came into the shop and said sadly, "I eat this pasta every day. I've been coming here for a year. I live in the neighborhood. I didn't use to have this paunch." Later, at home uptown, as we wound strands of the white pasta around a fork—eating it with only butter and parmesan and a little salt and pepper, the more undistractedly to experience its distinctive flavor and its tender but not flaccid texture—we thought of this poor engorged fellow, reflecting as we loosened our belt that there but for the accident of address go we.

•

Home. Maybe Thomas Wolfe, who is buried in Asheville, said it best in his famous play, All the Way Home—

Home is the sailor,
home from the sea,
—And the hunter
home from the hill.

—*Adv. in the Knoxville (Tenn.) News-Sentinel.*

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REFLECTIONS

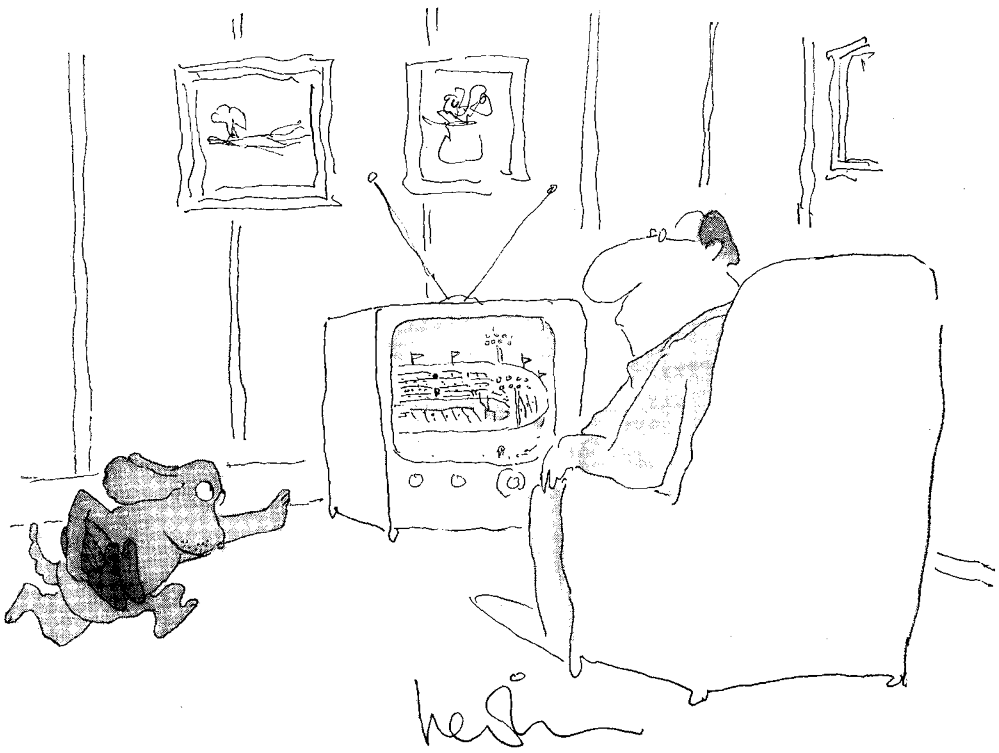
THE SALT DEBATE

FOR a variety of reasons, the case for the second-stage agreement in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, or SALT, has never emerged clearly. It has been obscured by the performance of a resourceful anti-SALT lobby and various skeptics, including some who feel that it is not really possible for us to work out agreements of this kind with our major adversary which do justice to the national interest. There developed in recent years a vigorous tendency not only to emphasize the steadily growing strategic power of the Soviet Union but to exaggerate Soviet capability and potential, in part by minimizing America's own strength. This tendency has strongly influenced consideration of SALT—both the current deliberations in the Senate and a kind of facsimile ratification debate that began to take place in and beyond the Senate nearly two years before Presidents Carter and Brezhnev signed the SALT II treaty, in Vienna, last June. Even earlier, as the concept of détente was seen to fall from fashion, with the word formally expunged from the Ford Administration's official vocabulary, a decline in the fortunes of SALT was under way. During much of this period, what many ritual arms-control advocates were saying was not particularly convincing, or even relevant; for a time, some of them tended to equate moderation and good sense chiefly with opposition to the so-called B-1 bomber—an expensive but otherwise blameless weapon system, for whose production and deployment a strong case was made. The case for the B-1 failed when President Carter, whether wisely or unwisely, cancelled the program, thereby arousing the numerous partisans of the aircraft, many of whom have made it an issue in the SALT debate. Some in the anti-B-1 lobby have joined various opponents of SALT in and out of the Senate in criticizing the SALT II agreement as containing too little arms control—as, indeed, implicitly endorsing a continued arms race.

The coverage by the press, with some distinguished exceptions, has added little to society's perspective on SALT II. Because reader resistance to so forbidding a subject is presumed to be strong, the problem for the press in dealing with it is considerable. Both news editors and readers are easily drawn to public statements alleging a dangerous decline in our military capabilities and warning of the related pitfalls of SALT, and to accounts of contesting positions on SALT taken by prominent political figures; obviously, the ins and outs, the pros and cons of abstruse SALT matters are far more difficult for editors and their readers to cope with. Television news, with its sharp constraints on the time that can be allotted to one subject, has had a particularly difficult problem in dealing with SALT as a stage-center topic; inevitably, television news has been swept up by the controversial aspects, thus enlarging them, and sometimes finding controversy in SALT II when in fact there was little, if any, meaningful controversy. Moreover, during the negotiations the press was to a large extent victimized, if not inundated, by a stream of inspired leaks; in both the Ford and the Carter Administration, competing interests within the government sought to advance their positions by leaking them, far more than had been done during the SALT I negotiations. The leaks added to the general tension about SALT and, what was more serious, helped to polarize the discussion. The normal constituency for SALT—the informed, bipartisan, middle-ground consensus on which American foreign policy has relied—became confused, if not intimidated, by the shrillness and intensity of the small but dedicated adversary bloc. The burden of proof gradually shifted from the opposition to the Administration, first of Ford, then of Carter. Both found the going heavy. (For the record, I should note that I followed the SALT II debate from within the government, serving from early in the negotiations until recently as an official of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.)

Now, more than seven years after the start of SALT II, the end seems to be in sight, but the outcome is in doubt. A vote on the treaty will probably be taken in the Senate sometime after the holidays. Nobody is quite sure, though. The Majority Leader, Senator Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, wants a decision on the treaty before it is overwhelmed by Presidential politics; that should mean scheduling a vote before the New Hampshire primary, on February 26th, but a date sometime in March is more likely. Approval requires that two-thirds of those members present vote yes. Adversaries of the treaty would like to make a sufficiently strong show of strength during the debate to discourage a vote; an indefinite deferral would free them from whatever political liability accompanied the act of killing the treaty—and, conceivably, the SALT process itself—in a roll-call vote. They have momentum, chiefly because almost anything that happens around the world seems easily convertible into an argument against the SALT treaty. The outrages in Iran have become an especially disruptive problem. The Assistant Minority Leader, Senator Ted Stevens, of Alaska, said recently that "the Iranian situation . . . is hardening the stance of many people as far as SALT is concerned." He added that if it was not resolved soon, the treaty would be forced back into committee, because many members felt that "our defenses need to be reappraised," and that this was "no time to be entering into a treaty so many of us feel is one-sided."

Senator Byrd's problems have far less to do with the content of the treaty than with the hosts of Islamic fundamentalism and with Presidential politics. He has reluctantly delayed the start of the Senate floor debate so as to avoid the risk of its becoming a focus for the anger and frustration that the drama in Teheran has created. However, the continuing and more relevant problem is the political one. His colleague Senator Howard Baker, of Tennessee, the leader of the Senate Republicans and a Presidential candidate, is playing for high stakes in the SALT debate, having publicly tied the credibility of his qualifications for higher leadership responsibilities to the part he intends to have in defeating the SALT II agreement. So it is the Majority Leader versus the Minority Leader, each seeking to win the hearts and minds of a sizable group of supposedly undecided members. If it is true that the larger number of these are moderate Republicans who would normally follow Senator Baker, particularly in view of his higher goal, then the



dimension of Senator Byrd's problem is obvious. He and they are in a difficult position. Foremost among the curiosities of this solemn occasion is precisely its partisan quality. SALT has always been a bipartisan process; the pending agreement was negotiated by three Administrations, two Republican and one Democratic. For that and other reasons, Senator Baker may have staked the fate of his campaign on the wrong issue. It will be a mistake eventually forgotten if the treaty passes. If it fails, Baker's place in history will be secure, even if he doesn't capture the nomination.

The next curiosity of the struggle over the treaty is the lack of predictability, let alone certainty, about the outcome. Senator Byrd, who is managing the ratification process with a sensitivity and restraint designed to catch the mood of undecided colleagues, is not yet able to measure the exact strength of his forces. An interested citizen of this—or, for that matter, almost any—country can be excused for wondering why. The SALT I agreements were overwhelmingly approved, as everyone knew they would be. And although support for SALT II in Congress and among groups that follow defense matters has fallen off, there is no sign that the new agreement, in contrast with the Panama Canal treaties, arouses passions at the popular level, or that the country, by and large, now takes a different view either of SALT or of the Russians from the one it seemed to take in 1972, when the first SALT agreements were concluded. There is an interesting asymmetry—to borrow a word from the basic SALT vocabulary—between the Panama Canal treaties and the SALT II treaty. Congress, particularly the Senate, was sympathetic to Panama's case but more than a little intimidated by the deep hostility of much of the country toward the agreement. Conversely, SALT is currently viewed with greater skepticism and doubt—by some nominal liberals as well as by conservatives—in the Senate than in most other places. No one can say with authority how most of the country beyond Washington really feels about SALT. The polls do not reveal much. The form in which questions are asked generally determines the response: a question that links Russian trustworthiness to the merits of SALT tends, statistically, to produce a different response from a question that keeps the two things separate. Still, many people in Washington sense a broad, if shallow, approval of SALT around much of the country (although it is also true that some shift is under way as a result of the increasingly partisan nature of the discussion); the theory is that although most people regard the substance as beyond comprehension, a large proportion tends instinctively to equate SALT with more stability in East-West relations and less risk that nuclear weapons might one day be used. A Midwestern senator who favors SALT has often said that the Senate was ahead of the country on the Panama Canal treaties but is well behind the country on SALT. If the latter part of that proposition is still true, it speaks well for the country, or its instincts, given the generally shrill and confusing nature of the debate, the curious and occasionally contradictory positions taken by some senior political figures, and, by no means least, the persistent and heavily financed anti-SALT campaign.

A WORLD with nuclear weapons deployed by adversary powers is uncertain and dangerous enough. To say that it is more dangerous and threatening than we know it to be is to risk making it more dangerous and threatening. In the era of nuclear weapons, given the abstractions and uncertainties underlying their deployment, things tend to become what we say they are. Perceptions create reality. Our gloomiest pessimists and "worst case" analysts, however articulate, will never convince the Soviet Union that the strategic-power balance is weighted in its favor; but with such critiques we could persuade ourselves and our allies that our position had declined unacceptably. In that event, our position vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, as a practical political matter, assuredly would decline in some significant sense. For that reason and others, comments on SALT should meet some standard of sobriety, detachment, and relevance. Society deserved a better debate on the SALT II treaty—a debate focussed more clearly on the major considerations, and less caught up in secondary, often irrelevant issues. The controlling considerations ought to be the balance of strengths between the forces of the United States and the Soviet Union, including a sense of their relative positions in the world; the degree to which the essential, or core, provisions of the agreement would increase our security, by reducing uncertainty and strengthening the over-all stability of the nuclear balance; and, finally, the consequences of failure of the SALT II agreement.

The Administration did well in making its case to three Senate committees during the hearings on the agreement last summer—well enough, in fact, so that when the Senate went into recess on August 6th both friends and opponents of SALT felt that the treaty would in all likelihood be ratified. Then, as had often happened before with SALT II, a patch of fair weather turned blustery, thanks mainly to a foot-shooting display in Washing-

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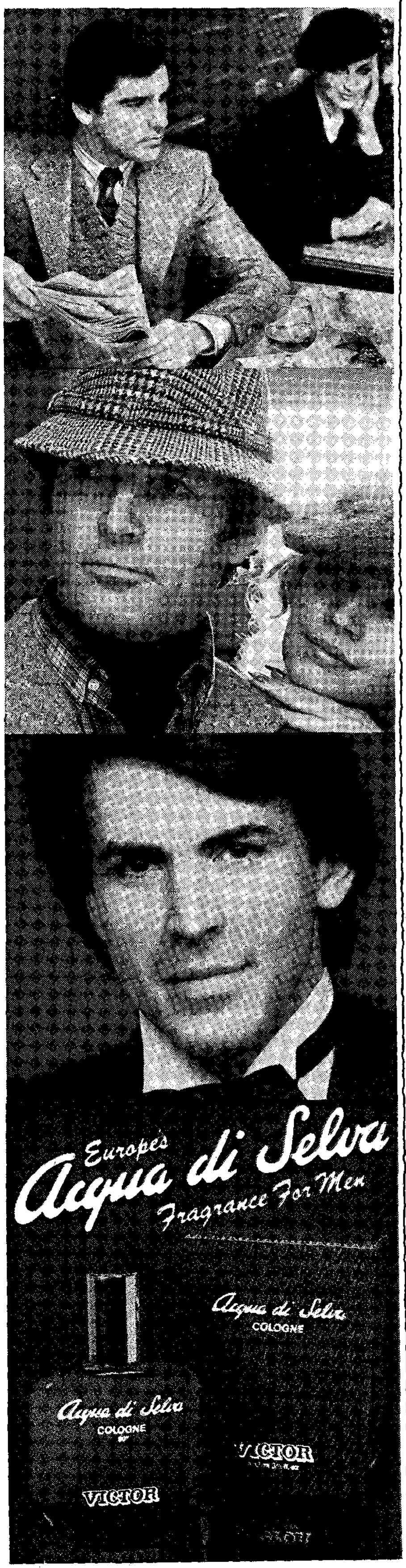

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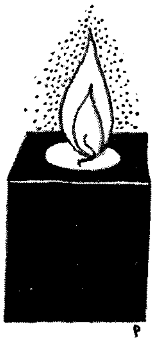
ton. The existence of the famous Soviet brigade in Cuba was revealed at the end of August; for a time, the issue it created—intolerable Soviet mischief offshore—was dealt with by the Administration (and a few nimble congressional personalities as well) in a fashion that seemed to tie approval of the SALT II agreement to removal of the brigade. The effect was to revive, in a particularly acute form, the "linkages" concept, which relates the acceptability of SALT to Soviet behavior in the world. The linkages issue, which once divided senior Administration figures, had started to fade earlier in the year. However, the furor over the brigade restored the doubts about doing this kind of business with the Soviet Union, thereby returning the SALT II agreement to its normal state of political fragility.

The country seems to have been thoroughly confused by then. Much was unclear, including the role of the brigade and its significance. Beyond Washington, many people are said to have believed that the Administration either had found or would find Soviet missiles along with the brigade; others saw that something trivial had been ballooned into a major event but could see no rational motive for such exaggeration. Probably, most people didn't know what to make of the brigade, just as a good many of them, by then, must also have been wondering how and what to think about SALT. They had been told on all sides that SALT was a bipartisan process. They had been told, correctly, that the treaty was actually an elaboration of the historic understanding reached by President Ford and Mr. Brezhnev in Vladivostok in 1974 but never completed as a treaty. Indeed, the present Administration noted, again correctly, that about eighty per cent of the substance of the treaty reflected agreement, or agreement in principle, achieved by the last Administration. How, then, were people to interpret former President Ford's recent statement apparently opposing ratification of an agreement rooted in the Vladivostok understanding? Henry Kissinger's testimony on the treaty helped the Administration; however, the strenuously hedged quality of his endorsement doubtless bewildered most people, to whom Mr. Kissinger had once seemed to be the major proponent of SALT. After all, he had had a great deal to do with working out the SALT I agreements, the Vladivostok understanding, and much that led up to the SALT II treaty.



A heavy irony lies within this sequence of SALT milestones. The SALT I agreements, although they were endorsed almost unanimously, contained one controversial feature: the five-year Interim Agreement limiting offensive weapons authorized the Soviet Union to deploy within the period stipulated larger numbers of land-based and sea-based missile launchers than the United States. The effect of this asymmetry was meaningless, for the United States did not have any plans to build more such weapon systems during the five-year period of the agreement, whereas the Soviet Union did; moreover, certain American advantages were judged at a minimum to balance any numerical advantage accorded the Soviets. Congress, however, feared that the temporary Soviet advantage could become permanent, and formally instructed the Nixon Administration to achieve a better approximation of equality in SALT II. At Vladivostok in 1974, Mr. Brezhnev agreed that the sides should be entitled to equal aggregate numbers of strategic-weapon systems. In short, the most politically sensitive feature of SALT I was removed at Vladivostok. However, the support for the Vladivostok understanding, even in retrospect a distinguished achievement, was gradually shown to be far less than the support that Nixon and Kissinger had been able to rely upon for SALT I. Much of the Republican Party and many Democrats were retreating from SALT. Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington, never an admirer of SALT, and a leader among Democrats on defense matters, drifted closer to open opposition. Paul Nitze—Democrat, ex-Deputy of Defense, ex-member of the SALT delegation, and a widely respected figure—emerged as a dedicated opponent of SALT II, as it is embodied in the Vladivostok understanding and in the current agreement.

Clearly, between the signing of the SALT I agreements, in May, 1972, and the serious stage of SALT II—the period following Mr. Ford's visit to Vladivostok in November, 1974—attitudes in Washington had changed; the SALT process, after being viewed as a self-evidently good thing, had fallen under suspicion. The alteration in attitudes is traceable to a number of factors, some related to each other and some not. First, the Soviet Union was seen to have flouted the spirit of SALT, by

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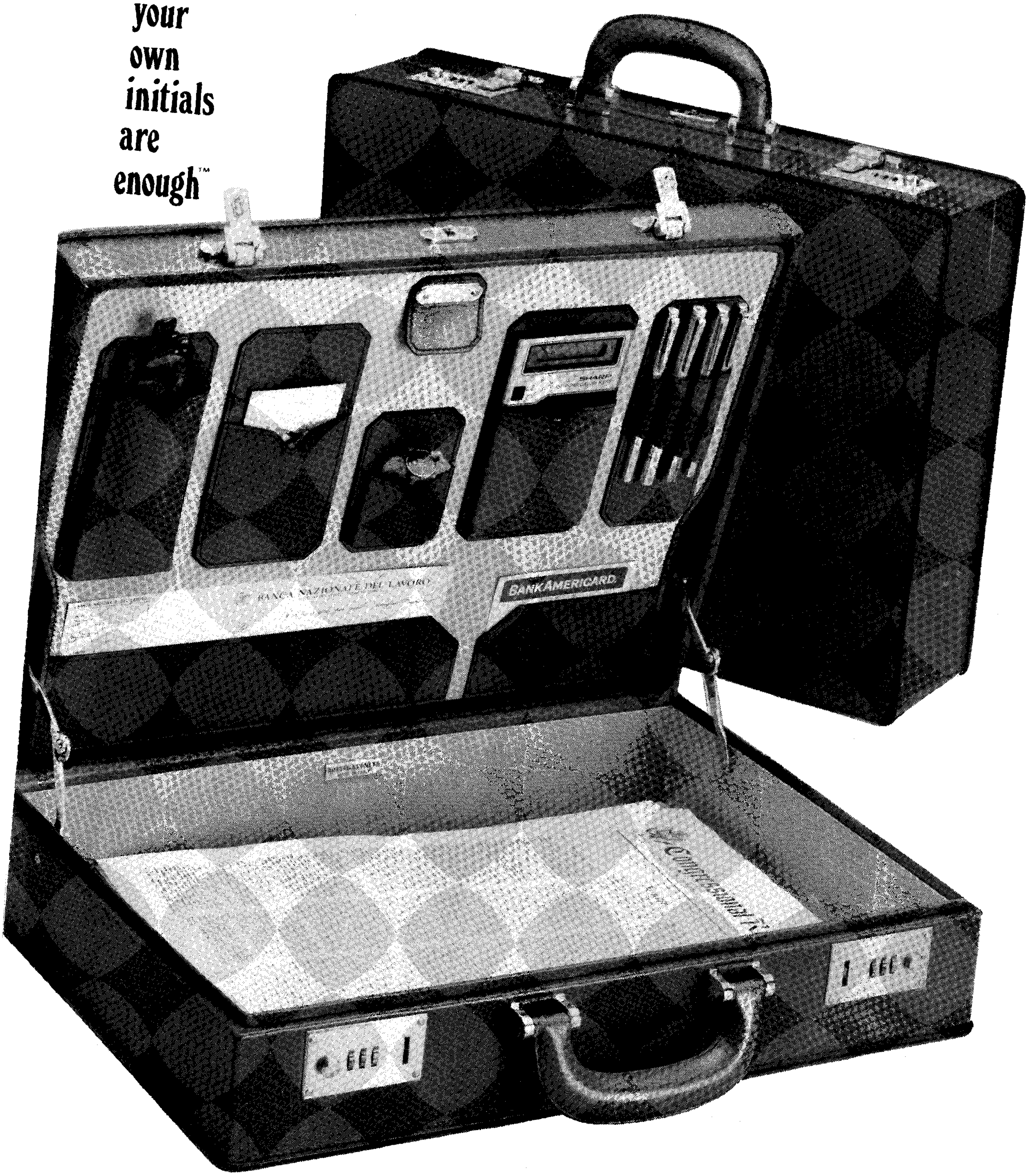
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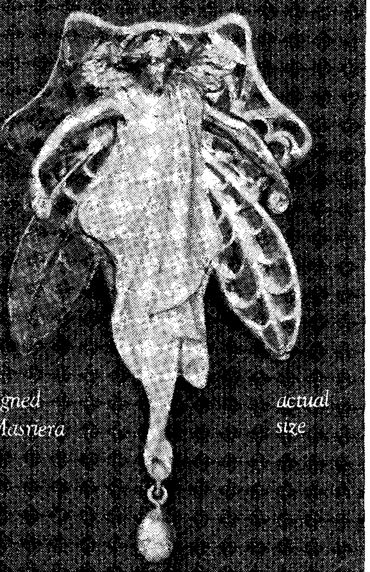

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developing a new generation of land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles, or ICBMs; three of the four new systems would be larger, and thus more powerful, than any corresponding American missile system; and the apparent pace of this program, combined with other improvements in Soviet military capabilities, sharpened the perception of significant threat. Second, the stock of Mr. Kissinger, then Secretary of State, had declined from its extraordinary peak, leaving him life-size and vulnerable to attack—as attacked he was, especially by the right wing of the Republican Party, which had by then made a target of SALT II. Opponents of the Vladivostok deal (some within the Ford Administration) blocked Mr. Kissinger's strenuous efforts to complete it and apparently reinforced Mr. Ford's own hesitation to push it to the point of formal agreement with the Soviet Union during the period prior to the 1976 Presidential election. Mr. Ford said approximately that in responding to questions about SALT II during a televised interview with NBC's John Chancellor on April 26, 1978: "An American Presidential election preëmpts an awful lot [laughing] of time of an incumbent who's seeking to be elected in November. So, whether we like it or not, there is a hiatus that takes place in an election year as far as foreign policy is concerned. I don't think it's necessarily right—but that's the way the situation is, and we have to accept it."

Now, as before, the motives and concerns of the SALT adversaries vary from one to another. In a few cases, opposition in 1979 seems to be, as it was in 1975-76, mainly a function of domestic politics. In other cases, it may be a combination of politics and a sense that the agreement is neither timely nor wholly adequate, given the exuberant buildup of Soviet missile forces. In nearly all cases, however, the potential threat that is represented by three of the new Soviet ICBMs—the SS-17, SS-18, and SS-19—is at or near the head of the list of things to worry about. The concern, specifically, is that these missile systems—especially the SS-18 and SS-19, which are being deployed in significant numbers—could destroy America's thousand Minuteman ICBMs in a first strike. A first principle of stable deterrence—of the rules of the game, at least as they are interpreted in Washington—is that each side's strategic forces should be invulnerable to attack from the other's, so as to remove from both sides the incentive to strike first. At this stage, only ICBMs have the potential to change the rules, by acquiring the first-strike punch; it will be a decade or more before missiles launched from submarines have comparable accuracies. (And because submarine forces are the least vulnerable to attack, they have become the mainstay of America's deterrent.) Each of the three new Soviet missile systems, like most of America's, is deployed with MIRVs—multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles (warheads). The SS-18 is being deployed with as many as ten of these warheads, the SS-19 with as many as six. The MIRV capability is, of course, a force multiplier. As of the moment, these Soviet weapons are not sufficiently accurate to threaten the American missile force. However, we know from observing their tests that by the early nineteen-eighties these missile systems will have the requisite combination of accuracies and numbers of MIRVs to threaten the survival of most of our Minuteman ICBMs.

Some of the people who think and write about these matters say that because of Minuteman's impending vulnerability the rules of deterrence have already lost their meaning and relevance. Our strategic doctrine, these people argue, which rested on the proposition that each side's population centers should be held hostage to an invulnerable destructive power on the other side, has been shoved aside by events. Here we have a serious misunderstanding. It is true that deterrence does ultimately rely on the so-called assured-destruction capability of each side, but the matter is not—and never was—that simple. I said as much in this magazine more than six years ago, observing that, like "most of what passes for strategic doctrine in the nuclear age, assured destruction is an abstraction, not reality. . . . It is unthinkable that, short of a massive nuclear attack, an American President actually *would* retaliate instantly against the aggressor's cities and thus invite the destruction of his own." Reality lies closer to the scenarios devised by planners, in which the accidental or limited use of nuclear weapons against the United States (or Western Europe) would be met with a selective and limited response that would seek to

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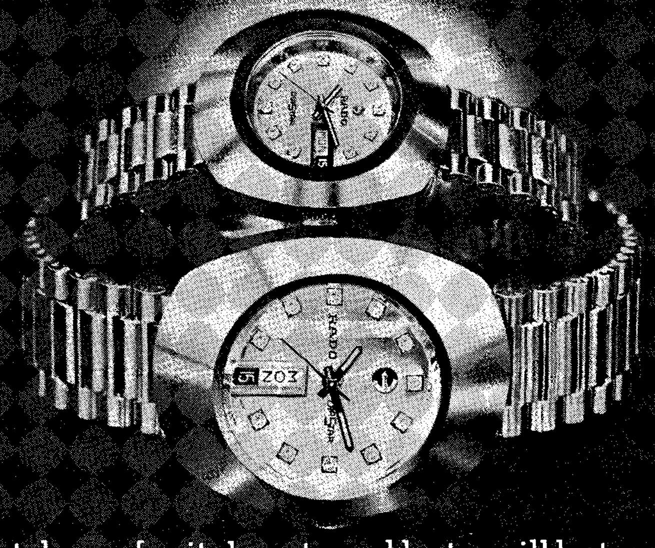

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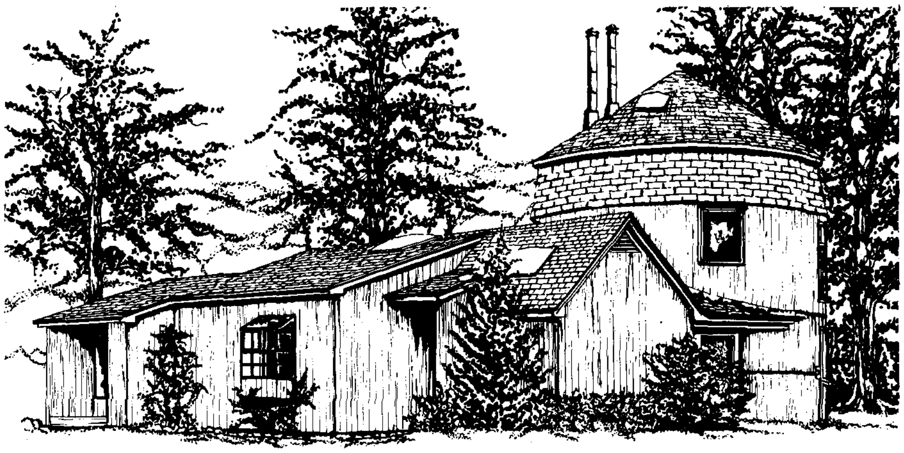

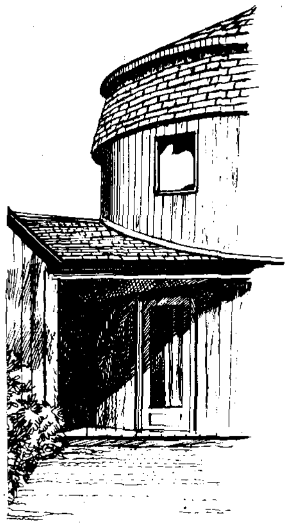

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avoid population centers and rapid escalation. Substantial flexibility has been built into American strategic forces, so that the President may have a wide range of options in deciding at what level and against what targets to respond to an attack. Taking the extreme case, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown says that with the weapons currently deployed "we can target all significant military objectives in the Soviet Union, even after undergoing a first strike by the Soviets." He is referring to a bolt-from-the-blue attack against the entire Minuteman force, which, even if it was successful, would leave America with between four and six thousand nuclear weapons for use against Russian military targets.

Both critics and advocates of SALT do worry, though, about the *perception* of a Soviet capability of doing something over a period of time in which the United States may have no comparable capability. The phrase "window of vulnerability" crept into the Senate hearings on SALT II. It describes a period of time, in the early to mid-nineteen-eighties, when the Soviet Union will supposedly have a far greater capability of destroying our land-based missiles in a first strike than we will have of destroying theirs. Any such unilateral strategic advantage, however theoretical, could conceivably be translated into political advantage during a period of great-power confrontation. No one doubts that Soviet ICBMs will in a few years have the so-called first-strike capability; it is unlikely, however, that this capability will be unilateral—that by then a diverse and growing American capability of the same kind will not constitute as great a concern to the Soviet Union, and probably greater. In any event, it is hard to see what our ICBM-vulnerability problem has to do with the SALT II agreement, which it considerably predates, except insofar as the treaty, by restricting Soviet potential, will bound the threat and enable American force planners to work around it.

SALT is certainly complex, though less so than it is made to seem. Choosing sensibly between the contesting arguments means ignoring the side issues and sideshows and, again, keeping in focus the three dominant considerations: the nature of the balance of American and Soviet forces; the simple core elements of the agreement; and the consequences of a failure of SALT.

IT is basic to the nature of armed forces that they modernize. And modernization of the forces of one's adversary awakens the darkest assumptions as to his purposes. Soviet forces—strategic and conventional—have for some time been undergoing substantial modernization all along the line. The United States is modernizing each part of its triad of strategic forces—the ballistic-missile-firing nuclear submarines, the land-based ICBM force, and the heavy-bomber force. Both sides modernize, but do so at different rhythms. And one side's rhythm is only partly animated by the other's programs; force improvements also proceed independently, at more or less the pace of what some have called "technology creep."

The strategic forces of the United States and the Soviet Union cannot be compared glibly, because they are dissimilar in many respects. The forces reflect the widely different technological attainments of the two countries and also their different geographical positions, which obviously matter in strategic terms. The land is the natural strategic environment for the Soviet Union, while the United States can comfortably deploy strategic weapons on both land and sea. Each side's strategic forces have advantages that tend to be offset by the forces of the other. Hence, a rough parity, or equivalence, between the two aggregations of force has emerged.

The Soviet Union currently has more ICBMs. Moreover, its ICBMs are larger and can therefore carry larger numbers of weapons, which are, in addition, more powerful. The Soviet Union also has more ballistic-missile-firing submarines; hence it deploys more submarine-launched ballistic missiles, or SLBMs. The United States has the advantage in strategic bombers, deploying many more of these aircraft and incomparably better ones. And its sea-based strategic forces are substantially more capable than those of the Soviet Union: its ballistic-missile-firing submarines are much quieter, hence harder to track; with long coastlines affording easy access to the open seas, and with various technical advantages, they can spend far more time on patrol at sea than Soviet boats can; furthermore, American SLBMs are considerably more advanced than their Soviet counterparts.

The United States began deploying missile systems with the force multiplier—MIRVs—many years before the Soviet Union acquired this capability. Thus, for some time the United States will continue to lead in the actual number of nuclear weapons—warheads and bombs, as distinct from their launchers—that can be delivered. At present,

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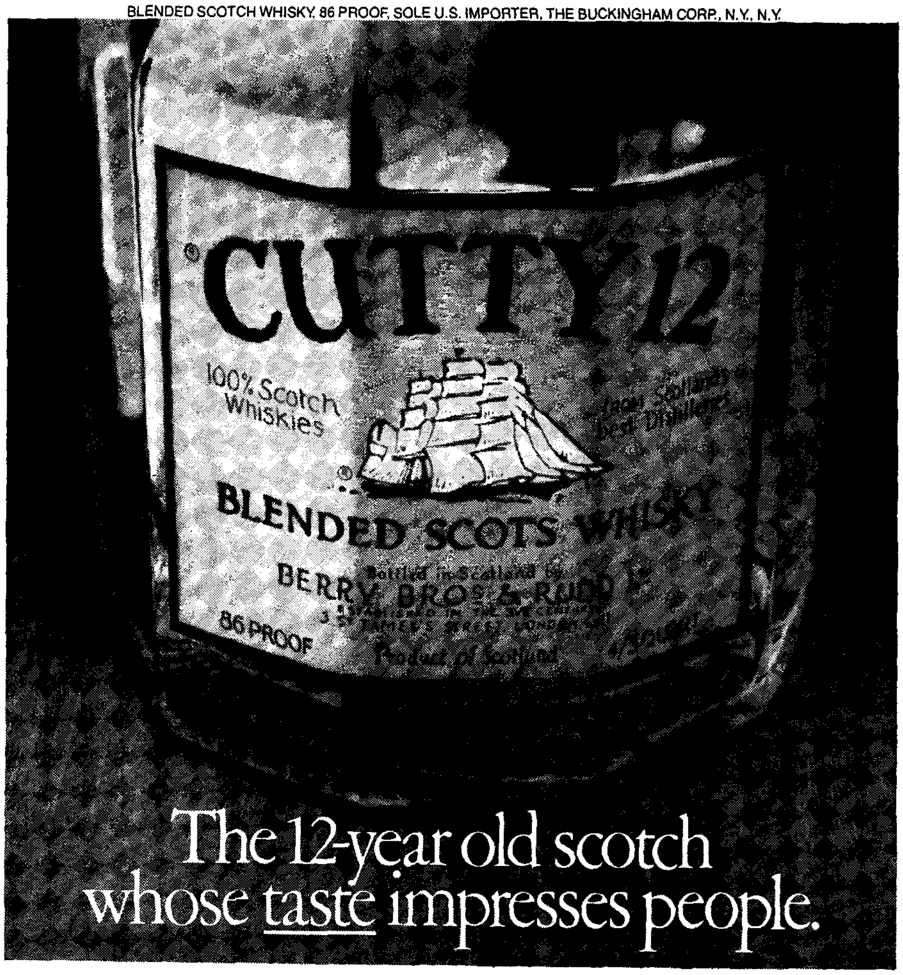

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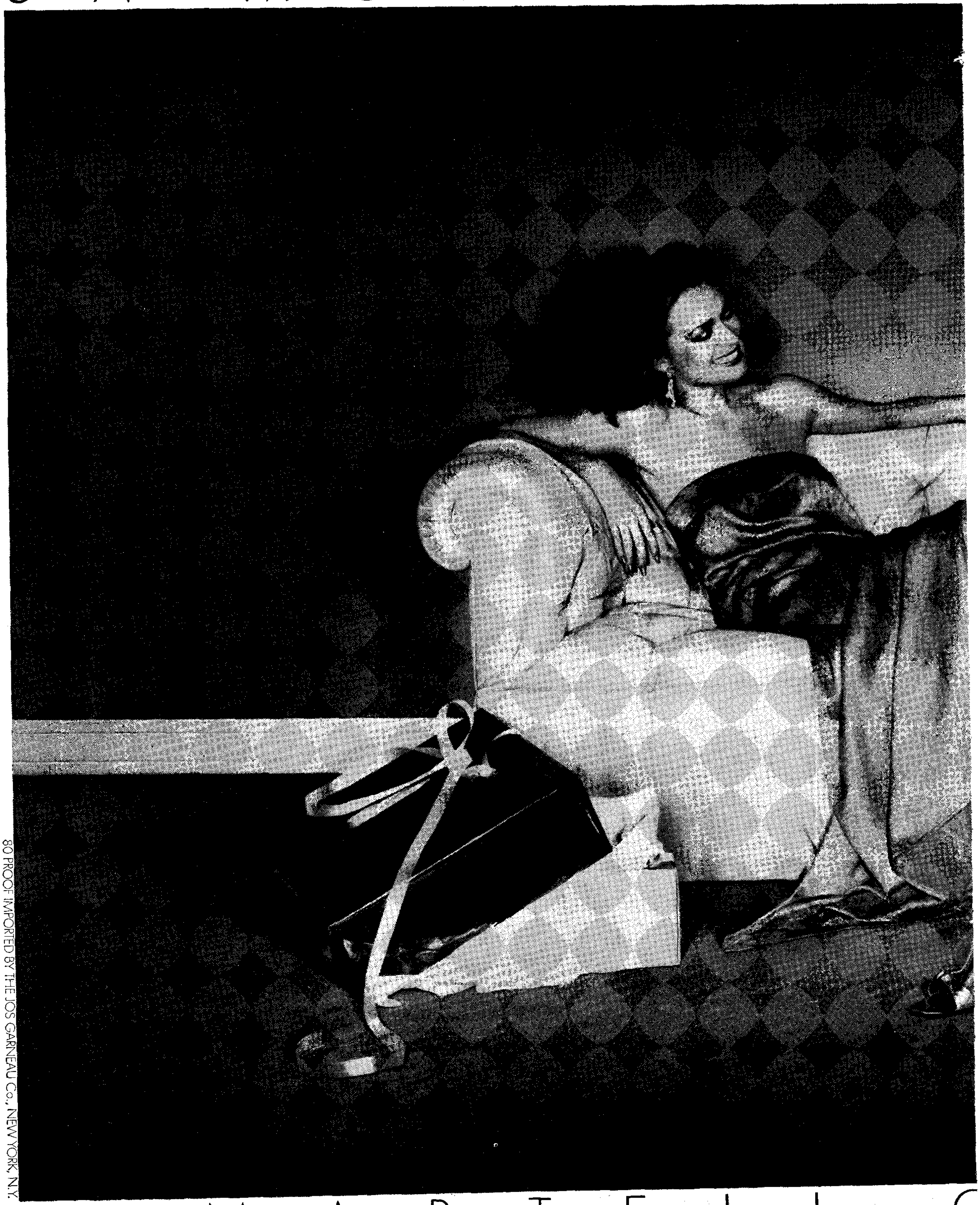

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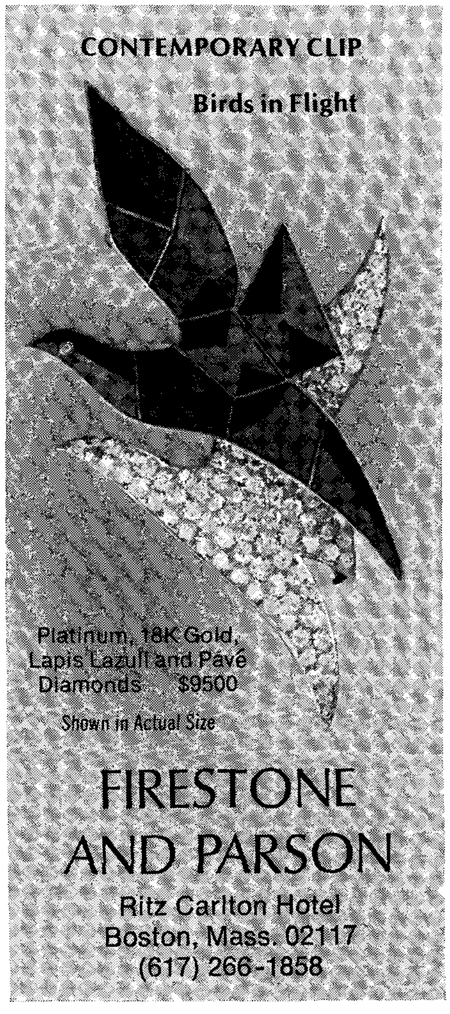

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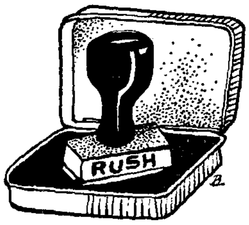
America's combined strategic forces can deliver nearly twice as many weapons on target as can the Soviet forces, and can do so, in all probability, with greater reliability and accuracy. It is doubtful whether any informed military expert, for or against the treaty, would disagree with the judgment expressed by General David C. Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the most recent of the annual "posture" statements that he presents to the Armed Services Committees of both houses of Congress: "I would not swap our present military capability with that of the Soviet Union, nor would I want to trade the broader problems each country faces."

Any so-called advantage for America in the current balance of strategic forces is small and not especially significant, since the Soviet Union's strategic forces could destroy American society as effectively as American forces could destroy Soviet society. Moreover, some, though not all, of our advantages will eventually be overcome by the other side. This is particularly true of America's current advantage in aggregate numbers of deliverable weapons, notably MIRVed weapons. The Soviet Union has the capability of exploiting the extravagant "throw-weight" of its ICBMs by deploying very large numbers of deliverable weapons and closing the gap. ("Throw-weight" is the jargon term for the usable payload of a missile system—the weight of its reëntry vehicles, or warheads, and the mechanisms that target and release them.) However, if SALT continues, the rhythm of American deployments will eventually open another, though smaller, gap.

The superior throw-weight of Soviet missiles is understandably a source of concern and deserves to be seen in perspective. Throw-weight advantages permit larger warhead yields, thereby compensating in part for guidance deficiencies. Throw-weight roughly determines the number of reëntry vehicles of a given yield that a MIRVed missile system can carry. The United States, after initially building and deploying large missiles similar to some of those deployed by the Soviet Union, turned away from such weapons and concentrated on smaller, more accurate missiles with far better yield-to-weight ratios. Few, if any, American weapon designers would wish to reverse that decision. Throw-weight is a useful measure of destructive potential against industrial areas and population centers. Against "hardened" (reinforced) targets, such as ICBM silos and command posts, other factors are more important. Against these, accuracy is the dominant value. In the terms of missile-duel scenarios, each twofold improvement in accuracy is equivalent to an eightfold increase in yield. And the superior accuracy of American missiles is an advantage likely to last well into the nineteen-eighties.



The single greatest threat to stable deterrence is currently perceived to be, and therefore may be, the impending vulnerability of our Minuteman ICBMs to Soviet missiles. Yet the United States can and probably will develop a comparable first-strike threat. It is improving a substantial portion of its MIRVed Minuteman force, and in the early nineteen-eighties it will start equipping its heavy bombers with highly accurate long-range cruise missiles. When the next generation of America's MIRVed missiles begins to be deployed, probably in 1986, the threat to Russian ICBMs will be explicit. It must be recognized, however, that the vulnerability of either side's land-based missiles to the first-strike potential of the other is highly theoretical. The would-be aggressor would confront staggering risks. For example, the other side, if it saw the incoming attack clearly and early, might launch its own missiles before the attack arrived. To the degree that the first-strike threat is at all credible, it applies with far greater force to the Soviet Union, because about seventy per cent of its aggregate strategic power is represented by silo ICBMs—the systems that will become vulnerable to a first strike. Only twenty-five per cent of America's strategic arsenal is deployed in this fashion; indeed, one of America's most important strategic advantages lies in the more balanced mixture of the weapons that it deploys. Thus, in considering an attack against the Minuteman force the Russians would have to reckon with America's other strategic capabilities, which are immense—with its SLBMs and "alert" heavy-bomber units, which would not be knocked out in a first strike and would be available to inflict devastating retaliation. Even if the Russians were prepared to accept such risks, they would require confidence that a paper calculation of the vulnerability of American Minuteman silos to their forces would be borne out in an actual attack—an attack that could become

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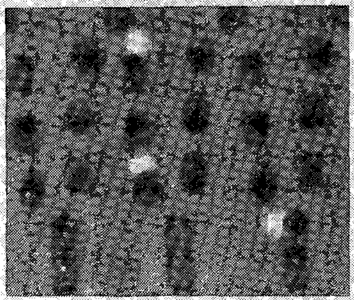

In this photo, magnetic bubbles (white dots) are magnified 1,000 times.

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Confidence of that kind and on such a scale is hard to imagine, but—who can say?—perhaps not unimaginable. Thus, the United States must respond in some fashion to the first-strike threat, while recognizing that no single response will remove the problem. America can respond by expanding its own capability to threaten Soviet ICBMs; by deploying some or all of its ICBMs in a different and less vulnerable manner; and by trying in SALT to retard and contain the development of the threat through a series of agreed-upon restraints. The Administration is responding in all three ways. The President has decided to deploy a new land-based missile, currently called MX (for Missile Experimental), which will be as formidable a first-strike weapon as even the heaviest and most potent of the Soviet systems. The MX will be mobile: instead of being launched from a silo, it will be installed in a huge, seven-hundred-thousand-pound vehicle, and the vehicle will travel its own private loop of roadway. All the roadways, called race tracks, will be in remote parts of Utah and Nevada—that is, if the scheme manages to survive environmental and other local obstacles. Each roadway is to have twenty-three shelters, in any one of which the missile and its vehicle can find protection, and from which the missile, if necessary, can be launched. It is the shell-game concept, with each pea, or missile, moving at between twenty and thirty miles per hour from one shelter to another. The plan is to deploy, starting in 1986, two hundred MX missiles within a network of two hundred separate roadways and forty-six hundred shelters, all this taking up about three thousand miles of special reinforced roadbed. At times, the missile and its launcher will be made visible, through ports in the roofs of the shelters, and thus verifiable according to the terms of the SALT II treaty. At substantial cost, this verification attribute will be built into a rather deceptively based weapon system.

The success of the project will depend on the Soviet reaction to it and on whether the SALT process is sustained. The two conditions are linked. But for the verification constraints of SALT, the Soviet Union could deploy a similar ICBM even more deceptively, and prevent America's intelligence apparatus from keeping track of the numbers. And without some of the other SALT II restrictions the Russians, if they chose, could do something worse: they could fully exploit the throw-weight of their heavier missiles by equipping them with many more warheads—so many as to enable them to salvo all forty-six hundred of the MX shelters, any of which might contain a missile. Such a move by the Russians would oblige the Americans to build more and more MXs, each one protected by as many as twenty-three additional shelters. We would then have arrived at what technicians call an "aim-point-warhead race," and each side would have little, if any, way of knowing whether it was ahead or behind in such a race. It is a prospect for adversaries of SALT to ponder. Adversaries and advocates alike might ponder the additional prospect of opposite "windows of vulnerability"—that period starting sometime in the nineteen-eighties when the silo-based forces of *each* side will become vulnerable to the other's ICBMs. By then, we and the Russians may have created a metaphor of an old American cliché—two gunfighters face to face in a deserted street, each fearful that the other will fire first. It is fair to ask how this clear threat to stability can be avoided other than by a sequence of SALT agreements, starting with the one now before the Senate.

ARMS control is not a function that comes naturally to bureaucracies. Political leaders and other opinion molders can easily agree on the need to curb the competition in destructive weapons. And, judged as a process, SALT probably does have a high acceptance rating. However, the process, if it is to be sustainable, periodically requires an agreement, or deal. A deal means something for both sides, and it is when the deal is about to be closed—a contractual arrangement with the adversary sealed—that the unnatural quality looms larger and deep doubts surface. If, as advocates of SALT insist, the deal is a good one for our side, why is the other side so keen to close? Senior officials have a hard time with this question; they are understandably reluctant to speculate seriously on Mr. Brezhnev's motives and priorities. This inhibition may help to explain why there is so little public understanding of the Soviet government's heavy stake in SALT. Heavy it must be, however, for the provisions lying at the heart of the SALT II agreement impose significant restrictions on the Soviet Union and, as a practical matter, none on the United States.

All these restrictions are in the treaty, although the agreement also

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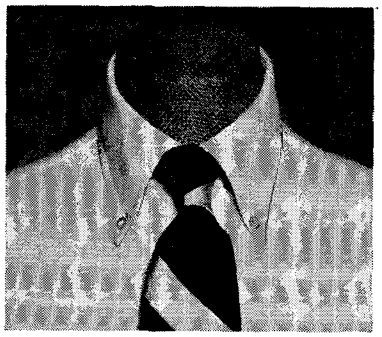

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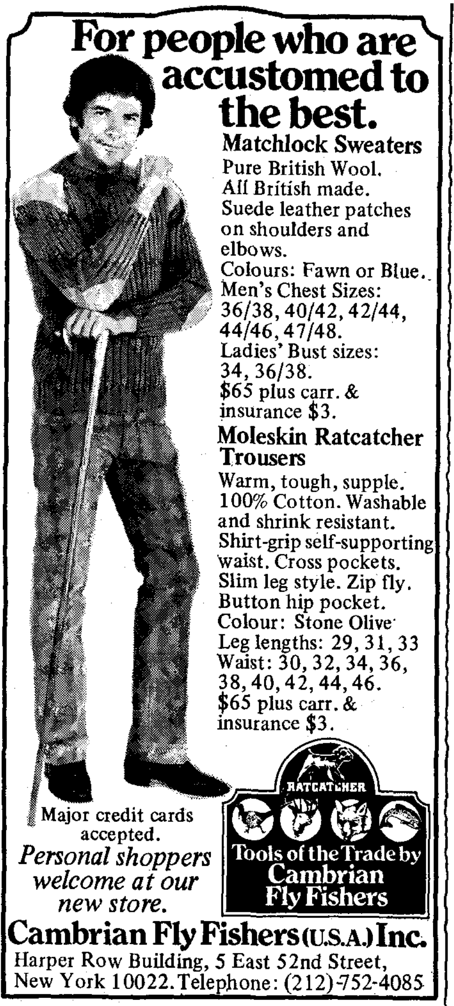

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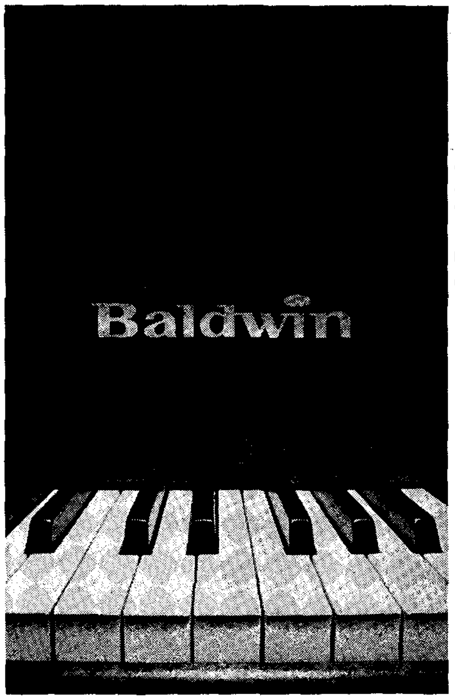

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contains several related documents, two of which have points of some controversy. One of them is a statement from the Soviet Union about what is probably the world's most famous bomber, known in Russia as the Tu-22M and in the United States (and most other places) as Backfire. Depending on one's point of view, Backfire is either the world's smallest strategic, or heavy, bomber, and therefore countable under the numerical limits of SALT II, or its largest theatre, or medium, bomber, and therefore excluded from SALT. The statement, which Mr. Brezhnev handed to President Carter in Vienna, and which has the same legal force as the treaty provisions, provides that the Soviets will not increase the production rate of Backfire or its modest capability of attacking the United States.

The other rather sensitive related document is a protocol, lasting through the end of 1981; among other things, it limits to six hundred kilometres the range at which certain kinds of cruise missiles can be deployed in that period. Cruise missiles differ from ballistic missiles in that they are propelled by jet engines, have wings, and never leave the earth's atmosphere. Cruise missiles travel about as fast as airliners—hence at only a fraction of the speed attained by ballistic missiles—and they have qualities that interest many NATO governments besides our own. Support has developed steadily for the deployment of a new generation of American cruise missiles in Western Europe as a partial response to the Soviet Union's deployment against NATO allies of ultra-modern intermediate-range weapons; one of these is the Backfire bomber, the other a MIRVed and mobile ballistic-missile system called the SS-20. For a time, some opponents of SALT charged that by accepting range limits on these particular cruise missiles the Administration was denying NATO an important military option. The Administration said that it was doing no such thing—that none of these new American cruise missiles would emerge from their development phase prior to the expiration of the protocol and each of its limits in 1981. In reply, opponents warned of the precedent that would be established by temporary limitations, arguing that these could easily be extended in SALT III. The issue gradually faded as, first, it became clear that any extension of the protocol would require the approval of two-thirds of the Senate and, second, it also became clear that NATO was close to formal agreement to deploy the new American cruise missiles, probably as early as 1983 or 1984.

The dominant and genuinely restrictive document is the treaty itself, reinforced by innumerable interpretive statements and understandings. Although it is remarkably detailed, its intended effect—to limit equitably the size and the destructive potential of both strategic forces—clearly emerges in mutually reinforcing provisions that, first, impose numerical ceilings on strategic nuclear-delivery vehicles; second, restrict modernization of the forces; and, third, pin down the broad verification requirements of the agreement. There are actually four numerical ceilings. One places an outer limit of two thousand two hundred and fifty on each side's total number of ICBM launchers, SLBM launchers, and heavy bombers. The three others are subceilings that limit each side's entitlement to the force multipliers—launchers of land-based ballistic missiles with MIRVs, launchers of submarine-based ballistic missiles with MIRVs, and heavy bombers equipped with long-range cruise missiles. Most experts regard the subceiling of eight hundred and twenty on the permitted number of MIRVed ICBMs as the most important of the three, since, again, MIRVed ICBMs are seen as the most direct threat to a stable nuclear balance. This limitation will have no effect on the United States, which does not intend to deploy nearly that many ICBMs with MIRVs, but it will restrict the Soviet Union; by official American estimates made public in the Senate hearings, the Soviet Union, if it should be unrestricted in this way, could by 1985, when the agreement expires, deploy as many as seventy-five per cent more MIRVed ICBMs than the subceiling stipulates.

There is no particular logic underlying the levels at which the various ceilings are pegged. However, they do harbor important political and strategic advantages. Each of them would hold the Russians far beneath their potential during the period of the agreement and also beneath what American intelligence believes they would otherwise deploy by 1985. The aggregate limit of two thousand two hundred and fifty on launchers and heavy bombers requires that the Soviet Union dismantle slightly more than two hundred and fifty such systems—or about ten per cent of its total strategic force—which

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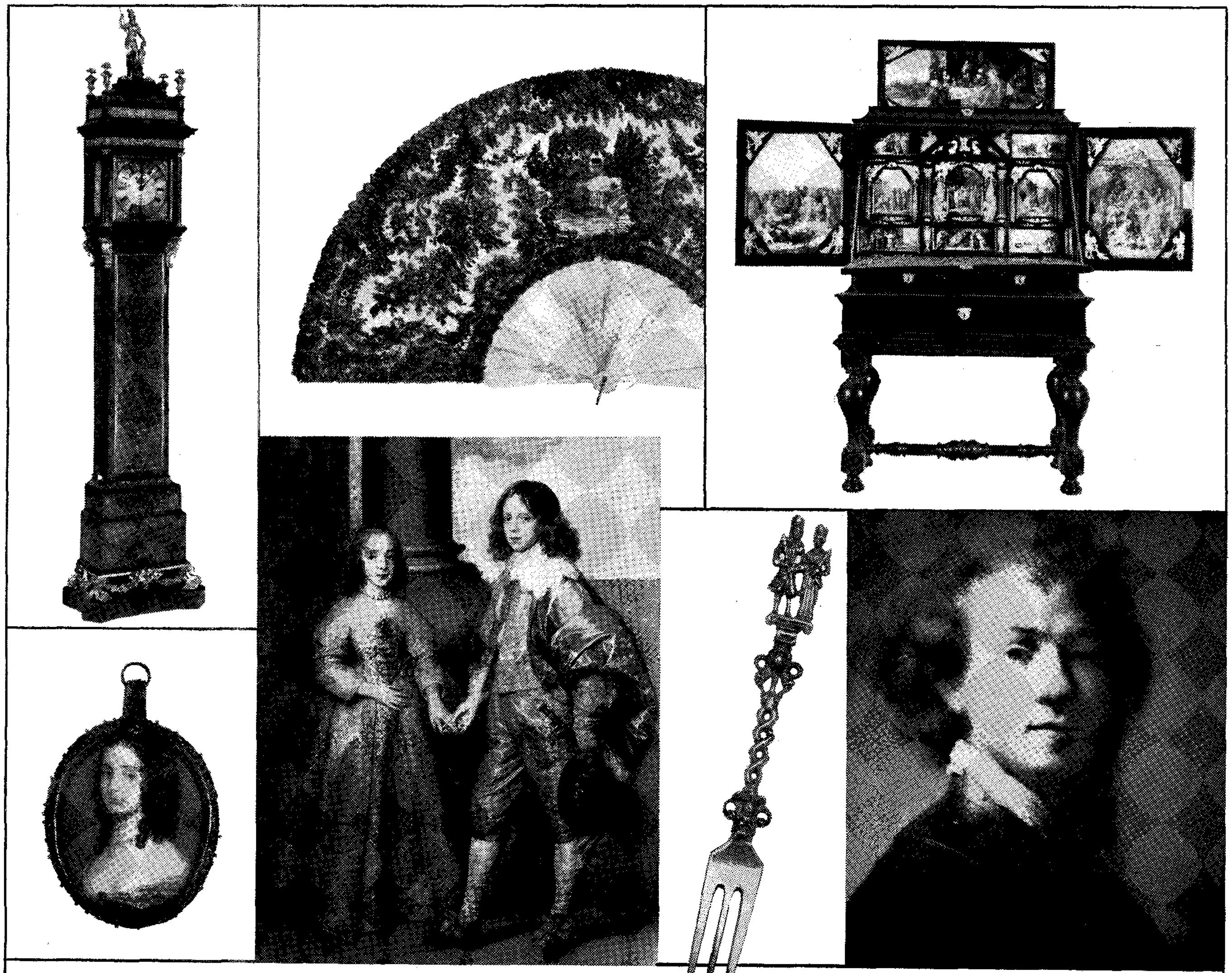

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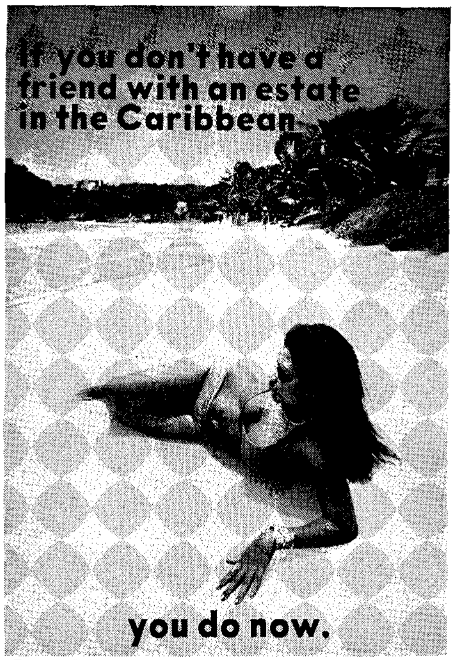
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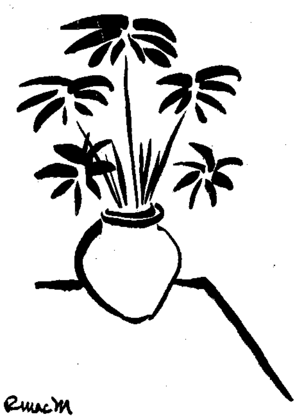
are currently targeted against the United States. The United States will not reduce any deployed systems, since it deploys fewer than two thousand two hundred and fifty. Moreover, without the agreement the Soviet Union would be expected to deploy several hundred additional systems, and then the United States would need to do a great deal more than is currently envisaged—and that's quite a lot—in order to keep pace.

The fact of equal entitlements has obvious political value, deriving mostly from perceptions. Moreover, parity, numerically expressed, gives each side a reliable estimate of the other's capabilities over a period of years. This kind of estimate, in turn, offers a hedge against exaggeration—against "worst case" force-planning decisions that might arise from uncertainties and the gloomiest assumptions of the other side's potential. Finally, in considering the merits of the ceilings provisions, a distinction must be made between delivery systems and actual weapons, the latter being the warheads and bombs. It is the delivery systems, and not the weapons themselves, that are explicitly limited, and hence stabilized, by the ceilings provisions. However, it is the numbers of weapons on both sides that are currently rising most dramatically (owing mainly to the MIRV phenomenon), and the significance of the ceilings on the delivery systems lies partly in their function as an indirect brake on this pernicious trend.



A direct brake is found in Article IV, the section that restricts modernization of existing forces. In fewer than fifty words, it forbids the parties to flight-test or deploy any existing ICBM with more warheads than the maximum number with which it had been tested as of May 1, 1979. There is probably no more important provision in the treaty, from either a political or a strategic point of view. It restricts the Soviet Union's advantage in missile throw-weight, by closing off the possibility—certainly through 1985—that its ICBMs would be loaded with more warheads than the maximum number they now carry. Without this restriction, the SS-18, the heaviest Soviet ICBM, instead of being deployed with ten warheads, could within the span of the agreement reach a point at which twenty—some would say as many as thirty—warheads could be stacked, like so much cordwood, on each of the missiles.

"If you like MX, you'd better like SALT" is a favorite admonition of treaty advocates. Without the limit on numbers of warheads per missile, known as the fractionation limit, the SS-18's potential in a first strike could make nonsense of the theory that two hundred mobile missile launchers would be significantly less vulnerable to attack than their silo-based cousins. Some opponents say that there is less to the fractionation limit than meets the eye, since it will expire with the treaty in 1985 and the deployment of MX will not begin until 1986. It is a strange argument. The parties are agreed that SALT III should build upon the SALT II treaty restrictions by sustaining some and improving others; and American acceptance of a SALT III agreement that did not continue the fractionation limit is unimaginable. It is true that if there were no SALT III agreement the Soviet Union would be free on January 1, 1986, though not before, to begin testing its missiles with larger numbers of warheads. In that event, however, the United States would hedge by expanding the planned deployment of its MX missiles, and the world would begin to witness the aim-point-warhead race that is probably avoidable only through the SALT process.

A number of American strategic calculations are tied to various Article IV restraints on modernization besides the ICBM-warhead limit. For example, according to the so-called new-types provisions of Article IV, each side may deploy no more than one new type of ICBM for the period of the treaty. This provision, like each of the other restrictions on modernization, was written to accommodate American programs. The United States intends to design and deploy only one new ICBM, the MX; the Russians, however, have several new ICBMs in the development stage, and the new-types provision forces them to make a difficult choice. The provision also restricts the one permitted new ICBM system to no more than ten warheads per missile—the number that America's MX will be armed with. Finally, the new-types provision sets limits on the degree to which existing ICBMs can

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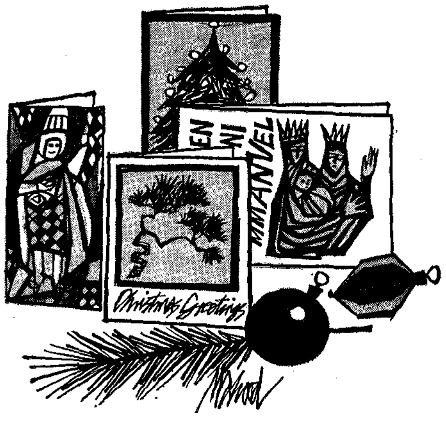
be modified in size, throw-weight, and launch-weight, and forbids any changes in the number of stages and the type of propellant. Here, again, none of the constraints on modification will affect American programs, whereas they will limit, though not altogether prevent, Russian efforts to make essentially new ICBMs of existing systems. During the Senate hearings on the treaty, some Administration witnesses used automobile analogies to characterize the effect of the missile-modification restrictions, saying, for instance, "They [the Russians] will be able to make a 1976 Chevrolet into a 1979 Chevrolet but could not upgrade it into a Cadillac."

If the treaty is rejected—or sidetracked by an unwillingness to bring it to a vote—these prospective Article IV limits will recede from view, and the United States will confront some painful choices. For example, will an arms competition uninhibited by SALT dictate a major expansion of the MX program, now officially estimated to cost about thirty-three billion dollars? And will the race-track-basing scheme have to be scrapped in favor of an even more elusive, and thus more deceptive, method? Or will the government decide to move all or a large portion of the American ICBMs out to sea, or into the air, or in both directions? Useful answers to these and related questions might not be available, in part because American intelligence might not be able any longer to offer the necessary guidance on exactly what the Russians were doing. It is assumed that the Russians, if unconstrained by the verification provisions of SALT II, some of which are carried over from SALT I, would make a dedicated effort to conceal their missile-development programs from the American satellites, radars, and earth-based sensors that closely monitor their progress.

Verification, the third of the agreement's major prongs, is a matter of surpassing sensitivity. In general, government officials adopt a defensive position in discussing it, noting, correctly, that SALT agreements rely not on our trusting the Russians but on our capability of monitoring their activities. The reality is that the verification provisions amount to one of the major advantages to the United States of the SALT process. It is obvious that, with or without SALT, the United States must monitor Soviet strategic programs very carefully. The larger part of American intelligence activity is devoted to that task. Without SALT, the task could and doubtless would be far more difficult, since this agreement and its predecessor sanction each side's right to monitor the other. And the value of the intrusive rights provided by SALT to an open society, such as the United States, competing against the Soviet Union, a closed society, should be obvious.

The treaty carries over from the SALT I agreements a provision that denies either side the right to conceal from the other's intelligence-gathering systems those of its activities which are covered by the agreement. It also forbids either side to "interfere with the national technical means of verification of the other Party." And, because this treaty is an incomparably broader and more detailed agreement than its predecessor, its verification provisions are correspondingly broader and more extensive; indeed, a large part of the document is primarily concerned with verification. To take one example, verifying the ceilings on MIRVed-missile launchers requires that American intelligence be able to distinguish between launchers of MIRVed systems and launchers of single-warhead missiles. Once missiles are deployed in their silos, it is virtually impossible to determine whether they are MIRVed or non-MIRVed. The Soviet Union's SS-17s, 18s, and 19s have all been tested with and without MIRVs. And it is precisely then—in the testing stage—that American intelligence can establish the characteristics of a missile system, including the question of whether it has MIRVs and, if so, exactly how many. Thus, the United States sought over a period of years, and finally obtained, Soviet agreement to a number of rules for counting, two of which relate to the MIRV-verification problem. One of these is that any launcher that has ever contained or launched a MIRVed missile system counts against that side's entitlement to such systems. The second is that any missile system that has been flight-tested with two or more warheads is considered a MIRVed missile



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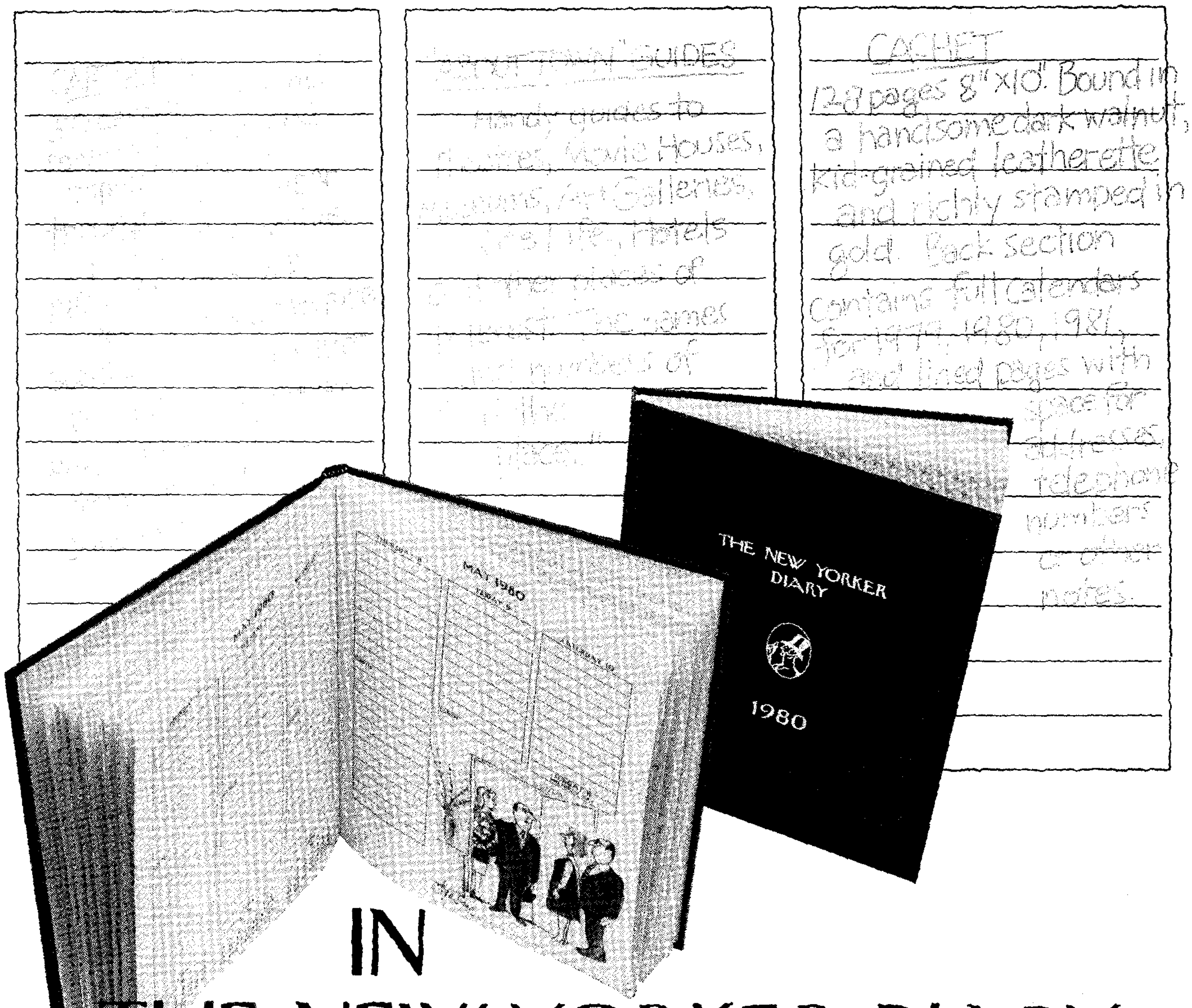
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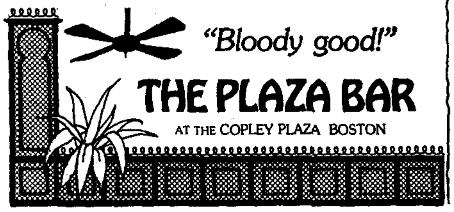

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for the purposes of the agreement. With these two complementary rules inscribed in the agreement, the United States has high confidence in its capability of monitoring compliance with the ceilings on launchers of MIRVed missiles; in effect, these rules would frustrate any mischievous temptation to work around the ceilings on MIRVed-missile launchers.

Confidence is probably the critical value in an official judgment of whether an agreement, or any one of its provisions, is adequately verifiable. Verification is not itself an absolute value or condition. The ability to verify, or lack thereof, is relative. Thus, verification is a political judgment. The intelligence community estimates the degree of certainty or confidence with which it can monitor Soviet activities covered by a SALT agreement. The President and his senior advisers must then decide whether the bands of uncertainty are acceptably narrow, the confidence factor acceptably high. To put it differently, the government must satisfy itself that the risk to the other side of cheating on a scale of military significance is high enough to discourage the act of cheating. Some provisions of this agreement, inevitably, are more verifiable than others. And it is conceivable that in a few cases a modest degree of cheating might go undetected. However, the probability that anything more frequent—a pattern of significant cheating—could go undetected is generally considered acceptably low: no agency of our government believes that the Soviet Union has an incentive to cheat on the SALT II agreement, and even many opponents of the agreement, including some in the Senate, do consider it adequately verifiable. A few disagree, and one persistent worrier about verification, Senator John Glenn, Democrat of Ohio, may not yet have made up his mind.

d. ehrenberg

Intelligence gathering is a very expensive enterprise, and the techniques for monitoring Soviet weapons programs are especially costly—having very little to do with human spies and relying instead on ultra-sophisticated hardware. The loss of highly valued intelligence assets in Iran adds to a continuing requirement to broaden and refine the technologies on which the over-all capability relies. What was lost in Iran, actually, was a portion of America's capability of monitoring elements of Article IV—notably the limits on throw-weight and launch-weight. However, the United States does not depend on any one system for monitoring compliance with SALT restrictions. There is substantial redundancy running through its intelligence-collection apparatus. Intelligence gathering is a dynamic business, subject to constant change—as technology creates new possibilities and also as American assets situated in one country may evaporate and, in some form or another, reappear elsewhere. Both collection techniques and the management and retrieval of information are improving all the time, and though it may take several years to compensate altogether for what was lost in Iran, it will not take nearly so long to make up for this loss from the point of view of SALT verification. Stated simply, verifying SALT restrictions is a less exacting task than keeping track of the full sweep of Soviet weapons development. The Administration has always said that the SALT agreement would be adequately verifiable on the day that it was signed. Three Senate committees were fully briefed during the hearings on how compliance would be monitored, and the same sensitive briefings were available to any individual senator who wished to look behind the official position.

In part, the value of the agreement must be measured against the alternative of no agreement. The probability is that rejection of SALT II would lead to more of everything—more existing delivery systems, more new delivery systems, and even greater increases in the numbers of weapons. The great powers would, at best, be maintaining a roughly equivalent strategic balance with mutually rising levels of unusable power. It seems doubtful, however, whether they could also maintain the same degree of security, given the uncertainties and instabilities inherent in another major buildup. The uncertainties would be that much greater if American intelligence, denied the access to Soviet programs which SALT assures, was unable to do its job properly. In such a situation, each side would doubtless base its plans on the most pessimistic assumptions about the other. Each would assume that the other sought to acquire some exploitable strategic advantage, even though the time had passed when either side would permit the other to

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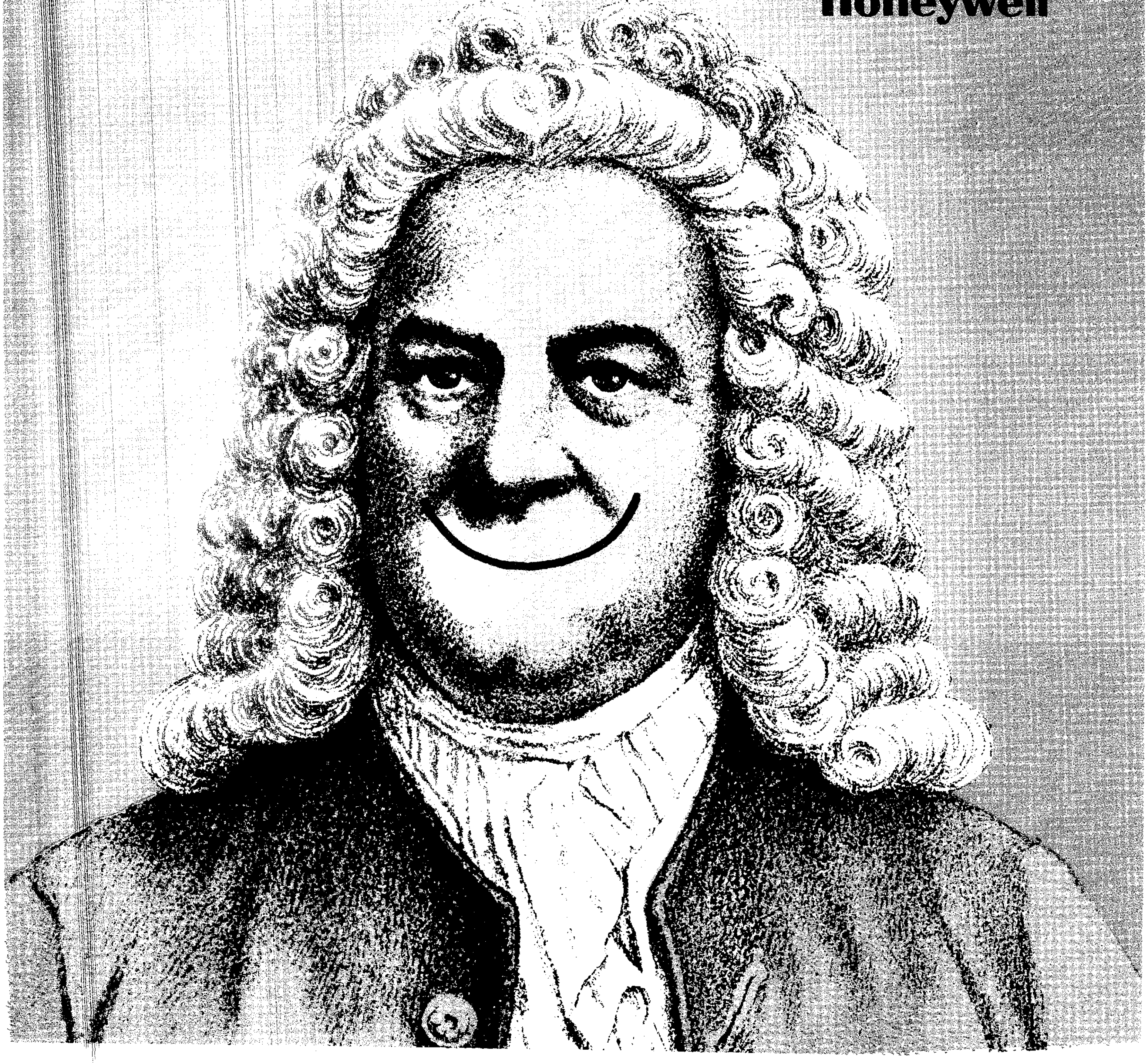

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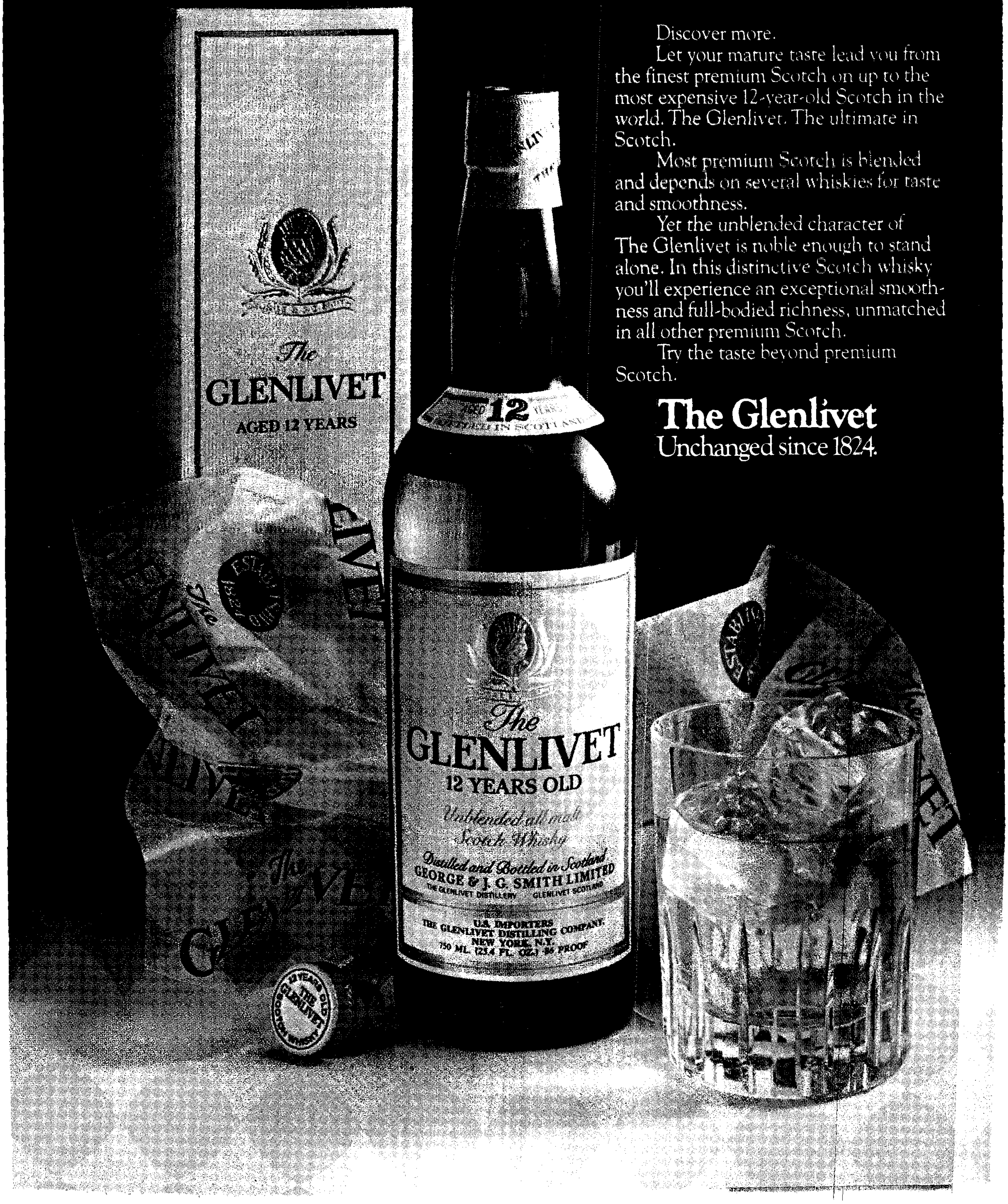
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acquire any such advantage. Just the prospect of a major new cycle in the arms competition could create uncertainties that would foster instability. The SALT II agreement, on the other hand, would foster stability, through the interaction of its principal parts: the numerical ceilings on strategic systems, the restraints on upgrading the destructive potential and versatility of missiles, and all the rules and prohibitions that fall under the rubric of verification.

OPPONENTS and skeptics, by and large, fall into two groups. In one group are those who find the agreement inadequate. In the other are those who have no particular quarrel with the agreement but worry that it might create an excess of complacency, thereby discouraging the necessary public support for the kinds of defense programs that will enable America to keep pace with the Russians. Many in the latter group worry even more about Soviet behavior in the world; they oppose agreements on matters as sensitive as these with an adversary engaged in activities that are wholly uncongenial to American interests. (Admittedly, I am ignoring a segment of opinion that is flatly and unconditionally opposed to the SALT process.)

The first group spans a wide range of opinion: it includes those who argue that the agreement is insufficiently restrictive and will serve mainly to invite unnecessary spending for strategic weapons, and it also covers a bloc—a larger one—that worries about things the agreement doesn't do. The second bloc's two major complaints, in ascending order of intensity, are these: the agreement fails to provide that the Backfire bomber will count against the Soviet Union's total entitlement, and it accords the Soviet Union the right to three hundred and eight "heavy" ICBMs, whereas the United States is not entitled to any of these behemoths. The argument that the treaty doesn't go far enough misses the point. Agreements of this kind reach the heart of security and society's perception of its security. And the stately pace of the negotiations owes as much to internal political drag as to the difficulty of bargaining between adversaries on matters such as these. It is not a perfect agreement from any point of view; any SALT buff could design an agreement that fully satisfied every American preference, but it would not be negotiable. In fact, this agreement is a considerable advance over SALT I; if it is approved, it will be a sizable step on the circuitous path toward stabilizing, if not eventually ending, the sort of competition it is concerned with. The test of the agreement is not its scope. The test is whether it is or is not in the national interest. Those who say that the treaty should go further than it does should recognize that the best is the enemy of the good. They should try to see that SALT cannot remove all their concerns in one agreement. Instead, SALT should be seen for what it was intended to be—a process leading to a series of complementary, sequential agreements, each of them making possible subsequent broader ones.

The Backfire bomber, a celebrity among weapon systems, will not be counted in Russia's SALT II aggregate. The issue of counting Backfire arose shortly after the Vladivostok accord was reached. The Soviet Union categorically rejected the American argument that since Backfire can reach American territory on one-way missions without refuelling, it should be counted. The Soviet leadership took the position that Backfire was not intended to be and will not be deployed as a strategic weapon—that whatever American experts may think about its capabilities Soviet experts know better, since it is their airplane. Actually, most American experts do not ascribe to Backfire a significant capability against the United States; on any such extended-range mission, it would have to fly like an airliner—at high altitudes and subsonic speeds. And nobody doubts that Backfire is intended chiefly for use against Western Europe, China, and ships at sea. It is replacing older Soviet medium bombers deployed for such purposes. It is clear that the plane was designed for just that kind of activity. Still, Backfire is an awfully large medium bomber, and the issue of counting or not counting it at times inflamed the discussion of SALT II. The dominant view within the American bureaucracy is that the Soviet Union would not be tempted to attack America with Backfire, if only because Backfire would not then be available to carry out the missions for which it is deployed. Perhaps more important, the United States has always rejected Soviet efforts to define a SALT-countable weapon system as one capable of reaching the other side's territory. To have accepted any such proposition would have meant that a large portion of the several hundred American long-range nuclear weapons deployed in and around Europe were covered by SALT. At the start of SALT, in 1969, and

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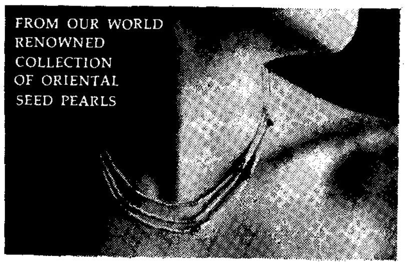

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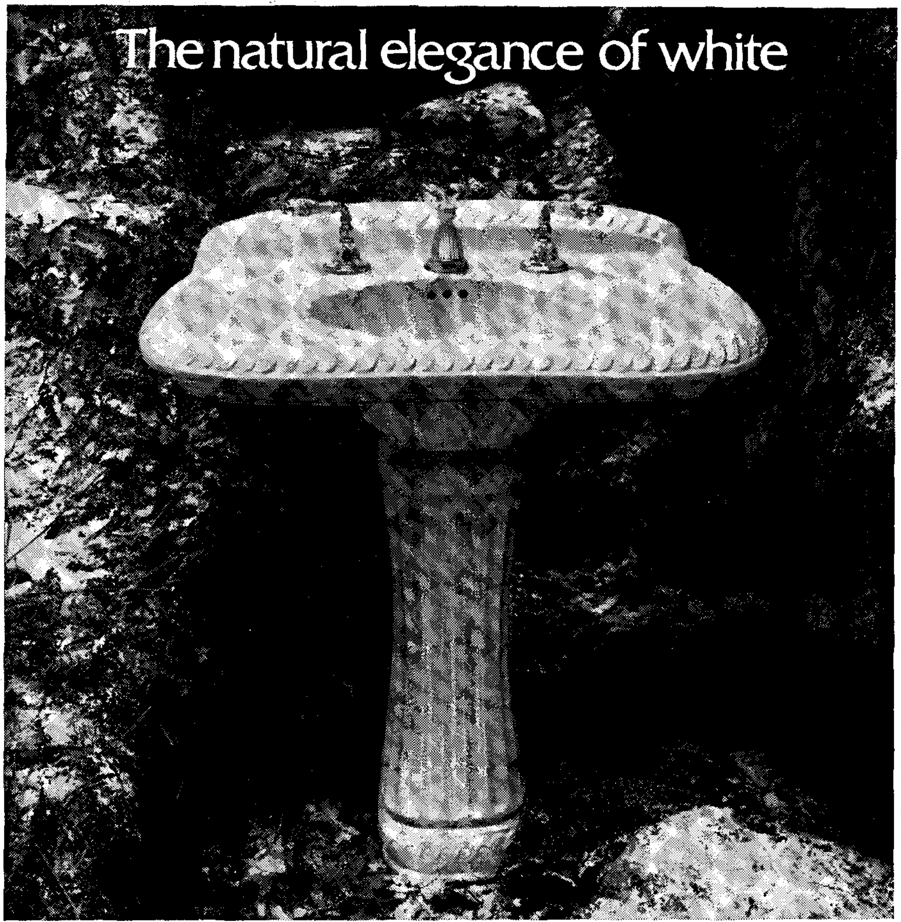
for many years thereafter, the Russians sought to use the presence of these forward-deployed American weapons, along with the nuclear weapons of Britain and France, to justify a claim to larger numbers of Soviet strategic weapons countable under SALT. America's continued rejection of the Soviet claim became the foremost priority of its NATO allies. At Vladivostok, Mr. Brezhnev withdrew his claim and agreed to equal numerical aggregates. However, these European-based American weapons—certainly the ones that can strike at Russia—are a kind of analogue to Backfire, though less capable. To have insisted on counting Backfire would have eventually reopened the issue of Soviet compensation for them. Still, neither the logic of the situation nor the binding assurance provided by the Russians has silenced the Backfire issue.

As for the even more persistent issue of heavy missiles, the treaty does have the effect of allowing the Russians to deploy up to three hundred and eight silo-based ICBMs of a size in excess of all other existing missile systems, while the United States is not allowed to deploy any such weapons. However, the United States has never, under any Administration since President Eisenhower's, had an interest in developing ICBMs of that size. Besides being far more expensive, they are considered less reliable than the American missiles now deployed or under development, and there is simply no requirement for them. During the nineteen-sixties, when the Russians were designing the strategic weapons that they now deploy, they lagged far behind the United States in the capability of designing small, on-board computers and small but relatively high-yield warheads. In order to compensate for such deficiencies and to acquire adequate target coverage, they developed larger missiles. Whether other considerations—political, military, or both—may also have contributed to their emphasis on heavy missiles is an imponderable. We simply don't know.

The heavy-missile issue is rooted in SALT I. The Nixon Administration wished to put a lid on the number of SS-9s, then the heaviest Soviet ICBM. So the 1972 agreement was written in a fashion that froze the number of silos of a size that housed SS-9s—and now contain its follow-ons, the MIRVed SS-18s—at the actual number then in use or under construction. The Russians had three hundred and eight of these, but since the United States had *no* operational silos for modern



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missiles of that size, it was denying itself the right to them. At Vladivostok, Mr. Brezhnev gratified President Ford's two principal wishes—agreement to equal numerical ceilings and to the shelving of the issue of America's forward-based weapons. However, the understanding also sustained the Soviet Union's solitary right to three hundred and eight heavy silo-based ICBMs. It has been widely reported to have been a trade. If so, it was a good one for the Americans: they obtained what they wanted most, and surrendered the right to a category of weapons in which they had no interest.

Conspicuous among the dissenters is Senator Baker; he has singled out the "heavies" issue for special attention, going so far as to suggest that if the Russians would eliminate their heavy missiles he "would be predisposed to consider a most generous reconciliation of the remaining points" (a reference to his other reservations). Senator Baker first announced in a press conference last June 27th that he would vote against the treaty. On November 9th, in a meeting of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, he voted against reporting the treaty favorably to the Senate. On both occasions, he noted his support for the SALT I agreements and for the Vladivostok understanding. And on both occasions he stressed the heavy-missile question. On neither occasion did his remarks reflect an awareness of the conflict between supporting the earlier accords—SALT I and Vladivostok—and attacking SALT II for the manner in which the heavy-missile question was disposed of. That kind of lapse is in the well-worn pattern of the debate on SALT II over the past four years. The simple, lapidary truth of the heavy-missile matter is that without the treaty the Russians can deploy far larger numbers of SS-18s, with much higher numbers of warheads per missile, and the United States will continue to deploy no such weapons, because its interest in such a misuse of resources is no greater than before. Also, those who follow these matters and look ahead to a time of matching first-strike capabilities—to the opposite, or facing, "windows of vulnerability"—will observe that a substantial portion of Soviet strategic power is concentrated in just three hundred and eight heavy-missile silos; that is to say, in three hundred and eight vulnerable targets. There is sober paradox in the heavy-missile issue, but it is not to be found in the SALT debate.

In his November 9th statement, Senator Baker bridged the two main

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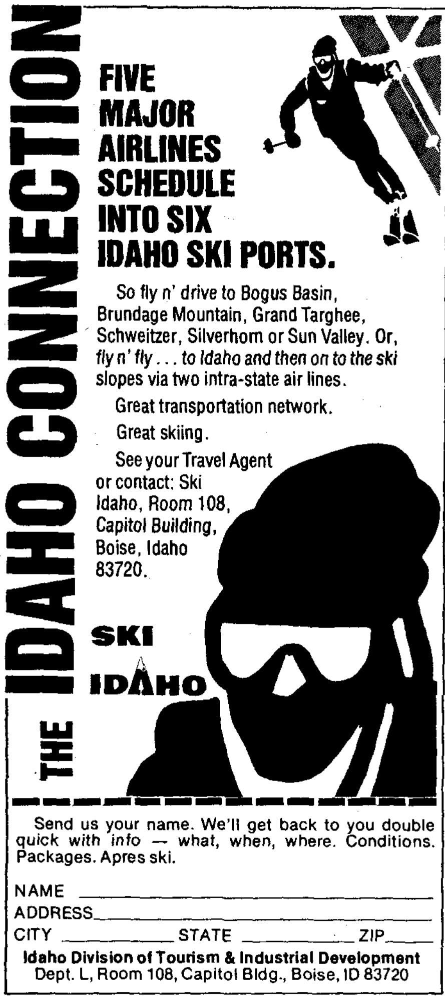
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adversary groups—the one that opposes the content of the agreement and the one that is troubled by broader considerations, the notable examples being, again, a treaty-induced complacency that could enfeeble the sense of national purpose, and the need to link SALT with Soviet behavior around the world. Senator Baker, toward the conclusion of his remarks, said, "This treaty might be a good treaty at another time." But for now, he said, the United States should strengthen its defenses, improve its offensive strategic capability, and plug gaps in its verification capability. "It is not that this treaty is bad per se, but it is bad at this time."

The complacency argument has a number of prominent partisans from both parties. They are concerned about priorities. They favor SALT, and worry less about its provisions than about the effect they fear it may have on public support for adequate national defense. President Ford made clear his position in a statement in the Washington *Post* on September 26th: "I am against the treaty unless the necessary defense spending decisions have been made and have been written into law." In short, Mr. Ford opposes ratifying the treaty at any time early enough to avoid indefinitely deferring it. His former colleague Mr. Kissinger, though he conditionally favors ratification, takes a similar line, as does one of the Senate's leading authorities on defense matters, Georgia's Sam Nunn (whose position on ratification is not yet clear). They complain about the cancellation and delay of major defense programs. They mean the B-1 bomber, the Trident submarine, and the MX missile system. The B-1, of course, was cancelled—a decision that genuinely troubled many of those who figure in the SALT debate. It was cancelled because President Carter and his senior defense advisers determined that as a hedge against improvements in Soviet air defenses a new penetrating bomber would be less effective than a new generation of long-range cruise missiles that will be deployed on aircraft loitering well away from Russia. Whatever the merit of this reasoning, the cancellation of America's one new strategic bomber weakened SALT's political moorings, particularly among Republicans. Delays in the other programs—the Trident submarine and the MX missile—were unavoidable. The new submarine has had more than its share of problems. The MX missile has been a weapon system in search of an acceptable mobile-basing concept. Since the late nineteen-fifties, American defense planners have wrestled with the question of whether and how to move ICBMs around on land. Placing them on unused rolling stock was considered and rejected, as were other variants of the shell-game concept, including submerging them in pools of water. None of those survived the test of common sense or tests arising from environmental, legal, and technological considerations. Even now, there are undertones of doubt about whether the race-track-basing mode for MX will clear some of these obstacles.

ACT 1
LASZLO

No one should have the impression that the United States is or has been standing still. In recent years, the Russians have invested enormous sums in new strategic weapons. During this same period, the United States, at far less cost, was improving existing missile forces by MIRVing them, thereby multiplying their capabilities. Now the United States is modernizing more expansively, not only by developing the MX and the Trident submarine but by starting to deploy a new and longer-range SLBM (known as Trident I), by improving the Minuteman force, and by scheduling deployments of the air-launched, long-range cruise missiles in the early nineteen-eighties.

There is an apparent irony in the situation in which we find ourselves—pursuing SALT on the one hand and modernizing each component of America's strategic forces on the other. However, given the scope of Russia's build-up and the perceptions it creates, together with the inexorable tug of modernization, both activities are essential. They can and *should be made complementary*. Some degree of modernization is not merely desirable but unavoidable. The question is how much. The SALT process, if it is sustained, will be a check on both the scale and the character of modernization. Without SALT, the uncertainties would be far greater (the point bears repeating), thus the competition more intense and efforts to maintain equivalence correspondingly greater. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown guesses that without the treaty the United States would have to spend an addi-

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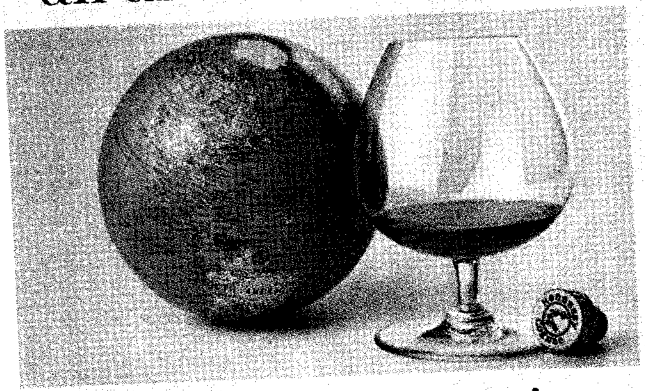

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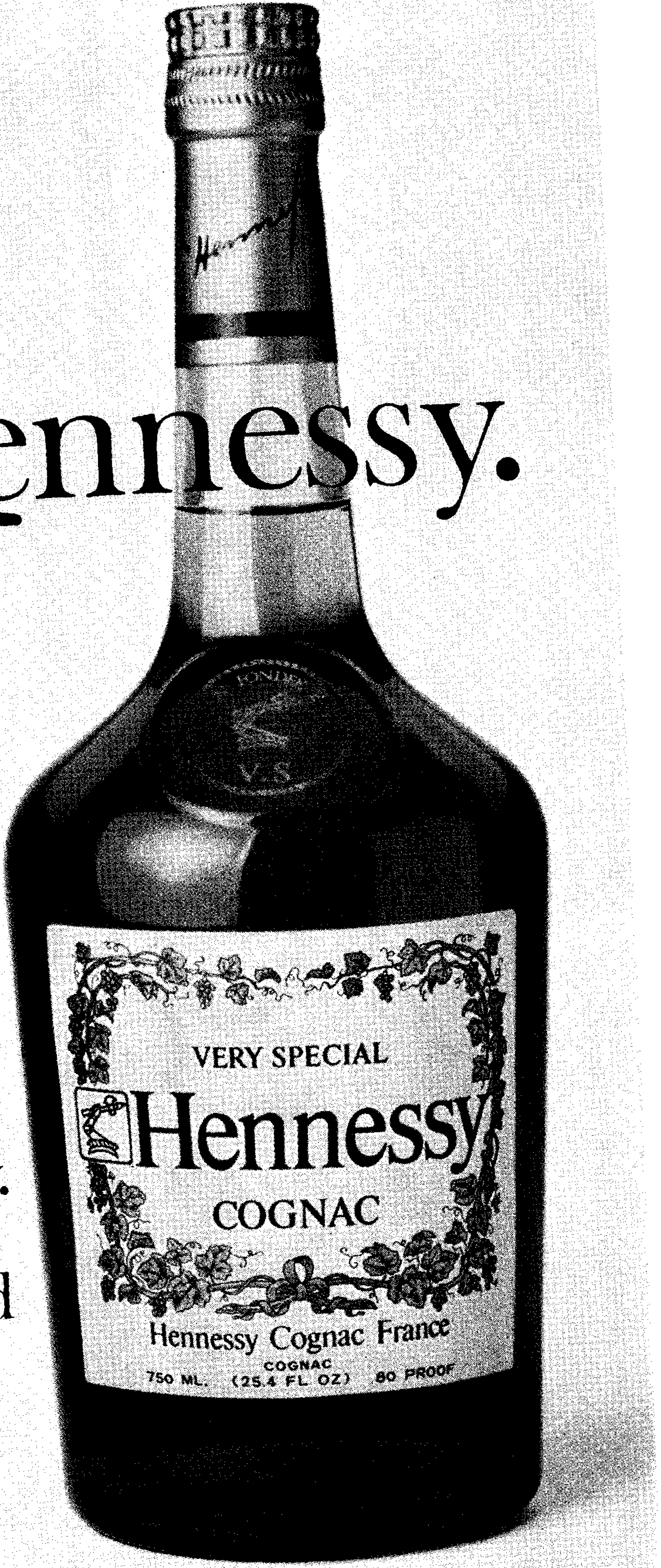
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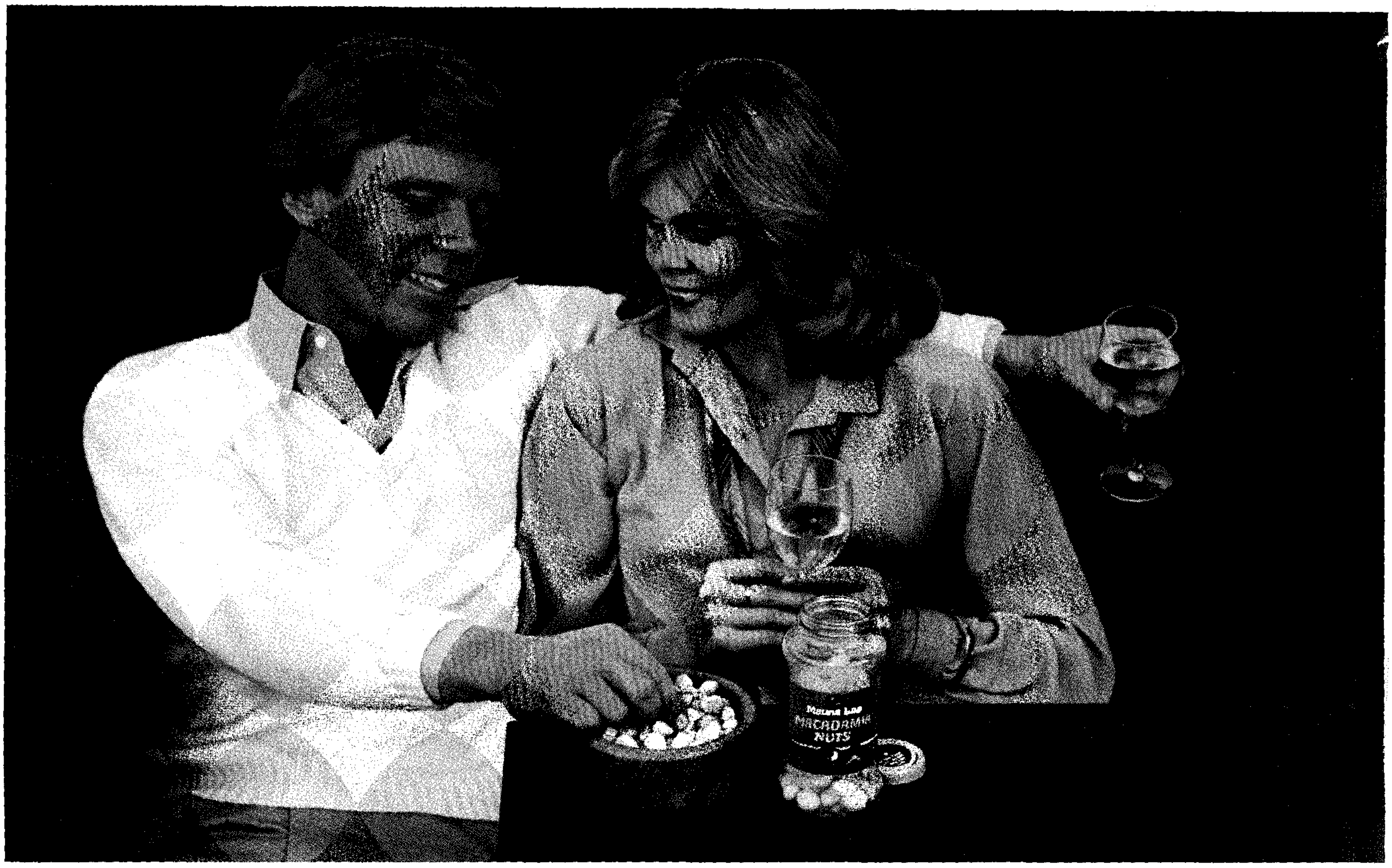

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tional thirty billion dollars on strategic forces in the nineteen-eighties. Estimates vary, depending on individual assessments of how far the Russians would go in sustaining the present momentum of their strategic growth. Moreover, the exact consequences of rejection are not obvious. They would be influenced in part by the world's reaction, which would be strongly negative. Over the years, the American attitude toward heavy defense spending has been uneven and somewhat mercurial, and a failure of SALT, combined perhaps with sharpening impatience with double-digit inflation, might provoke a change in the currently favorable climate here for increasing levels of defense expenditure. In short, it is conceivable, though perhaps not probable, that if SALT failed, public support for keeping up with the Russians in strategic forces might decline, particularly since the defense establishment is determined to improve America's conventional forces as well—a requirement that should, and in the end probably will, have a higher priority.

FINALLY, there is linkages, the spongiest but most corrosive issue. SALT advocates find it easier to deal with attacks on the treaty than to deal with the argument that approval of it should be withheld until the Russians curb their efforts to undermine peace and stability. The linkages issue offers an attractive out for someone in public life who wants to take a stand against the treaty: he is excused from attacking it on the merits, an arduous exercise and one that is hard to carry out convincingly, and can instead suggest that while SALT is a laudable enterprise, it should discourage undesirable Soviet initiatives, and not be interpreted as excusing them. Anyone adopting such a line finds himself in eminent company. Henry Kissinger, for example, in his heavily conditioned endorsement, said that he could support the treaty only if "it is accompanied by a vigorous expression of the Senate's view of the linkage between SALT and Soviet geopolitical conduct." He also recommended that the Senate attach to its instrument of ratification certain "principles," including a requirement for an annual report from the Administration on whether the Soviet Union was refraining from activities such as intervention with proxy military forces, Cuban or otherwise, and attempts by other means to undermine governments friendly to the United States. A related principle would require a vote by the Senate on whether the Soviet Union was living up to such criteria. (One wondered how Secretary of State Kissinger would have reacted to such suggestions.)

The linkages issue does lie at the heart of the matter, both because it is the decisive issue and because there is a less conspicuous reverse linkage that must be reckoned with: a *perception*, shared by much of the world, that SALT and the maintenance of peace and stability are connected. In that perception lies the basic significance of SALT. It is a process that concerns many matters, strategic, economic, and political. But it has more to do with politics—call it world politics, East-West politics, or the politics of survival—than with anything else. It is a convention between rival powers; it reflects their common interest in meeting the contentious demands of an adversary relationship with greater confidence that neither side will feel driven to use, or will threaten to use, nuclear weapons against the other. SALT, in short, offers some protection against the harsher unknowns and uncertainties of the nuclear age. The case against linkages proceeds along roughly the following lines: A debate on SALT should not be skewed by controversy over whether the agreement should or should not be linked to an event, or events, whose import—or even whose origin—may be obscure and whose bearing on fundamental United States interests may be doubtful. Whenever a vital American interest is threatened, or a genuine confrontation or major crisis develops, the impact on SALT will be obvious and will not require any explicit linkage. For example, the invasion of Czechoslovakia in August of 1968 scuttled plans to begin SALT the following month. Another Berlin crisis, or its equivalent, would have a similar effect. Russian adventurism in Yugoslavia would plunge relations to a point at which otherwise useful transactions would be brushed aside. A Soviet-inspired threat to stability in the Middle East or to American access to major sources of petroleum would doubtless have the same effect. This list is not exhaustive; the United States has many vital interests. The point is that if the Russians took actions that showed their priorities to have shifted away from seeking more productive relations with the West and toward accepting the risks attached to a less stable East-West situation, the arms-control process would necessarily be sidetracked. SALT can do much to head off problems of that gravity. If, on the other

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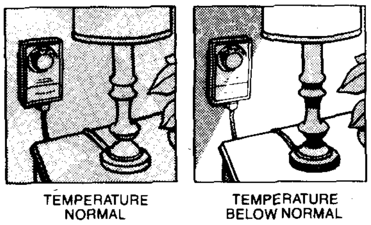

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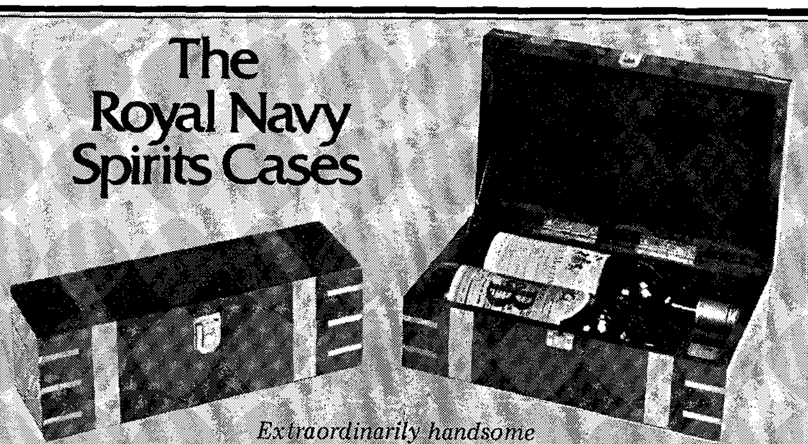

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hand, there were *no* problems or Soviet challenges, we might not require SALT. But if there were no such challenges or threats, we would have a world unlike any we've known, certainly over the past forty years or so.

Although the Nixon Administration was initially attracted to linking SALT to Soviet behavior, the attraction faded as the logic of SALT began to be borne in. Each Administration has tried with varying degrees of success to insulate SALT from the inevitable ups and downs in America's relations with the Soviet Union. And it is worthwhile pausing to compare the threat from the Russians to Western interests at various moments in the past when negotiations either were under way or had been completed. The early rounds of SALT, for example, coincided with the India-Pakistan war, an event in which the Russians were judged by the Administration in Washington to be playing a villainous role. In 1972, when the SALT I agreements were signed, the United States was engaged in a hot war with North Vietnam, which relied heavily on the Soviet Union for military support. Just two weeks before the May, 1972, summit in Moscow, the United States mined the coastal waters of North Vietnam, closing them to Soviet shipping. The years 1973 and 1974 were a time of continuing strife in Vietnam, and 1973 also provided a war—and, with it, the prospect of American-Russian confrontation—in the Middle East. But Mr. Brezhnev visited the United States in 1973 and the Prevention of Nuclear War agreement was concluded. In November of 1974, President Ford went to Vladivostok to transact major SALT business.

The combination of increasing Soviet military power and Soviet moves in Africa, South Yemen, Afghanistan, and Southeast Asia are correctly perceived as threatening to Western interests. The use of proxy Cuban forces in Africa is particularly disturbing. It is also true that the Soviet Union is usually doing something that can be perceived as threatening. However, the intensity of the threat is far from constant, even though the essentially adversary, or competitive, nature of Soviet-American relations changes little, and slowly at that. There has rarely been a moment since the late nineteen-forties when the Soviet Union was not challenging or threatening Western interests—often fundamental interests. In the Cold War period, confrontation carrying the risk of crisis was as much the rule as the exception. Since then, Soviet military power has increased all along the line; the importance of that to Russia's capability to project its power politically cannot be ignored. America's own defenses, however, along with those of its allies, have also been substantially improved. In some ways, moreover, the United States is in a better position today to deal with Soviet military power and, to a degree, its political projection. That is, first, because the United States is no longer bogged down in Vietnam and, second, because domestic political pressure to reduce American troop strength in Europe (and South Korea) is no longer a factor. Indeed, the dominant congressional sentiment advocates upgrading American forces committed to Europe's defense, and that is being done.

A good deal is said about how well the Russians have done in recent years, and too little about their problems, external and internal. In both respects, the Soviet Union's problems have worsened. It is true that Mr. Brezhnev will pass on a stronger legacy than he acquired. But the considerable value of his legacy lies mainly in military power and in the strength of the leadership and the Party structure today compared with the near shambles into which they are said to have declined in the Khrushchev era. For those reasons, there is probably more confidence, perhaps even optimism, at the higher levels of the Soviet system. Many of Russia's problems, however, are changeless and intractable. Moreover, the world is changing in ways that dramatically complicate life for both the nuclear superpowers. The Russian potential for threatening fundamental Western interests appears, on balance, to be no greater today than it was at the time of SALT I. The leadership's incentive to mount seriously destabilizing threats should be modest if it can show some returns on a foreign policy oriented in large measure toward a lessening of tensions in its relations with the West.

Any review of Russian gains and losses over the years since SALT I must record that until the autumn of 1973 the Soviet Union was the dominant external power in the Middle East, with Egypt wholly dependent on Moscow for military support. Today, Soviet influence in most of the area is negligible or nonexistent, while the United States has emerged as the major external influence. The expulsion from Egypt was catastrophic for Russia, particularly since it resulted in the acquisition by the United States of a role that would not otherwise have fallen to it. And Russia today is a lesser military threat in the Mediterranean than it was before. Improving relations

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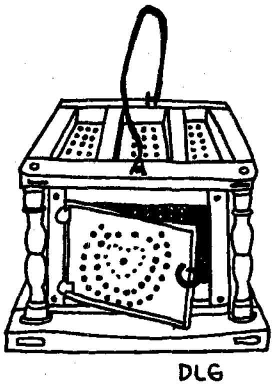
with the West was doubtless viewed in Moscow as, among other things, essential to a policy directed toward the political confinement of China. The success of that policy can be judged by the recent improvements in China's relations with Japan and the United States (along with continuing agreements of various kinds with Western Europe). The political crisis in Portugal in the mid-seventies caused the Soviet Union, after some hesitation, to turn its back on the last of Western Europe's clearly Stalinist Communist Parties, which was buried in the elections by essentially moderate and Western-oriented political parties. At about the same time, various meetings of European Communist Parties helped to inspire the term Eurocommunism, a concept (of apparently declining force) that was widely judged to be a threat to Western societies but is certainly a more serious long-term threat to the Soviet Union.



In comparing the degree of Soviet threat today with that at the time of the SALT I agreements, we see one aspect that has not changed. The Soviet Union did not have then and does not have now reliably good political relations with any of the major governments of the world (except, possibly, India), whereas the United States maintains consistently close relations with all or most of the world's centers of political, economic, and military power. Recent Russian successes, if they can yet be adjudged clear successes, appear to be confined largely to moves in Central Africa, Southeast Asia, and, in a sense, Afghanistan, although the implications of that exploit are especially unclear. However, all these developments are disturbing and troublesome, and none of them seem susceptible to any particular American response or remedy. Moreover, if the United States cannot reëstablish and sustain a moderate, middle-ground constituency for its security and foreign policies, time might begin to work in Russia's favor, with the threat from Moscow to Western interests developing considerably more weight and staying power.

Some senators wonder aloud why the Soviet Union is so strongly committed to a SALT II agreement. Although the answer may not be obvious, neither is it obscure. The Soviet interest arises from a range of considerations—political, strategic, and economic—that overlap somewhat. In strictly political terms, SALT benefits Russia by pointing up its status as the other superpower: SALT confirms the lofty position of a state whose nonmilitary attributes are relatively unimpressive, and of a society that has always felt inferior to the West—a society intimidated by its past. Several years ago, probably during a Party Congress in the spring of 1971, the Soviet leadership apparently elected to have a period of smoother relations with the West. In 1971 and 1972, the No. 1 Soviet priority was sealing a nonaggression treaty with West Germany. The meeting at Vladivostok in 1974 and subsequent experience showed that SALT had become the priority goal of Soviet foreign policy. The reasons for that cannot be arranged in any reliable order of importance; however, the emphasis on détente does seem to arise from factors having mainly to do with security. The Russians feel encircled by eternally hostile peoples, and they seem to feel that they can deal most effectively with this presumed array of threats by injecting some stability into the strategic balance and, in general, into their relations with the West. Considering that the four other members of the club of states possessing nuclear weapons target these weapons against the Soviet Union, and considering that the Russians have an obsessive tendency to think of the West German non-member as the potential leader of a hostile West European coalition, it is not surprising that Soviet leadership seeks more stable, or less unstable, relations with the West. And there is no reason to doubt that the Russians share our interest in lowering the risk of nuclear war. Any SALT agreement is a distinct advantage internationally. For the Russians, it can be advertised as evidence of their commitment to détente, and it may be an additional means of discouraging nuclear proliferation, another of the threats that they feel viscerally.

The economic incentives are less clear, but the Russians may very well have decided to use SALT to contain the costs of a continuing competition with the United States for ever more refined and destructive weapons and also to improve their prospects for continuing access to Western credits and technology. Their economy is lagging; productivity is not increasing at anything like the desired rate. Operating

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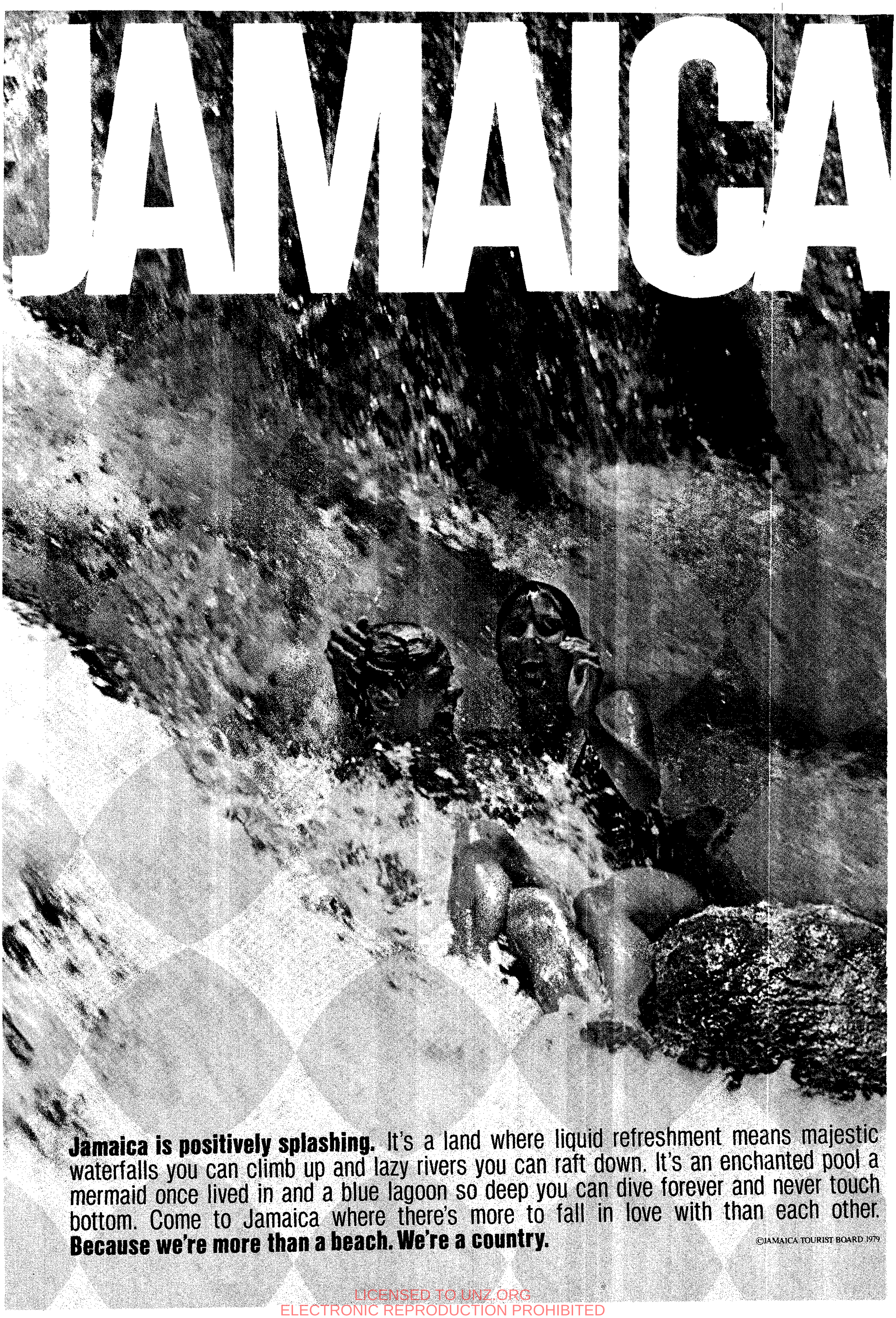

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from a smaller and less developed technological base, they must feel themselves to be at a disadvantage vis-à-vis America as they consider the prospects and implications of an uninhibited competition in strategic weapons—particularly when they must devote substantial resources to dealing with the threat they see from China, which has more men under arms (even if they are less well armed) than Russia, and with the long-range threat from NATO, which the Soviet leadership probably exaggerates. Add to these considerations the sober recognition that all the East Europeans, except perhaps the Bulgarians, have a strong anti-Russian bias.

The litany of Russian complaints is beginning to include a warning from Moscow of an impending energy shortage in the Soviet Union—a development that Washington had already foreseen. Unfavorable demographic trends are being acknowledged by Soviet writers on that subject. These writers express concern over the declining rate of population growth in recent years—a problem that could complicate many matters, including productivity and the mixture of nationalities in the armed forces. Soviet demographers foresee a sharp reduction in the growth of the labor force in the nineteen-eighties, along with a significant increase in the population of the southern, essentially Muslim, Soviet republics. The lowest population growth, they say, is in the areas where the bulk of Soviet industry is situated and in the Russian population, which supplies the bulk of the literate and skilled work force.

THE best short answer to the linkages argument is that SALT agreements are not a reward for better Soviet behavior but, rather, goals that embody hardheaded assessments of America's national interest. While some in Washington preoccupy themselves with linkages, America's allies and various other friendly states worry deeply about the reverse linkage. East-West political tensions affect Europeans more directly and immediately than they affect Americans. A rejection of SALT, given the heavy Soviet commitment to the process, would seriously damage the credibility of the United States' efforts to maintain some degree of East-West stability. The point was forcefully made by West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt in an interview in the October 6th issue of *The Economist*. He said:

> This treaty has been negotiated by three American presidents, Nixon, Ford and Carter, by three American secretaries of state, Rogers, Kissinger and, nowadays, Vance, and their aides and security advisers and so on. If, after such a long period of negotiation and agreement, in the end parliaments refused to ratify that sort of treaty, the world becomes rather incalculable. How could you in the future depend on a policy carried out by an American president? It would be a disastrous blow to the necessary leadership of the United States as regards the west as a whole.

Europeans don't know how the Soviet leadership would react to a rejection of the treaty. They worry, however, that owing to the Soviet Union's large stake in SALT, rejection would invite Russian pressure against them. European governments, particularly West Germany's, might be told something like this by the Russians: Our agreements with you rely on the assumption that the West is committed to less tense and more productive relations, but your leader, America, is moving in the wrong direction; if you wish to continue in the right direction, you had better put your relations with us on a basis similar to that of your relations with the Americans or accept the consequences. Any West German government could probably be counted on to reject the warning; but the pressure would create a distinctly unwelcome change in the local environment.

The matter of blame would not be trivial. In the eyes of the world, the United States would carry all the blame for a failure of the agreement. In general, the American position in the so-called Third World would become even more complicated. For example, it would become more difficult for the United States to discourage various countries from acquiring a nuclear-weapons capability, since it was itself refusing to accept a measure of self-denial. Europeans, along with many Americans, are certain that a failure of SALT would guarantee a decline in American leverage for influencing Soviet behavior on matters fundamental to Western interests and in places like Iran, where major threats to general stability are posed. An even better example over the longer run might be Turkey, where persistent political and economic difficulties could invite serious Soviet mischief. Turkey has been judged vital to Western security since the time of the Truman Doctrine.

The dénouement of SALT II coincides with the fading moments of the Brezhnev era. If the treaty fails, the chances of resuming the SALT process will depend on such variables as whether the American government in 1981 elects to pursue the matter again and, if it does, whether the Russians

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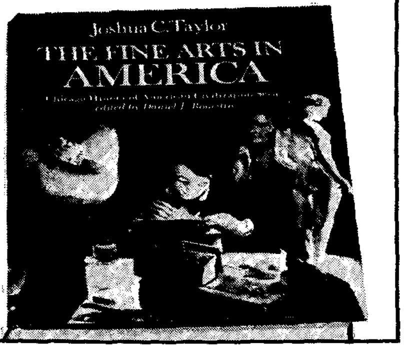

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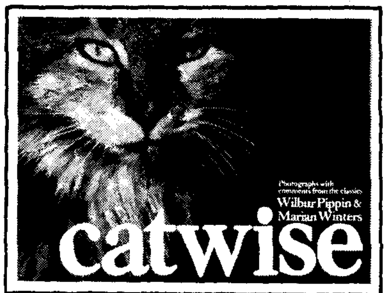
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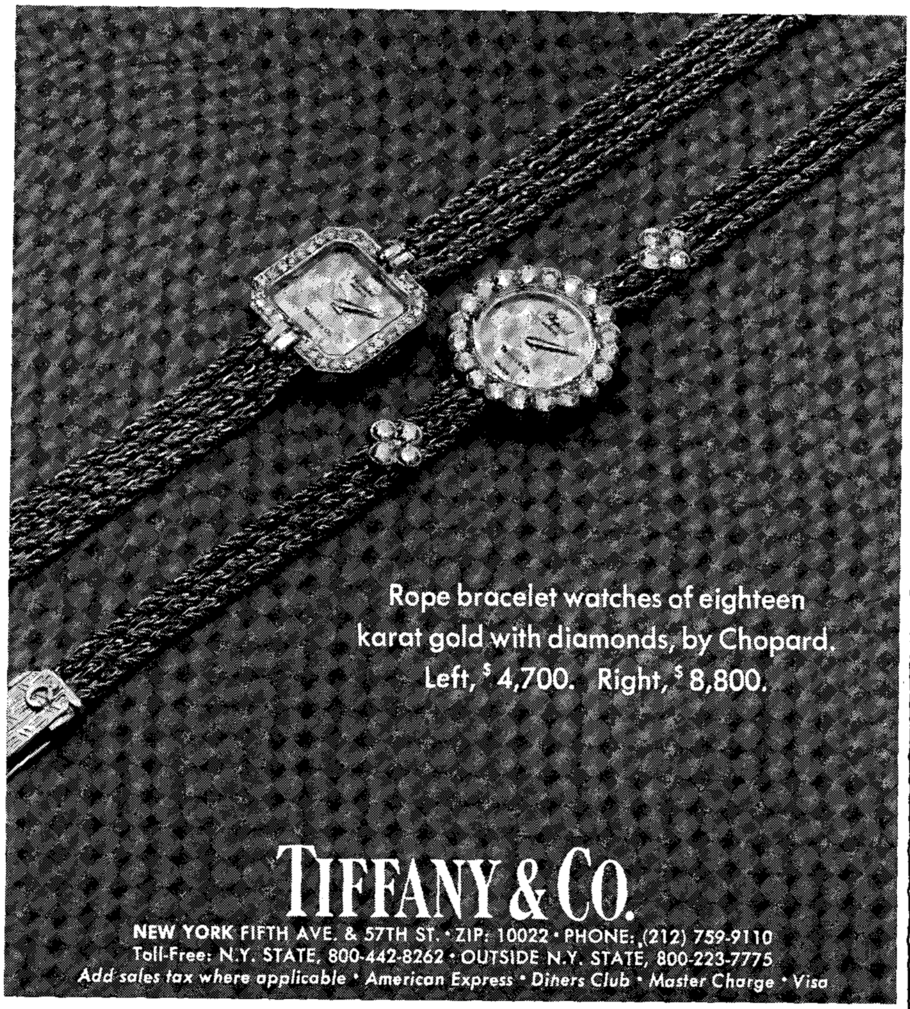

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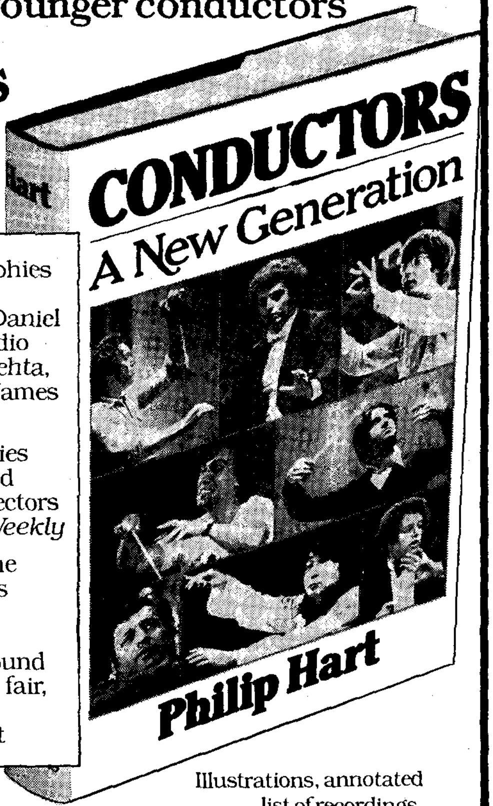

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agree. There is genuine concern that Brezhnev and some of his elderly confederates, on the verge of leaving the scene, will interpret a failure of the treaty as the failure of a policy they have pressed for several years. They may conclude that the United States is heading away from the goals of SALT and into a major cycle in the arms competition aimed at obtaining strategic advantage. An even harsher view might be taken by the group beneath the top leadership—the group that will be in charge sooner or later. It may conclude that, *faute de mieux*, Soviet purposes would be best served by a return to basics—to a traditional, more confrontational attitude toward the capitalists to the west. The politics of succession might well push the next Soviet leader in that direction, given the normally uncompromising style of any new Soviet regime in its transitional phase, combined with the predictable dependence of any Brezhnev heir on support from the senior military establishment.

Looking back, the Russians should have known that détente, if that is the right word, can probably not be applied selectively. However illogical the linkages notion, our elected officials find it difficult to appear to be acquiescing in Soviet opportunism by transacting business as usual—even SALT business. In the United States, the discussion of SALT II should have brought out some approximation of the best in us. What it brought out is something else, and, whatever that is, it held back an agreement that could have been completed and formally adopted in the 1975-76 period or in 1978. The clock became the enemy of the process. SALT is a hardy plant, but it is not indestructible. As the clock ticked on, the case for the agreement receded in the face of events, few, if any, of them related to SALT. To the degree that such events, particularly the Iran crisis, have underlined the rising violence and instability in the world, the case for the treaty should have emerged clearly. It may yet be ratified. If it isn't, the world may in some ways become a different place. Certainly it will be perceived to be a less safe one.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

•

THE SELFLESS LUTHERAN LADIES OF RICE LAKE, WISCONSIN

[*From the Rice Lake* (*Wis.*) *Chronotype*]

Monday, Nov. 19, was the final quilt making day for the Trinity Lutheran ladies. They will now be boxed and sent to Minneapolis headquarters for world-wide distribution to needy areas.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

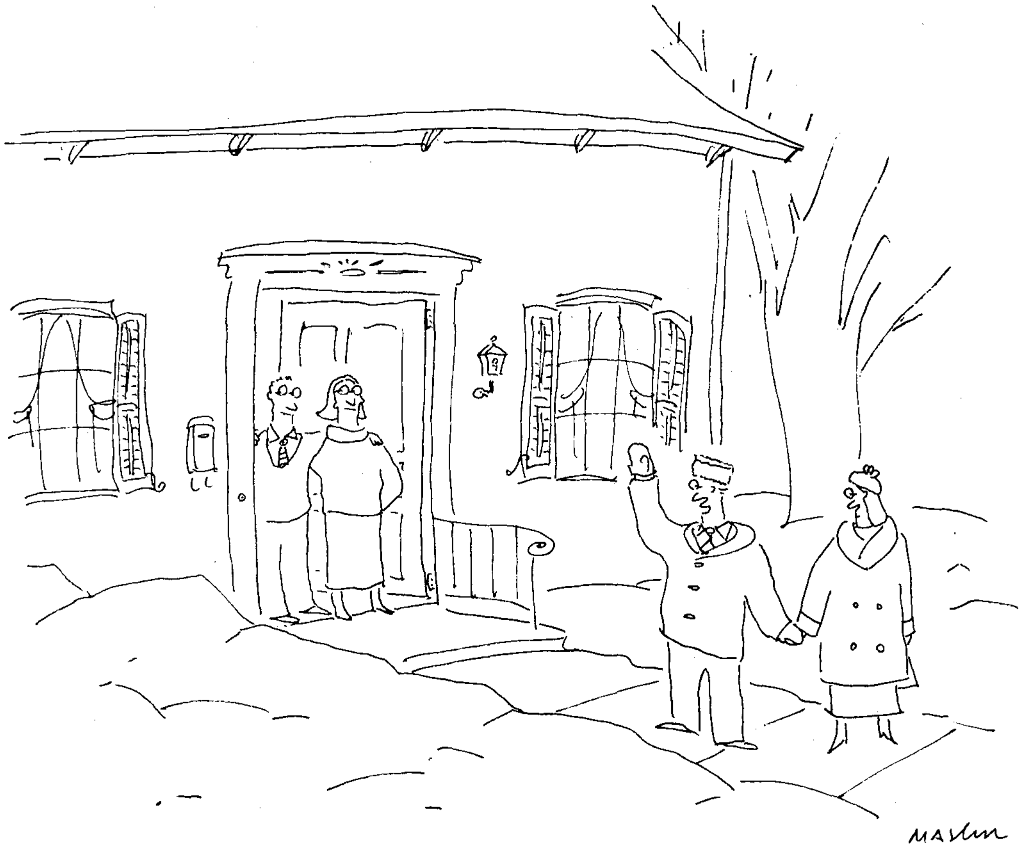
High and Low

"STAR TREK—THE MOTION PICTURE" isn't as funny and inventive and energetic as "Star Wars." It isn't as beautiful and imaginative and obsessive as "2001," or as scary and lowdown as "Alien" (it isn't scary at all, in fact), and it isn't as touching as "Silent Running." But outer space is a biggish territory, and there is plenty of room in it, I think, for a medium-range, medium-boring vehicle like this one, and although time aboard the Starship Enterprise at warp-drive speed often seems to pass more slowly than it should, Einstein did warn us about that. I enjoyed the trip.

Right at the outset, the Enterprise survives the most serious crisis of its mission, which is the tricky passage from a ten-years-gone television series and subsequent cult object into a movie spectacular—survives it easily, because Gene Roddenberry, who thought up and produced the television show and also has produced the movie, and the director, Robert Wise, have come up with a nifty analogue (the Galacto-Serv model) that does the job at once. The familiar seventeen-inch-screen starship has been refitted for its much larger new frame, but it is recognizably the same—bridge, transporter room, Scotty's engineering section, and all. The vehicle, being the finest in the Starfleet, is now suddenly needed for a mission so difficult and dangerous—the interception and investigation of a mysterious intruding power field, *more than eighty-two A.U.s in diameter!*—that nothing will do, of course, but to call back the ship's veteran crew for immediate duty. When Bones McCoy, Sulu, Scotty, Chekov, Uhura, and Captain Kirk (he has made admiral at last) and the rest report aboard, they look older, since they are all played by the actors from the original cast, but several years have gone by in the story as well as in our own lives, so we can forgive them their little wrinkles and thickenings. William Shatner, as Jim Kirk, looks better than ever, in fact, for he has lost that disarming little bulge of fat that we sometimes used to notice at midriff level of his underwear space suit; it almost seems a pity. The last to come aboard, of course, is Spock (Leonard Nimoy), the bat-eared half-Vulcan scientist; in the theatre where I saw "S.T.—The M.P.," the Trekkies in the audience were just as glad to see him as his old mates were, and they gave him a terrific round of applause, while Spock, of course, responded to the crew's greeting with a puzzled silent stare. I am not a Trekkie, by the way, but knowing that the faithful were all around me there in the darkness was warming and funny. It was like sitting in a clubhouse.

Newcomers to the Enterprise crew are Commander Decker (Stephen Collins) and Lieutenant Ilia (Persis Khambatta)—the latter a hairless Deltan lovely I wish they had named Alopecia—who take care of the romantic side of things, but the larger alteration in the screen version, of course, is in special effects. The scenery of outer space is an art form we now know almost as well as Post-Impressionism, and its Matisse may be Douglas Trumbull, who did the special effects for "2001" and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." Here he has been assisted by John Dykstra ("Star Wars," "Silent Running"), and they have outdone themselves, most of all during the Enterprise's first exploration of the interior of the menacing intruder cloud. The dazzling slot effect of "Star Wars" and "2001" has here been slowed and turned on its vertical axis, and is touched with a blown-glass delicacy. The cloud corridor changes to larger crystalline forms, by turns solid and vaporous in the blue darkness, and gigantic dark horns of matter come toward us, flecked with interior lights and glows, and then we sail over a silent cluster of webbed, dull-gold, spiky globes, which suggest cells or viruses seen in an electron microscope. The music (by Jerry Goldsmith) is deep and unhurried, and the tone and pace of these travelogues seem precisely suited to the story—not frightening but puzzling and awesome.

This may be what we really come to outer-space movies for, and sometimes it is almost enough in itself. A more subtle usual ingredient, the overlay of metaphor, is missing in "Star Trek—The Motion Picture," and there is nothing in the picture that goes jangling around in our unconscious, either. What we are left with is some pretty familiar space talk ("The power pouring through that mind-meld must have been staggering" . . . "A machine planet sending a machine to Earth to look for its creator: it's . . . incredible" . . . "It gathered so much knowledge that it achieved consciousness. It became a living thing!") and one of the hoariest of sci-fi plot turns—the one about the evolving baby. But the story, I noticed, also touches on the survival of emotions in space people who are under attack by mere technology or pure intelligence. This ineffable humanistic nonsense used to turn up in most of the old "Star Trek" episodes, and it accounted for the importance



"Thanks. We had a wonderful time, and so did you."

of Spock (who is *half* human) in the whole *Nibelungenlied.* ("There was always a lot of 'Mister Rogers' stuff mixed up with the Klingons and the phasers," a Trekkie said to me recently.) I'm glad Gene Roddenberry stayed with his formula in the movie, for this modesty (can a forty-million-dollar spectacular be *modest*? Yes, it can) gives "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" most of the innocence and charm that almost make up for its considerable deficiencies. As for the actors—well, who wants *acting* in outer space? What we want (and what we get) is that quick closeup cut to Sulu at the helm of the Enterprise at the moment when Scotty's voice comes over the intercom with "Engineer to bridge: I canna hold this power long! Intermix chamber is heating up fast . . ." Sulu's eyes widen, just as—

WATCHING "The Jerk," a comedy starring Steve Martin, is like spending an afternoon on the rickety rides of some sleazo travelling carnival (part of the movie has a carny setting): now and then, an involuntary laugh is bumped out of us by an unexpected lurch or spin of the Whip, but most of the attractions are so slow and noisy and uncomfortable that even while we continue to smile (we're here for *fun*, aren't we?) we are mostly aware of the encompassing smells and dirt, and of the dimness of effort that has gone into the whole feeble entertainment. Steve Martin, of course, has been a star turn on television's "Saturday Night Live," but "The Jerk," of which he is the co-author, owes much more to Mel Brooks. I am not a perfectly uncritical Brooks fan, but compared to this movie his "Blazing Saddles" and "High Anxiety" are super-rides, from which we emerge with a gasping "Wow!" and a little weak-kneed stagger as we rejoin our friends on the ground. Steve Martin plays a back-country innocent (a white boy somehow raised by a black family in Mississippi: a laugh right there, see?) who goes out into the world and accidentally makes and then loses a fortune. The Poor Sap is an ancient and useful comedy device, but Mr. Martin's Navin Johnson doesn't know *anything* (when it comes time to kiss his girl—she is played by Bernadette Peters—he licks her on the face), and if we do laugh at his misconceptions about sex and money and crime (none of the gags or bits are strong enough to survive recapitulation), it's exactly like laughing at a mental defective. Released from the constraints of network TV, Mr. Martin has stuffed his own "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes: the hero gives his dog a scatological name, which is then heard through the rest of the movie, evidently in hopes of our repeating the ugly little bark of surprise that we gave it the first time. Mr. Martin plays one long scene with his pants down and trailing around his ankles; there is no reason for this in the story, but the business sums up the tone and level of this disastrous film.

Whether or not we enjoy it, Steve Martin's television persona is a complex comic achievement, which seems to divide his watchers into hopeless idolators and glumly puzzled shruggers. The "wild and crazy guy" in the white suit, with his quick and rigid bows, awkward m.c. gestures, dangling jaw, and pleading, terrified eyes, is a caricature of outward adult assurance and bottomless inner uncertainty, while his repeated and increasingly self-referential material—on something in the news, on dog droppings, on violence, on cats, on his looks, on sex, on anything—is nonsense delivered with a frantic surface knowingness and very little else: heh-heh, nothing here means *anything*, folks! It is without affect or values, and thus appeals directly to an enormous audience of young people—from their early teens to their mid-twenties, say—who know a million contemporary names and products and issues and uglinesses but as yet have few ideas or judgments to bring to bear on them and are protected only by their flimsy and perfectly unknowing sophistication. Mr. Martin's Navin Johnson, the Jerk, is a far less subtle creation, but it strokes the same audience, and for the same reason: at least we know more than *this* dumb bastard, guys. This is a depressing direction for movie comedy to be taking, but for all I know it may be the right commercial one now. It seems just possible that "The Jerk" will be a big hit. Carl Reiner directed the movie, and that is bad news, too; I expected more of him.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Treasury Secretary G. William Miller said yesterday the proposed value added tax—a $130-billion levy on consumer goods and services—would hit poor and retired Americans hardest and probably increase prices.

But Miller stopped short of opposing the idea, and commended Chairman Al Ullman (D.-Ore.), of the House Ways and Oceans Committee, for "initiating an examination" of the tax structure by proposing it.—*Newark (N.J.) Star-Ledger.*

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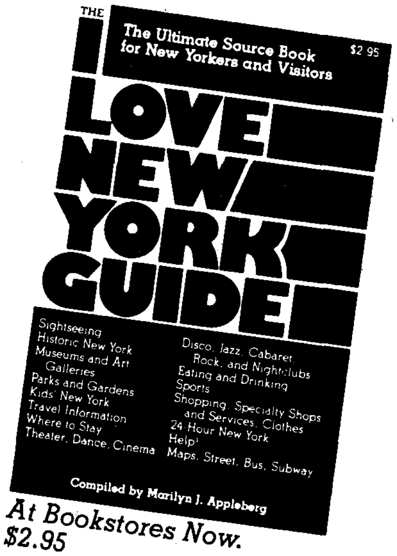
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Wings of the Soul

Berlioz's last opera, "Béatrice et Bénédict," composed for Baden-Baden in 1862, is seldom staged. A few German houses took it up in the nineteenth century, but "it is not music for Paris," Berlioz said, and it reached the Opéra-Comique only in 1890. (There was a revival in 1966.) London saw its first stage production in 1960, at University College, and New York its first in 1965, at the Manhattan School of Music. Concert performances turn up from time to time, and there are two recordings, both conducted by Colin Davis. On the American professional stage, two productions of "Béatrice" are chronicled: one by the Washington Opera, in 1964, and the other, earlier this year, at the Indianapolis Romantic Festival, with Delia Wallis as Beatrice. I have seen the opera only at universities: London, Princeton (with Bethany Beardslee as Beatrice), and this month at Stony Brook, as a joint presentation of the Departments of Music and Theatre Arts. None of the three made the work seem what Kobbé calls it, "an operatic masterpiece," but they confirmed two things Berlioz himself said about it: the work is "one of my liveliest and most original achievements" and is "difficult to perform well."

CHR
AS
SUSAN

The difficulty is not one of size or cost. As the composer said, "unlike 'Les Troyens,' it costs nothing to put on." Only three singers have arias—a mezzo and a tenor in the title roles and a soprano as Hero. Only two sets are specified, and in a pinch one set could be made to serve. And only a classical orchestra—plus cornet and touches of color from guitars, harps, and tambourines—is used. "Béatrice" is kept off the modern professional stage, I believe, for another reason: it is a divided work, at once a comedy and something like a romantic cantata, very hard to hold in balance. From one point of view, the piece is like a play with music rather than an opera with spoken dialogue, and calls for a company—and a theatre—that could present "Much Ado About Nothing" one night and "Béatrice et Bénédict" the next. The three arias, two duets and a duettino, and two trios make up the specifically "operatic" content of the score; the other musical episodes—wedding song, drinking song, etc.—would be musical even in the legitimate theatre. The libretto, Berlioz's own, is "Much Ado" without the ado—without the Hero and Claudio misunderstanding that gives Shakespeare's comedy its substance. When the piece is cut, as it usually is, to the musical numbers linked by a minimum of spoken dialogue, the action is reduced to an anecdote: Beatrice and Benedick tricked, with little difficulty, into an open avowal of their love. It's not quite enough for an evening of theatre, and not enough to balance the score's other "theme," which is treated musically rather than theatrically. That theme, of course, is love. Few people would disagree that Berlioz wrote the most tenderly beautiful of all love music: in Romeo's reverie; in the garden scene of "Les Troyens;" and in Hero's aria, her duet with her handmaid Ursula, and the women's trio of "Béatrice." Those who know Berlioz's memoirs may also agree that one of the most tenderly beautiful love stories ever told is that of Berlioz's love for Estelle Duboeuf. He lost his heart to her when he was twelve; he saw her for just a moment when he was thirty; he visited her, once, when he was sixty and she was sixty-seven. Thereafter, he sent her letters of ardent devotion, and she answered him wisely, kindly, sensitively, for she seems to have understood him as neither of his wives and very few of his contemporaries did. On the last page of his memoirs, he writes:

> My sky is blank no longer; through tears I look toward my star—distant but bright, soft, seeming to smile on me from afar. True, she does not love me.... But . . . now she knows that I adore her.
>
> I must be reconciled to her having known me too late, as I am reconciled to not having known Virgil, whom I should have loved, or Gluck or Beethoven—or Shakespeare, who might perhaps have loved me. (The truth is, I am not reconciled.)
>
> Love or music—which power can uplift man to the sublimest heights? It is a large question, yet it seems to me that one should answer it in this way: Love cannot give an idea of music; music can give an idea of love. But why separate them? They are the two wings of the soul.

Why separate them? Berlioz's own music and life are not separable, and his conjoined imaginative adventures tangle with those of anyone who has once fallen under the spell of his sounds. Although the visit to Estelle came two years after "Béatrice," Hero's music and much of Beatrice's and Benedick's tell of a passionate yet untempestuous love that through his life Berlioz dreamed of finding. The particular excitement that his music often brings is that of being lifted, with him, to the "sublimest heights" of Michelangelo, of Virgil, Shakespeare, and Goethe, of Gluck and Beethoven. After Berlioz, one responds, exalted, to St. Peter's, to the "Aeneid," "Romeo," and "Faust," to "Alceste" and the Ninth Symphony through his as well as one's own eyes and ears. As the love of Tristan and Isolde is superhuman, so Dido's and Aeneas' "Nuit d'ivresse et d'extase infinie," in "Les Troyens," sings of a voluptuous rapture more intense and more heroic than common mortals are granted. But the particular rapture that "Béatrice" brings is personal; Hero's and Ursula's "Nuit paisible et sereine" is apprehensible, as the letter duet of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and Susanna's "Deh vieni" are. "Béatrice" is the most intimate of Berlioz's mature compositions; despite the Shakespearean source, we meet him unaccompanied by his giant heroes. His companions in the music of quiet, tender melodies and lapping, enchanted accompaniments are the Mozart of those "Figaro" movements and the trio "Soave sia il vento" and the serenade in "Così Fan Tutte," and the Rossini of the trio "À la faveur de cette nuit obscure" in "Le Comte Ory," an opera Berlioz much admired. After composing "Béatrice," he said, "Now I have done everything I had to do."

I hope that one day I see a production in which the romance, the flashing wit, and the comedy (represented by the maestro di cappella Somarone, who replaces Shakespeare's Dogberry) are balanced; in which Beatrice is played by an actress born under a dancing star, and the Benedick is dashing and romantic; in which—whatever the language of the show—plenty of Berlioz's dialogue is retained. The décor must combine elegance and glitter with the soft enchantment detailed in the composer's stage directions for park, grove, terrace, roses, and, at the end of the first act, moonlight playing upon fountain and sea. Famous Berlioz conductors—Hamilton Harty, Beecham, Colin Davis—have revealed that what earlier critics, not without reason, deemed awkward, and even amateurish, in the scores can be transformed into eloquence of an individual and thrilling kind. Stage directors and designers have lagged behind; there have been few Berlioz productions (Boston's "Benvenuto Cellini" was one) in which his all too evident theatrical "miscalculations" were made to seem at worst minor flaws in the flow of the whole and at best keen strokes of dramatic genius.

There was some accomplished singing from the women in the mainly professional Stony Brook cast—Doris Manville as Hero, Leah Littlefield as Beatrice, Janice Edwards as Ursula—but none of the singers moved well or acted well. Tom Neumiller, who directed, had not taught them to use their eyes or their words. David Lawton, conducting, drew decent playing from his student orchestra. (After the first Baden rehearsals, Berlioz said, "I have my work cut out in teaching the orchestra, for the thing is a caprice written with the point of a needle, and it needs extremely delicate playing.") Mr. Lawton's reading was on the right lines, but the brilliant music needed more verve, and the love music more intensity and poetry. The chorus was admirable in Somarone's Epithalame Grotesque, which is, as Edward Cone remarked in an essay on "Béatrice," at once ridiculous, aesthetically gratifying, and oddly moving. Things may well have improved during the run of four performances. At the first of them, "Béatrice" did not cast a spell, but indulgence was called for. A few days before opening night, a fire damaged the lighting system of the theatre. The show went on under makeshift illumination and was played in front of a black hanging; Douglas Kraner's painted backcloth, which looked attractive in sketch, could not be lit.

CHERUBINI'S "Les Deux Journées" (known in English as "The Water Carrier") is one of the most important and influential operas ever composed. The librettist was J. N. Bouilly, whose "Léonore" was adapted for Beethoven as "Fidelio." The chief tenor role was first sung by Citizen Gaveaux, the composer of "Léonore." "Les Deux Journées" appeared in Paris in 1800. It reached Vienna two years later, in two productions that opened on successive days. Beethoven declared that, with Spontini's "La Vestale," it had the best libretto he knew. Goethe, who produced the piece at Weimar in 1812, held up the text to Eckermann as a model of what an operatic libretto should be. Spohr, Weber, and Mendelssohn are also

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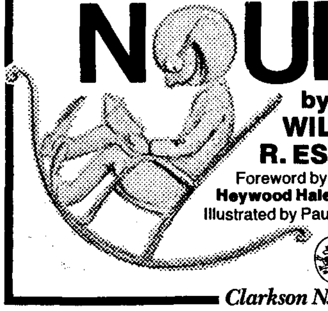

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prominent in the long line of "Deux Journées" admirers. Mendelssohn defined the special qualities of the libretto when, with a London opera in prospect, he asked J. R. Planché to provide him with something similar: "a subject in which some virtuous heroical deed is celebrated, which represents the triumph of some noble feeling known to every listener who has any feeling at all, who could then see his own internal life on the stage, but more concentrated . . . turned into poetry;" and a setting "in a country or time and amid a people that could give a lively background to the whole, one that while reminding us of history could at the same time remind us of the present day (as the dark figure of Cardinal Mazarin forms a background to 'Les Deux Journées')." The City Opera does not have "Fidelio" in its repertory. When it does, then it should turn to "Les Deux Journées." And any modern librettist wanting to write more than a costumed charade should study Bouilly's work. The heroes of "Fidelio" are aristocrats. Those of "Les Deux Journées" are ordinary people suddenly caught up in, and tested by, the decisions and doings of their rulers. "Les Deux Journées" was a "Street Scene" of its day. (After the première, the water carriers of Paris visited Bouilly in a body and offered him a year's free supply.) And, like Weill's opera, it is very well composed. When Beethoven was asked who, present company excepted, was the greatest living composer, he answered without hesitation Cherubini. In "Les Deux Journées," the noble sentiments ("Aide ton frère, et sauve l'innocent;" "Le premier charme de la vie, c'est de servir l'humanité") are expressed less strenuously than in Cherubini's grander operas.

"Les Deux Journées" reached New York in 1827. It was revived this month by Bel Canto Opera—the company's last production in the little midtown church hall where in eleven easons it has put on an astonishing repertory of some eighty operas, most of them rarities. (Next month, it moves uptown, and does Adolphe Adam's "Le Postillon de Longjumeau.") Bil Mikulewicz's ambitious décor spanned the stage with a giant ffigy of Mazarin trying to contain all France in his embrace. Victor Symonette, translator, conductor, and stage director, rewrote the first stanzas of Antonio's romance "Un pauvre petit Savoyard" as a child's introduction to eventeenth-century France. The add-

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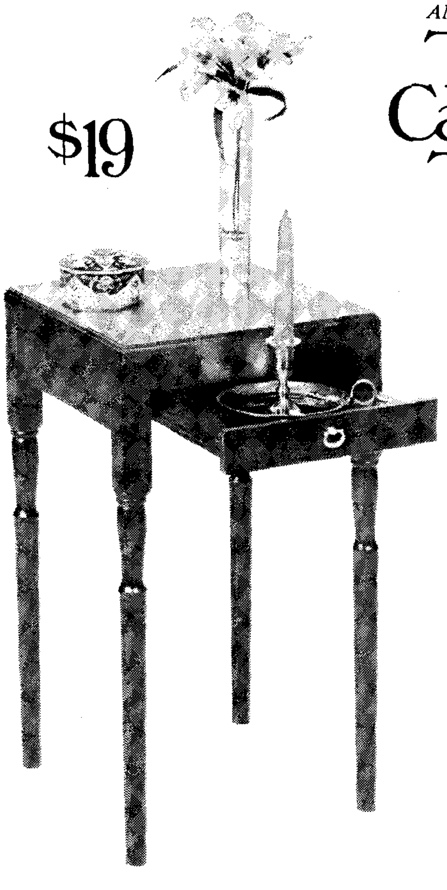

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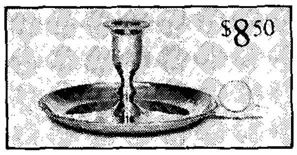

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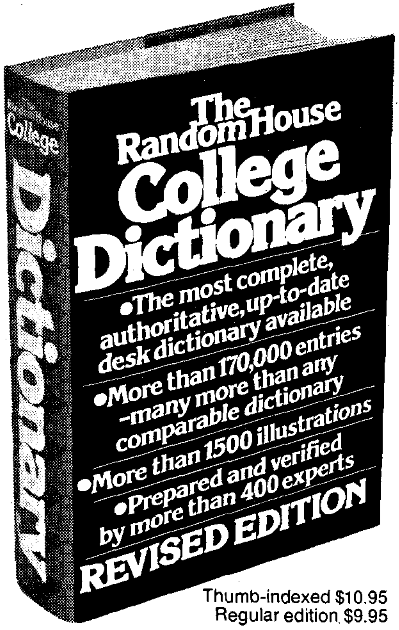
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ed historical touches were too heavy. Bouilly's "Léonore" and "Deux Journées," both set in the seventeenth century, are based on *faits historiques* that occurred during the Reign of Terror (the originals of his Léonore and Florestan may have attended the opera about them); their subject is valor and virtue in a time—but not one specific time—of oppression. (Is the Spanish king whose name day is celebrated in "Fidelio" Philip III, Philip IV, or Charles II? Does it matter?) The opera was not well sung or acted except by Ron De Fesi, as Mikéli, the water carrier. He played the folk hero with charm, candor, and naturalness, and his singing was warm, unaffected, and lively. The rest was patchy, but something came across.

—Andrew Porter

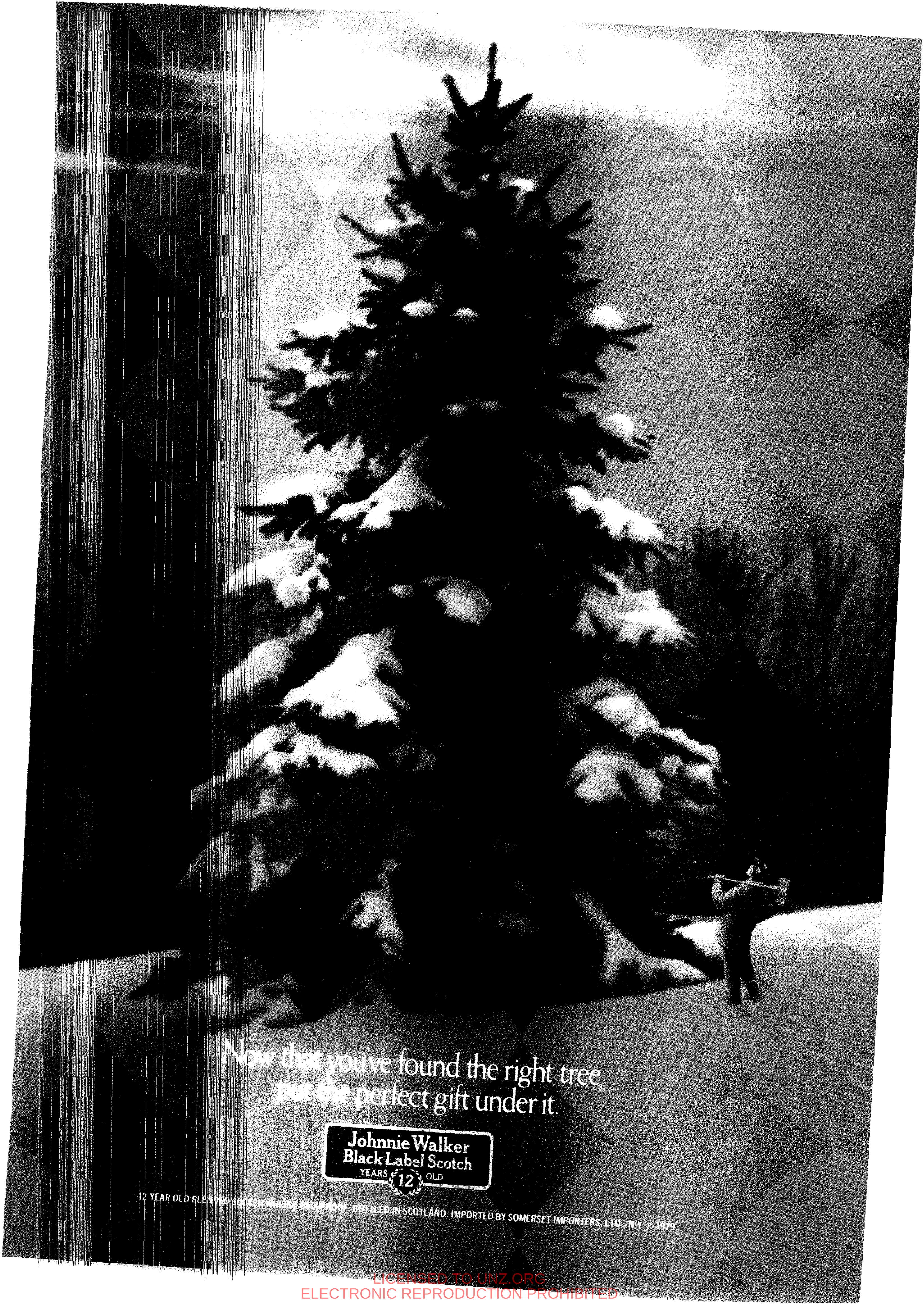
FURTHER EVENTS

Eton

Cappella Nova's first concert of the season, at St. Joseph's Church, in Greenwich Village, drew together early Tudor and Elizabethan sacred music in a sequence called "An English Renaissance Lady Mass." The title was misleading: between the earliest music we heard (from the Eton Choirbook, of around 1500) and the latest (from William Byrd's "Gradualia," of 1605) there was a gulf formed by a century of rapid changes in musical language and the more radical liturgical changes of the Reformation. It is inconceivable that all this music would have been heard together at any time before 1951, when the Eton Choirbook music was first revived. It is true that all the music did pay homage to the Virgin Mary; but there is an important difference between the pre-Reformation cult of the Virgin (which resulted in many devotions to Mary outside the Mass, notably the choral "votive antiphons" that fill the Eton book) and the post-Reformation veneration of Mary (which was within the framework of the Mass, celebrating her feast days with texts such as those Byrd set in his "Gradualia"). Cappella Nova's Mass was a cumbersome affair: it contained a substantial polyphonic setting of the Ordinary, by Robert Fayrfax (with a Kyrie by John Taverner); and the settings of the Proper by Byrd; and a Pater Noster by Philip van Wilder (the one sometimes attributed to Peter Philips); and framing antiphons from the Eton Choirbook by William Cornysh and John Browne—far more elaborate music than would have been heard during one Mass, and unrelieved by the liturgy's contrast of plainsong, chant, the spoken word, and silence.

This criticism of program planning is, however, only a prelude to saying that the music was finely sung by the twenty-voice choir, under Richard Taruskin's direction. The special qualities of Mr. Taruskin's idiosyncratic approach to the repertoire emerged most clearly in the Eton pieces. We are used to hearing this complex, rhythmically intricate music sung with a hard-edged, deliberately inexpressive tone. But Mr. Taruskin, dancing and swaying in front of his singers, conjured up something different: a flexible, fluffy, ecstatic elaboration, in which the high treble lines floated freely above the texture. He paced the music with varied pulses and rhythms, removing any hint of regularity; the unexpected outbursts in Cornysh's "Salve Regina" and the deeply expressive harmonic twists of Browne's "Stabat Mater" were highlighted and strongly projected. This style of performance requires great conviction, and it will not be to everyone's taste; but it has been so clearly thought out, is so responsive to the music, and is executed so well by Cappella Nova that on first encounter it has the force of a revelation.

Three performances of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony within a fortnight are not too many: the elusive character of the work allows countless interpretations. Is it a symphonic poem? Carlo Maria Giulini seemed to think so, in the first of his three concerts with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. He minimized the work's symphonic aspects and emphasized its lyrical continuity: as if to balance the flow of the last three movements, which run into each other without a break, he joined the first two as well. So there was only one pause in the piece, and the performance tried to weave the whole into a seamless robe of pretty nature noises. Good to have fresh thought about such a familiar work; yet if Beethoven had wanted just two movements, he would surely have written it thus. The first Allegro and the following Andante are both full-scale symphonic constructions. Then the descriptive aspects increasingly dominate, and articulate the form of the symphony. (The formal process is very similar to that in the Fifth Symphony, composed at the same time, in which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Jean Francois Revel on the new American revolution

There are five revolutions that must take place either simultaneously or not at all: a political revolution; a social revolution; a technological and scientific revolution; a revolution in culture, values and standards; and a revolution in international and interracial relations. The United States is the only country, so far as I can see, where these five revolutions are simultaneously in progress and are organically linked in such a way as to constitute a single revolution. In all other countries, either all five revolutions are missing, which settles the problem, or one or two or three of them are lacking which relegates revolution to the level of wishful thinking.

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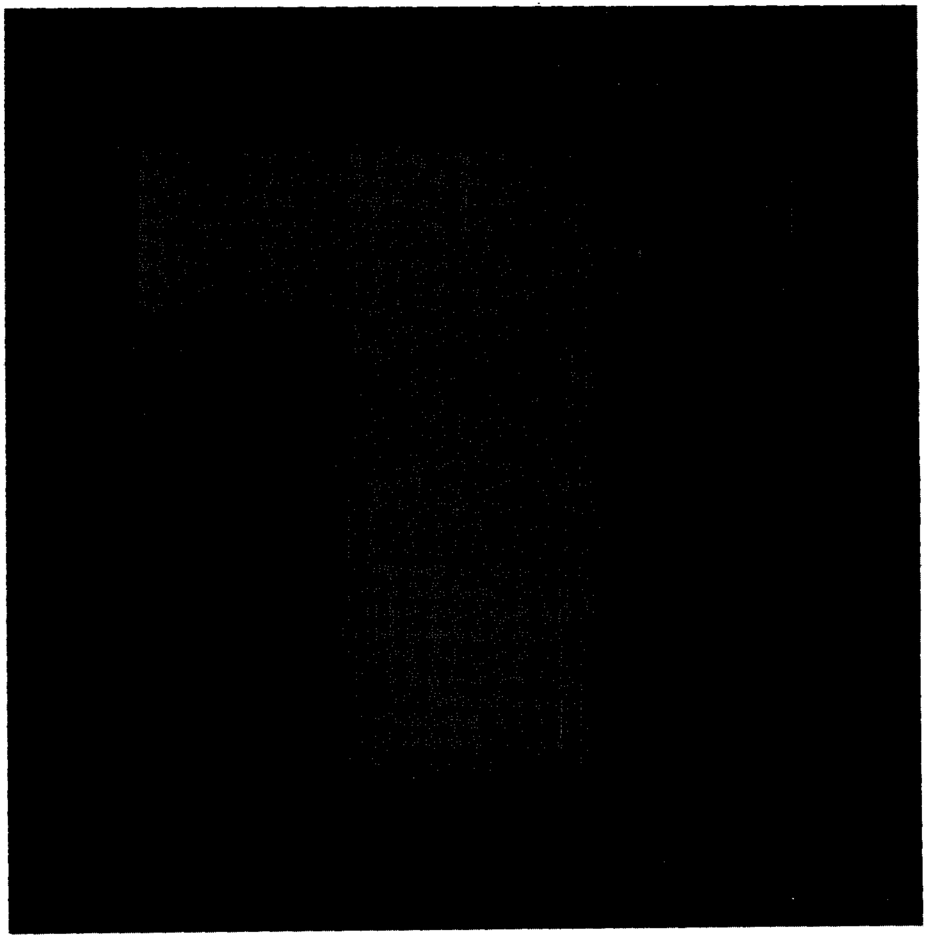

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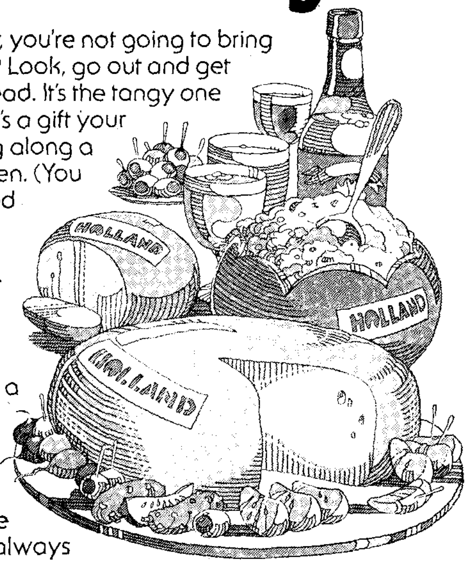
scherzo and finale are linked by an added passage—roughly analogous to the storm sequence in the "Pastoral"—that increases tension where it would be easy to relax.) By connecting the movements of the first half, Giulini deprived the second half of its properly powerful effect. But then his reading did not attempt to be powerful; it was friendly, humane, and pleasant. Some of the sounds from the orchestra were less than pleasant.

Leonard Bernstein, conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, also in Carnegie Hall, made the "Pastoral" into a sophisticated, streamlined idyll: a view of the countryside from afar through rose-colored spectacles. The playing was beautifully controlled. (However, the wind and string sections in all three of the orchestras I heard slipped out of synchronization during the slow movement, probably because the strings slid so sweetly across their sixteenth notes that the winds couldn't know where they were.) It was difficult to tell what effect Bernstein was having on the proceedings. His direction looks like a generalized, inspiring encouragement to his players, with little interpretational content—but it often works. Here he had two moments perfectly right: the wonderful surprise of the A-major chord in the B-flat Andante, from which the bassoon and then the violas and cellos grow, with their famous lilting melody (Giulini encouraged the melody to bloom once it had started, but the surprise was past); and the ethereal sense of repose with which the violins' hymn of thanksgiving emerges from the horn's dissonant call. The rest of this finale went to pieces, however: the rumbling, indistinct Vienna basses and cellos clogged the dancelike movement, and Bernstein dragged the tempo ponderously. The Vienna players sounded stilted throughout the performance, as if the gestures had been built in long ago. Beethoven's purpose in the work was, it is true, sophistication of a sort: to integrate specific recognizable pastoral sounds (a real cow call, bird songs, which his audience would have known) into an "artistic" construction of great subtlety—but the point of the mixture is that the pastoral noises are quoted literally, and sound real.

No disrespect to these distinguished visiting orchestras, but the most live-y and committed "Pastoral" of the hree I heard was that by the stu-lents in the Juilliard Symphony, play-ng under Sixten Ehrling in Alice ully Hall. There were inaccuracies

Dutch treats for the holidays.



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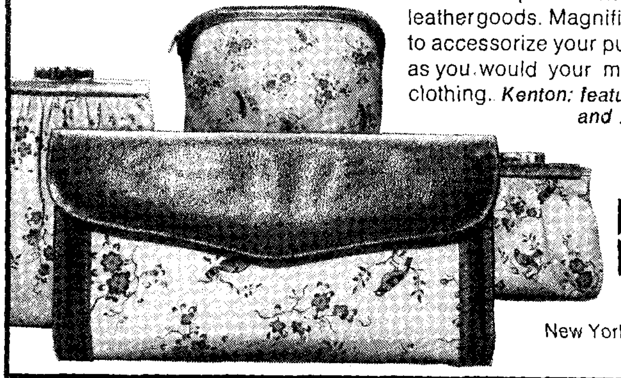

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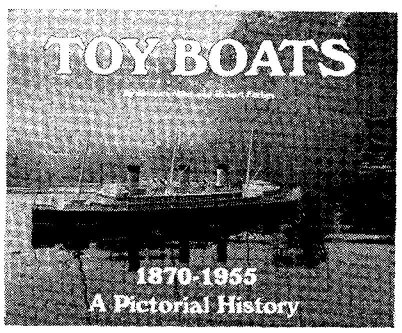

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and some roughness, but at least, I felt, this orchestra was prepared to get its feet dirty and give the impression that it had actually encountered a storm in the country. Mr. Ehrling's tempi were sensible and moderate; what was more notable was the articulation—rhythms really bounced, staccatos were really staccato (whereas from Vienna and Los Angeles they were short, gentle strokes with a dab of vibrato), and the dances really danced. The sound of the wind instruments in the "happy gathering" of peasants was delicious—there are evidently some very fine individual players in the Juilliard at present. The pastoral conceits had precision and specific character: one could understand the title that Beethoven gave some of his sketches for the piece—"*sinfonia caracteristica.*" Even this bouncy Juilliard performance, however, could not give the symphony all that it needs of textural clarity. Beethoven wrote parts for the cellos and double-basses in the storm sequence (sometimes separately) presumably because he wanted them to be heard, yet none of these performances could let them penetrate as any more than generalized waffle. Audible clarity here is perhaps impossible on thickly voiced modern instruments. Of all the great classical works, the "Pastoral" is the one I most look forward to hearing with the sounds, the character, and the playing techniques of original instruments—with a lean-voiced, lithe, crisp string section, soft wooden flutes, and perky old oboes and bassoons.

BERNSTEIN gave three concerts with the Vienna Philharmonic, at the end of the Vienna State Opera's first visit to this country. Included with the "Pastoral" was a sequence from Act II of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," in which Gwyneth Jones and Jess Thomas blasted their way through entirely unintelligible extracts from Wagner's score; the performance was unsubtle though impassioned (Mr. Bernstein demonstrated his passion visually, as he usually does), and there was not a word in the program to set the sequence in its context in the plot or to say what was being performed, let alone to provide a text. Lack of a text also hampered the Vienna State Opera's concert performance of "Fidelio," at Avery Fisher Hall. Such an occasion is surely ideal for following every detail of the words—a luxury that the spectacle of the opera house forbids. Instead, there was a narrator, whose amplified platitudes eventually drew hisses from the gallery. The audi-

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ence did have the text for Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, at Carnegie Hall, but Bernstein's account of the work was curiously negative. Until the last movement, which was whipped up into a tremendous, exciting fury, Bernstein seemed to have nothing much to say; the Vienna orchestra responded with understandably weary playing.

Giulini's concerts with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, which he has now directed for a year, were puzzling. Perhaps they caught conductor and orchestra at a preliminary stage in their relationship; there was certainly a gap between the elegant direction from the podium and the often scrappy playing that resulted. The orchestra should at least start together in a Beethoven symphony, surely. And it should achieve more than a good-natured stodginess in a Dvořák symphony—even the admittedly dense Seventh, in D minor. The lovely scherzo of the Dvořák provided one of the few periods when Giulini's genius for lyrical grace communicated itself to the players. The skittish rhythms were nicely controlled, and, as in the best Giulini performances, the lines never lost their shape and sense of direction. Neverthe-ess, it was without enthusiasm that I went to the second concert—especially as the program was announced to start with Webern's six-minute Opus 10 pieces (tokenism at its worst, I mut-ered darkly) and to continue with the Adagio from Mahler's Tenth Symphony. At the hall, though, the order was changed: the Mahler came first, and then the Webern—and then, with eminent good sense, the Webern again. After the protracted dark colors of the Mahler (lunged through with an at-empt at deep, singing tone by the trings), the Webern came as a mira-le of concision and lightness. With eftly turned phrases and carefully haded dynamics (spoiled only by rush-g from one piece to the next and into e repeat performance), it was well layed, and drew a warm ovation from e hall.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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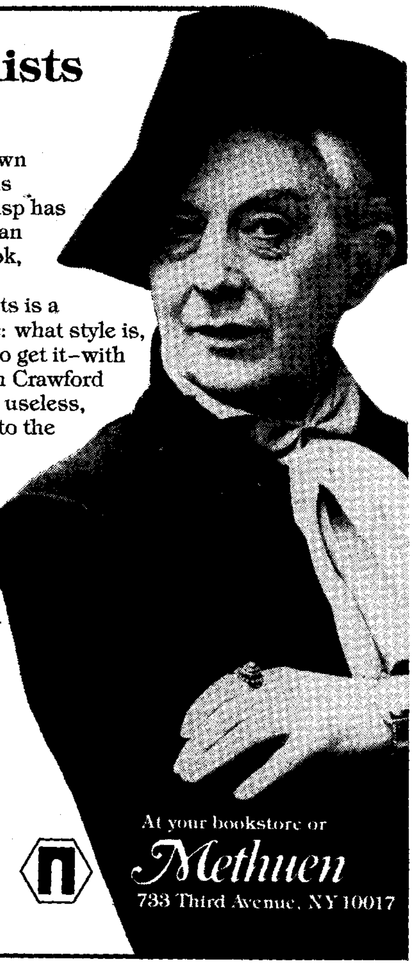

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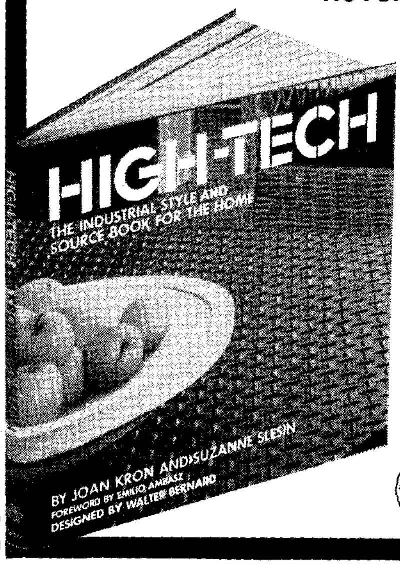
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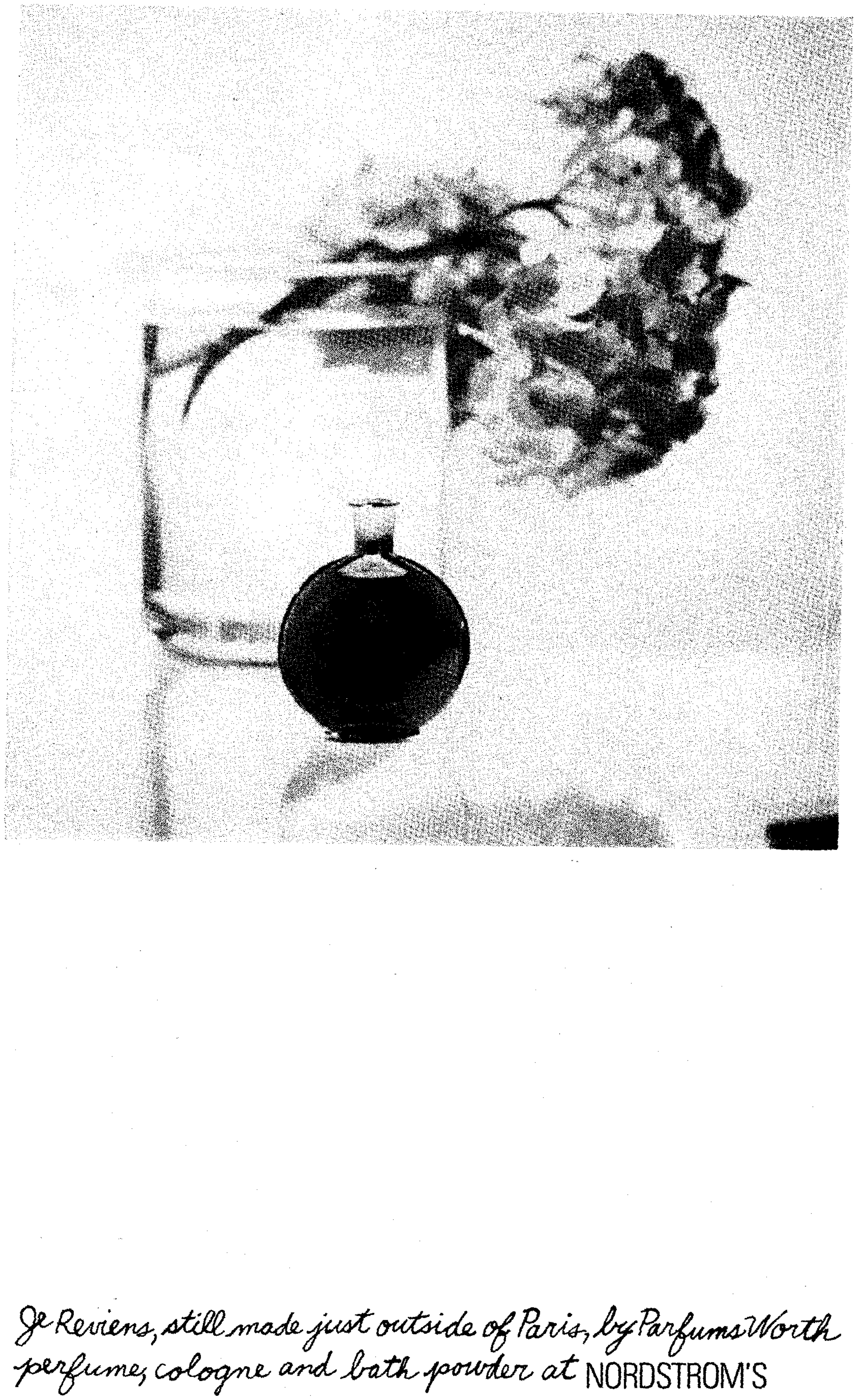
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